OURNA OURNA







Miss Laura Kittredge Kennedy, nationally known cooking school lecturer, says:

"ONE of the first rules of good cooking is absolute cleanli-

ness—for nothing will destroy appetite quite as quickly as the knowledge that food is not as clean as it should be. This is more than a kitchen rule. It begins with the selection of food in the store. For my part, I avoid buying unprotected foods. When, for instance, I see fine meat products sealed in Cellophane, I know they haven't been exposed to handling and other contamination. Cellophane appeals to me as a great safeguard of health as well as appetite."

Here, indeed, is a voice of authority speaking for all fastidious housewives. Your own personal desire for delicious, tauty, clan food can be satisfied by choosing products protected by Cellophane. Clearly visible to your searching eye, they vill suggest attractive menu ideas—and you can be sure the original quality is kept safe for your enjoyment. It pays to remember how Cellophane protects "Cellophane" transparent wrapping for home use is available at leading stores. Du Pont Cellophane Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City.

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"Me? Have 'Pink Tooth Brush'?

Not while they make Ipana!"



BARBARA GRANT: I'm licked, Bob! I get all dressed up in the smartest outfit I own-and look into the mirror to admire myself-and what do I see! Teeth that look the way grandma's silver looked the year she left it out while she wandered all over Europe.

BOB GRANT: You certainly clean them enough! BARBARA: Brushing my teeth doesn't take away that tarnished look.

BOB: Do your tooth brush bristles ever look "pink" when you clean your teeth?

BARBARA: Ye-es. My gums do bleed a little. You don't suppose some of my teeth will casually drop

BOB: You can look around for another mate when they do! But listen, boney-what's really wrong is that you have "pink tooth brush."

BARBARA: Did 1000 ever have it, Bob

BOB: Me? Have "pink tooth brush"? Not while they make Ipana! All I do is just massage a little Ipana into my gums after I clean my teeth. My gums stay firm, I can tell you. There's hardly a chance that I'll ever have gingivitis or Vincent's disease, either. You start using Ipana, with massage - and get rid of that "pink tooth

For the reason that practically everybody nowadays



THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
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prefers soft foods to coarse, crunchy foods, your gums tend to be flabby and to become tender. If they bleed, you have "pink tooth brush." This condition, while not alarming in itself, is likely to rob your teeth of their brightness. It may even be the first step toward gum troubles as annoying and serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or possibly even pyorthea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To prevent "pink tooth brush"-clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then put a little more Ipana on your brush, and massage it into your inactive gums. Ipana's scientific formula includes ziratol, which helps speed circulation through the gums and aids in firming them. By using Ipana regularly, you will insure yourself

bright teeth-sound gums-and a minimum of danger from "pink tooth brush."

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out some day, do you?

I PANA TOOTH PASTE





"My! How I used to hate scrubbing clothes!" says Mrs. Edens. "But I haven't done that for years now. Not what I call rubbing. P AND G seems to

soak the worst dirt loose easily.

"Give me a white soap every time. P AND G is so nice and firm it lasts a good long while. You'd never eatch me going back to those old soft brown soaps—not for love nor money. P AND G washes clothes cleaner and whiter. And it rinses out easier.

"P AND G is so easy on my hands I know it's safe for anything — even for my nice handembroidered linens. P AND G takes out spots and stains, but it never harms colors a bit. This certainly proves how good P AND G is for washing nice colored things."

No sense killing yourself with housework when P AND G costs so little. Do as Mrs. Edens does. Order IO or 12 cakes of P AND G Naphtha from your grocer today and put this fine, firm, white soap to work right away, on your washing, cleaning and dishwashing!



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THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP



OU are in a Beauty Contest every day, and this daily test, which every woman must endure, is a challenge to look—and to keep looking—your best.

So get yourself a Camay Complesion. You'll be much too lovely, then, to be overlooked! And how you'll bless the day that brought you Camay—the beauty soap that does such flattering things to the feminine skin. For Camay is not only pure and creamy-white, as fine beauty soap should be. It's unusually mild—delicate on your skin. And its lather is luxurine.

"It may not be modest for me to say it, but my skin is really lovely and soft," said an undergraduate at an Eastern college, who uses Camay faithfully twice a day.

Get Yourself a Camay Complexion . . . Outshine Other Girls in Life's Beauty Contest!

"For lather and mildness, Camay certainly has it all over other soaps I've used," said the smart young daughter of a newspaper editor.

ng daughter of a newspaper editor.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Try Camay! Convince yourself! It's changing the soap habits of the nation! With every passing day thousands and thousands of lovely womenforsaking all other soaps-are taking up Camay.

Perfumed as if it came from Paris—smooth of texture—smart as the newest fashion—Camay smells, feels and looks high-priced. Yet, with all its exquisite quality, Camay really costs you amazingly little. Ask your dealer—a surprise is in store for you! And get a supply of Camay today!





By Booth Tarkington

JOHNNIE OR NED? RHODA KNEW THIS WAS THE NIGHT SHE'D HAVE TO DECIDE, TO LACY SHE GRANTED THE BOON OF WITNESSING THE CRISIS OF THE CRISIS

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

LACY TIMMAS, right mostles set of a plift office, worked me can stone up to the band stone all the control of t

Rhoda Wye hadn't wasted any time on colege; apparently she had spent the budding years not otherwise than in the development of herself into a full-bosoming belie. Hence, since that seemed to be what Lacy row ought to have been but swan't, where was the good of having learned with all the search of the properties about the Arbeits when the search of the search of

Lacy wasn't sure about Rhoda's looks, and sometimes doubted that they were any better than her own, but when the two girls were together Rhoda always had so emphatically the air of being the noticeable one of the two that Lacy precived it wouldn't have helped herself much to have been actually the prettier. She danced as well, was a piquantly graveful as Ribcha, laughed more resulty and a piquantly graveful as Ribcha, laughed more resulty and Ribcda was always the whole show, and what glow of "popularity" was left over for Lacy appeared to be reflected kind that falls upon an attendant confidents. The properties of the control of

Thus a wintry twilight, misplaced in earliest spring, found the girl graduate dublous, even a trifle sully, as the walked through a now flurry to Rhoda's house to keep an engagement markedly characteristic of her subcrimate position. Johannie Ensmith and Ned Buring, a new suitor of Rhoda's from out of torus, were to call later at Mins of Rhoda's from out of torus, were to call later at Mins dining and dancing excursion. The young gentlemen hadn't in person saked Lacy; the invitation had been conveyed by

Datuman!" Lacy thought, as the snowfalces fluttered codily into her face. "Both of 'em in towe with her. I should think I'd pet tired enough of it to stay at home. Always the same thing! Why do id oil?" "Then she uttered a morose, faint sound of laughter, a bit of self-mockery for knowing too well that the answer was Johnish Essmith. At her friend's house, in the hallway, whe responded to a whoop from upstairs, and, secending, found Robod less

than half dressed before a full-length mirror, with Mrs.

than natt dressed before a nui-seign marror, win airs, Wye in attendance.
"Your Hudson seal," Rhoda 'said, alluding to Lacy's outer covering, "That's right, because I'm going to wear my beaver. What you got on under it?" Lacy removed her fur coat, and again evoked approval. "Your gray chiffon. That's all right, too, because I'm going to wear a new pale blue satin thing I've just got. Hop with it, will you,

"It's just here," Mrs. Wve said anxiously, and hurried to Rhoda's delicately painted bed, where, across the white coverlet, the long satin strip gleamed like a placid brook running between snow fields and reflecting the evening sky running seawest snow been and resecting the evening sky.
"I have it out. It's all ready, darling." She brought the
dress to Rhoda and began to get her into it, murmuring,
"Exquisite! Perfectly exquisite, darling!" Then, when the pretty task was completed, she turned radiantly to Lacy.
"Did you ever see anything more marvelous? Isn't she a
superb sight, Lacy?" With a somewhat delayed afterthought the mother added, smiling absently as she gazed

again at Rhoda, "Of course you look lovely, too, Lacy. Rhoda's eyes were fixed unwaveringly upon the mirror as she went through the process of finishing touches, adjusting the dress slightly here and there, patting her hair, using powder and bits of color from a table beside the mirror. "Lacy always looks all right," she said. "I like this dress. I like to feel outlined. I like to feel girmmering. I like to make gleaming movements that reveal me. This sort of dress makes me feel daring, and when I'm daring I

sort of dress makes me seel daring, and when I in daring I feel that I'm living!"

The doting Mrs. Wye laughed happily. "Rhoda!" She turned to Lacy. "You mustn't let her be too daring, Lacy. I always feel safe about her, though, when she's with you, you're such a good little chaperon

Rhods continued to observe the mirror, "I don't need Rhods continued to observe the mirror. "I don't need you now any more, mother. Hop along, will you?" The obedient mother went to the door, but paused there, fondly reluctant to stop looking at the dazzling shape before the mirror. "It's still snowing, so don't forget your galoshes.

"No. Lacy'll do that. Hop along, old soul!"

Mrs. Wye withdrew, laughing delightedly, but her Mrs. Wye withdrew, laughing delightedly, but her daughter, gazing with dramatic tensity at the mirror, was not mirthful. "Mother gets on my nerves sometimes," she said, not turning to look at Lacy. "I tire of so much yessing. I like variety. I like unmasking myself to you, Lacy. My nature's always needed novelty. The truth is, about men,

I've never been interested except in new ones."
"No?" Lacy said. "But Johnnie Ensmith isn't." "Oh, yes, he is! He's new in this posture of being excited about me," Rhoda assured her. "That only began about three weeks ago, at that dinner at your house. Something about him all at once rather fascinated me, and I let him see he was having an effect upon me. That started him Yes," Lacy said. "I saw something did. Is that the way it's done, Rhoda-letting them see they have an effect

Rhoda, absorbed in a minute operation with an eyebrow pencil, didn't catch her friend's meaning, "What?" Lacy substituted another question. "What was it about

I can tell you exactly, because I've analyzed it. I get a big kick out of analyzing everything. For instance, this is going to be the night of a huge thrill for me, Lacy—all simply because of what I've been analyzing in myself." At that, she turned, showed glowing eyes and spoke with emotion, "Listen, Lacy! I've found out I'm having a deep adventure. Both of these men I'm to be with tonight affect me, and I've a premonition that one of them's going to be the one. I'm sure that either Johnnie or Ned Baring is going to be the one, Lacy!

EITHER?" Lacy repeated. "You said you were going to tell me what kind of an effect Johnnie has upon

You said Yes!" Rho "Yes!" Rhoda interrupted eagerly. "I am telling you.
You see, I'd never noticed him; but when I found myself sitting next to him, that night at your dinner "Found yourself?" Lacy interposed, with some empha-sis. "You told me to put you there, Rhoda!" "Did I?" Rhoda said vaguely. "I'd forgotten; perhaps

I did. Probably I had a little curiosity, wondered what you saw in him." Then the eagerness of her manner returned she went on quickly, "What fascinated me about him.—I felt it come over me saddenly—was a masculinity that all at once seemed to be the complement to my own special femininity. Of course he's not good-looking

"You don't think so?"
"Johnnie Ensmith!" Rhoda cried. "Gosh, no! He looks like the black dwarf in the children's —"
"He's five-feet-eight," Lacy said. "He doesn't look

"He does, Lacy! That's exactly how I think of him-my pet black dwarf. What's more, that's exactly how he affected me that night-something swarthy and rugged, with twinkling eyes, yet would pick you up and carry you off to his crag in the mountains and -

"He wouldn't!" Lacy protested faintly. "He's as respectable as anybody

"Outwardly, yes, and toward you and the other girls, Lary. What affected me was an intuition that's how he would treat me, and that's what gave me the kick I let him see I was getting from him. Johnnie Ensmith affects my emotional nature, my physical nature. When I dance with him I know! He stirs me so powerfully that all that part of me is in love with him. It's enormous, Lacy!"
Rhods said "It's enormous Lacy!" with a kind of possion Rhoda said, "It's enormous, Lacy!" with a kind of passion, then, glancing over her shoulder at the mirror to see how she looked in this intensity, she became calmer, turned back to the glass and spoke in a cooler voice. "Intellec tually, on the other hand, of course, I'm in love with Ned

ng. Intellectually'?" Lacy uttered this word in a curious tone, almost a strangled whisper, which was partially mis-interpreted by her friend who failed to perceive that Lacy's feeling was caused by a thought concerning more than one person

Oh, but he is!" Rhoda exclaimed. "Ned Baring's the most intellectual man I've ever met. Lacv. Probably voi handsomeness neonle that don't analyze things think mennames there is people that don't analyze things think their straight doesn't go with. Intellectually he affects me as deeply as Johnnie does emotionally. Mentally, Ned Baring and I have exactly the same love of analysis. each other unsparingly whenever we're together-I've never felt myself so probed or so deliciously and terrifyingly revealed. So you see what's happened, Lacy!' "No -- not exactly

WHY, yes!" Rhoda cried, turning again and extend-Wing her pretty arms in a gesture that asked the visitor to behold her. "I'm in love with two men!"

Are you "Don't you see?" Rhoda cried. "I'm a field of war between this modern call of sex to sex and the call of mind to mind, spirit to spirit. I'm torn! How do I know which will She spoke with vehemence, fooking beautiful in her win: See space with venemence, tooking to enductual in the beight excitement and making plain to the visitor that being thus torn and becoming a field of war involved anything but hardship. "Body and heart." Rhoda went on with vehemence not relaxed, "I belong to Johnnie. Mentally and spiritually I belong to Ned Baring. Sometimes I feel one winning me, sometimes the other, and I know, Lacy—I know now. Lacy—one of these two will be my hushand That's a tremendous word—'hushand'! It's on the cards, but I can't read the deck. Absolutely, gusts comover me, there are moments when I could throw myself into Johnnie's arms, and there are others when I feel great surges toward Ned. There are whole days when I don't

Lacy interrupted again. "Have they-have they both proposed to you, Rhoda?"
"Oh, that," Rhoda said, "I've held them off from that . When I know which one it's going to be with me, I'll let him, but I want to know first, myself. I never thought it would be like this with me, Lacy. I always thought when the right man came, I'd know it. I've never met a new one without asking myself. 'Is that the mar and always until now I've seen before very long that it wasn't. Tonight, though, at last, I know I'm standing point-blank face to face with my destiny. Tonight, Lacy, tonight! This is the first time I'll be out with the two of them together. You see what that means

'I suppose perhaps -Rhoda couldn't wait. "It means that anything may nappen-anything. Some crisis, great or small-even some little thing, maybe-and there'll be a breaking of the dam that'll sweep me toward one or the other. You'll be watching and you may see it. Lacy—you may actually see it happening to me!" Not pausing, however, for the privilege to be acknowledged, Rhoda went on, "Do you know the sensation it gives me? It's like some great actress just going to see the first showing of a film she's the star of -or else like being some thrilling figure in history, like Joan of Arc or Mary Queen of Scots. The first time I ever felt this way, only of course absolutely nothing in comparison, I was sixteen, and it was about Horace McNutt and didn't last over a month. After that, Tommy Hall ——"
"Did you, really!" Lacy exclaimed. "I didn't know. I'm

afraid when I was sixteen I had a case on Tommy Hall "The next one after Tommy Hall," Rhoda said, "was a man you never knew-at White Beach in the summer. He was frightfully passionate, and it satisfied something primitive in me to see how wild I could get him about me.

She went to a closet, brought forth a pair of galoshes, sat, drooped the saloshes on the floor and extended a silverslippered foot. Then there was George Pfalk," she said.

Lacy knelt before her and began the process of incasing silver slippers and fine ankles in the galoshes, while Rhoda talked on, describing eagerly the effect of George Pfalk and a few subsequent others upon berself. Lacy Thomas, with her face shadowed as she bent over her tirewoman's



task, had ears to hear her under the ripples of soft brown hair that half covered them, but she was not listening.
"A fine night ahead of me!" she thought. "Why do I do it? Imagine her putting on my galoshes for me! Imagine her listening while I talk to her about how a lot of saps like Johnnie Ensmith 'affect' me. Of course it's going to be Johnnie. 'Body and heart' will attend to that! So he'll Johnson Body and neart was attend to that: 50 her have a chance to learn the meaning of that tremendous word, 'husband'! He'll have a nice long life of valeting her and listening to how men 'affect' her and hearing about analyzed kicks she gets. Think she's going to stop al that just because she's married, Johnnie? No, son, and serve you darned well right too!

The thoughts of girl confidentes in this deadly competitive period are sometimes such as might blanch the cheek of a Byzantine empress. The vivid Rhoda, shining-eyed, chattered on of her love life, and Lacy, inscrutable, comchattered on of her sove me, and Lacy, micrutable, com-pleted her kneeling task, then rose. There came from down-stairs the sound of a peremptory little bell. Rhoda sprang

"There they are!" she cried, and seized Lacy by the shoulders. "I know it'll be tonight—some crisis, something—and a great pulsation'll sweep me into one pair of thing—and a great puisation is sweep me into one pair or outstretched arms or the other? Why don't you look more excited? Don't you realize it's practically certain to be tonight, Lucy? Don't you understand what a terrific ex-

being the best of the second o turned away to put on her fur coat. "Terrific.

Bits of the learning that has been acquired by girl graduates sometimes afflict them mischievously. The visible fixity of gaze with which two stirred young gentlemen in the hall below beheld the lovely figure of Rhoda descending the stairway, the dramatic reticence of their greeting of her, their both centering fragmentary rallying talk upor her, as the party of four went out through half an inch of snow to the closed car at the curbstone, and the continued centering of this talk upon Rhoda within the inclosure, when the automobile began its movement and during its subsequent glidings through lamp-speckled streets and along a stormy country road, were all exactly what Lacy Thomas had expected, yet her mind was preoccupied with the classical interpretation of two unpleasant words

SYCOPHANT"—the Athenians had applied that word to political soies and talebearers, hadn't they? In that ancient sense it didn't describe her. But how about the antique meaning of that other word, "parasite"? The parasite had his place beside the rich man's table and was allowed a share of the food in return for fawning, flattery and a servile performance of various humble little offices. No doubt the rich man, talking busily of himself, often extended his feet for a kneeling parasite to put sandals upon them. Lacy denied to herself that she fawned or flattered; but what in heaven's name was she doing tonight if she wasn't performing a parasite's duties? She'd been brought along because Rhoda didn't want to talk continuously to Johnnie Ensmith and Ned Baring at the same time, wanted to give each of them moments of private hearing and

couldn't dance with them simultaneously.

"Yes, parasite," Lacy thought, increasingly bitter.

"Parasite' applies!"

At the glittering Green Tree Inn. fifty miles from home and suburban to a larger city, Rhoda made everybody look at her as the four were led expensively to the table, Johnnie Ensmith had reserved. She converged upon herself the



JOHNNIE BENT OVER HER, SHAKING. "LACY!" HE SAID. "TELL ME YOU'RE NOT HURT!"

part of a gift) "college obscaller" detrimental to ber. Desar years of emiliga entere gla whor of other gift, all most for least part of the property of the

It was physically plottleds, but to plottle, it is Caby i limited with the plottled in the Cab will be compared to the compare

The Month of the proposed of the table as there coughly as of the gentlemen. She put her discove upon the white doth, ate with the aid of a drooped wrist, and gestured also from that join, "Caviari" The said, "It's cost of the reasons I ought to 've been born a Russian. Sometimes I feel intensity Rossons. That troope of the reasons I does not be aid." It's cost of the reasons I also that the said of the said of

"Rhoda!" Both gentlemen laughed; but both leaned the more toward her. "Rhoda, you're beyond words!" young Mr. Baring exclaimed. "Beyond words absolutely!" She gave him what is known as a deep look. "Am I? Why?"

Why?"
Instantly he became serious. "Shall I give you another item of the great diagnosis I'm making of you, Rhoda?"
"Yes. do!"

"YOU'RE inconsistent—divinely!" he said with almost startling earnestness. "One moment you're disgusted with people for staring at you, and the next, because a thought of music moves you, you sing load enough to make a lot of 'em turn round and stare again, and you don't care. That's why I say you're inconsistent."

"Yes, I admit it. I am. Go on."
He frowend darky." I will —even if it hurs you, Rhoda,
Intellectually you're careless when emotion gets hold of
you. That song pin't about a finherman on the enabre; it's
about boatness on a river. But you don't care for accuracy.
When you hear the ence, when you sain it, all you care for it
to feel the sea rushing against you. What I mean, you get
meant the other might when we were talking about your
sacrificing everything for the present moment. Now, I
suppose, you're funtous?"

"I don't know," she said. "It depends. Go on."
"You always live in the present moment. You always —" young Baring began; but Johnnie Ensmith

ways — young baring began; out journe Ensmur made it plain that a duck was not to his tast. "She doesn't, either, slways live in the present moment," he said testily. "You can tell she takes hours at her dressing, and that shows she must be planning ahead for —" "You're wrong!" Ned Baring interrupted, not taking his eyes from Rhoda's. "She lives more in the present when

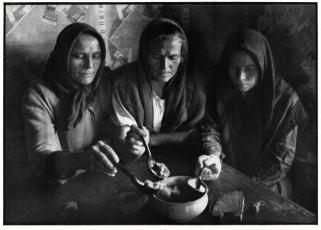
"Blub!" Johnnie said rudely. "Nobody'd do that. I don't mean you wouldn't wear clothes, but ——" "I wouldn't," Rhoda murmured dreamily. "There are times when I'd rather have been a Greek statue than any-

times when I'd rather have been a Greek statuu than anything else. I mean that freedom." She addressed young Baring. "Tell me what you feel about that. Don't you feel I need a spiritual freedom that's greater than any bodily freedom could be? Isn't that part of your diagnosis of me?" He regleid; but a sudden outbreak of an orchestra in the

He replied, but a sudden outbreak of an orchestra in the next room, beyond a volumed open archivay, made his words insudible, except to Rhoda, toward when he leaned words insudible, except to Rhoda, toward when he leaned ceived that he was going on with his "diagnosia," and she understood also what Rhoda had really meant when she and apoken of the mental and spirtuits fleeling roused within her when the and Mr. Baring ruthlessly analysed each analysis of Mr. Baring.

offset; the numeroscope assaults of the fact of the fa

Rhoda seemed to be fascinated, just then, by her analyst; and Johnnie Ensmith, (Continued on Page 73)



AN OLD BUSSIAN CUSTOM: MOTHER, DAUGHTER AND GRANDDAUGHTER ENJOY THEIR STEW EN FAMILLE

Russia Now Laughs

BUT COMMUNISM BECOMES LESS FORMIDABLE AS OTHER REVOLUTIONS HOLD THE STAGE

By Anne O'Hare McCormick

 many more than there had been but as yet only about 70,000 for the whole Union, and all these what we all call "official." for the use of government officers, state trust, organization, rural tractor stations—and touch trust, organization, rural tractor stations—and touch when they were expected. We got one finally, a good function of the state of the state of the state of the As for Sunday, nobody remembered it. Where few work days and one free day make a week, even the names of days are quickly forgotype. Thursday! When's that? "asked

days and one free day make a week, even the names of days are quickly forgotten. "Thursday? When's that?" asked an official in the Foreign Office, arranging an appointment. "Re know only dates here. Thursday means nothing." On hearsay you might not believe it, but in Russia you see that it is easy to abolish Sunday, easier to abolish anything, indeed, than to keep up to a schedule for turning out motors.

All the way in I had been pondering that point. While the snowy stepse unsolled before us like a sheet, immense and innocent, and nothing intervened between the train and the flat sky but little humps where houses were, I wondered how much time and force and shouting it takes to shunt a whole people on a new track. What was the effect on everyinductional training the state of the state of the contraction of the state of the state of the revolution, how did the lot of the masses in the new world compare with the lot of the masses in the tired old world I was leaving behind? Would the division between one world and the other be as sharp and deep as ever?

was likewing commits? Work and the other be as sharp and deep as over?

I was coming from a scene incredibly altered in five years.

I was coming from a scene incredibly altered in five years.

I was coming from a scene incredibly altered in the actions of Europe to go forward by geing leads, to narrower and safe systems of rational economy. I had lived through a period of stagnation and contision at home. No one altered today is undasken by the bruising whirl of change. No one but assess one experienced dispossessions, upportings, on a scale comparable to the sweep of revolution. No one this side of diffy but has thilled as well as sherved in the storm

scale comparable to the sweep of revolution. No one this side of fifty but has trilled as well as shiwered in the storm of great upheavals. We have accepted transformations in dieas, methods, systems of government, concepts of ownership, ways and standards of life, with a calmness that makes the violent revolutionary technic of the Bolibevikis seem old-flashioned, melodramatic. These changes I had been observing where at last they

These changes I had been observing where at last they all register: In the living level, the domestic budget. And there, all along the way, I thought I saw a streak of light, thin but clear. One fact at least seemed definite in a fog of doubt: The general movement of mankind, unsteady, ill-directed, planless as it is, wavers toward some sort of

equalization. Peaks crumble, great plateaus give n little give too much—but the deep valleys are slowly rising up. Run-of-the-mine people everywhere feel the prick and goad of the new social conscience stirring and hurting the world. These people are not simply forced to change. Their minds

incline to change.

I wondered if Russia had changed as much. Let's grant, to begin with, that this year frontier country cannot be compared with anything but itself, or at best with the borderlands that used to be part of it. I have long wanted to contrast properse in the Soviett republics with the development of seventeen years under a different system in countries the Financh Lithuania Flound, Desearable. But

least of all with America.

It may or may not be true, as foreign analysts assert, that the first Five Vear Plan was only half accomplished; that the first Five Vear Plan was only half accomplished; that is total construction amounted to less than that of a normal year in the United States; that the second plan sets over again some of the goals of the first, that after ten years there will be fewer automobiles in the entire U. S. S. R. than now clog the highways of Los Angeles.

and the Log derivation of the Commission and the begin from scratch and pooluge not could be the machinery of production but human tools, armise of trained workers. In hullding up a backward country the rulers were also building socialism, imposing a new system of life and a military machine to delend that system, and in their were the second aim takes precedence over the first. This is no Socialist. It is a new sert of empire building, hard-boiled and ruthless, fatal to protestants and passive resisters, and not to be apprecised by standards of judgment and measures.

of value that never cross the border.

But at least the Russia of 1934 can be compared with the
Russia of 1928. And how it has changed! Six years ago
Moscow was a swarming, straggling, low-walled, obbblepaved or unpaved Oriental town. It bubbled with colored
curolas, but light bulbs were dim, windows that were not

broken were thick with dust, the shops looked like rummage sales. The streets were filled with peddlers, with homeless wais, and with people who moved in crowds without speaking, as if each walked by himself. You could count the number of new buildings. Glothes were strictly proletarian, so were manners and morals. The fashions, amenities, testes

were manners and mounts, the assuming americus, testes and diversions of the outer world were despised as "bourgooks." Food was plentiful enough and travel wide and free. Through a long summer we wandered unsupervised from one end of the country to the other. Great spaces outside the cities were still old Russia, only superficially touched by the revolution, but stirred, nevertheless, excited, wanuely

expectant. The quantization trains above were to a construction of the property of the propert

might have accomplished if half his time and energy were not spent in welting!

As it is, the Moscow sky line changes faster than New York's in boom times. The central streets are paved and brightly lighted. Even in midwinter, in the frosty have that is not fee but cold, a fee enanguised by a dim, net san, building goes on in every quarter, and in enormous units—1000 cross hocks, student demutriases of 1800 rooms fac-

blocks of spartments, a tower higher than the Empire State to hold a chromium Lenin bigger than the Statue of Liberty. The Communists share the megalomanis of the American booster. Everything must be the biggest and best, even when it isn't! The city of Butte, Montaga, has a larver

when it invit ! The city of Butte. Montrains I have been department store, but when the "Montrains was reported last December, the long-empty shelves once more stocked with goods, it was described as "the biggest and finest store in the world." Whi in Monore could know better! "The boar before the close one pan say day the sterets on all sides are blocked with poople sighting to get in. The lunger for good—say kind, any quality, at any price in paper solder—a in a phenomenous to turn the bluest Main Steet and "Soviet sixtat" of a contracted.

Most of the side capolas are weapt from the new borious. Not a church bill someth of the changing choren that even Not a church bill someth of the changing choren that even vibrant. Nobody seems to know how many churches resummed copen—denses, probably, including no Protestant, and copen—denses, probably, including no Protestant, supply the needs of the sixwelling number of storribgens, the six of the six of the six of the six of the chiral seems of something banks (a congruentous making of the six of the

could grow be the server of th



No Hope, Gentlemen!

BY AGNES BURKE HALE



IN LATE March, when spring is painting the first touches of green, a girl in Montclair. New Jersey, named Barbara broke her engagement to a young man named Bill Hartfield. The inevitability of this cruel act would have been apparent to any sensible per-

son from the moment when Barbara and William first began to discuss wedding plans but sensible people are rarely hovering in the mad willieu of a big wedding. They flee to the wide spaces and the open of a big wedding. They flee to the wide spaces and the open country, where love is a simple, pure outburst and brides-maids are anothems. Mr. Hartfield was one of these disciples of Rousseau: he believed in simplicity, he hated

crowds and he did not want forty-eight ushers. Rarbara you see was one of those terribly popular girls and at one time, during the wedding conferences, she nar -eight perfectly darling friends of hers whom she just could not bear not to have as usbers. Mr. Hartfield always Canadian brooks; Barbara wanted to go to Europe. Mr Hartfield wanted a small wedding in good amateur standing, Barbara wanted a big show with thousands in the bleachers. She had bordes of relatives, all of whom wanted to push into the wedding, thousands of friends, thousands of acquaintances whom she could not bear to hurt. Barbara's mummy was a society leader, a bridge player and a clubwoman; her father was a big business man, an ex-mayor and an old Yale man. Make way, ushers, for a thousand more! Barbara's home became a list maker's dream: the air was papered with lists of everything, even with lists of those who were not on any list. Mr. field, whose ancestors had fought to save the Colonies from a tyrant king, braced himself and went into opposi-

So one night, when Barbara's tongue was turning from "How many ushers shall we have, dear?" to "What shall we have for the supper, dear?" the betrothed couple began fighting, and Mr. Hartfield said he was leaving the wed-

ding forever Good-by, dear," said Barbara, as casually as if her

fiancé had just dropped in to borrow some butter and was now toddling on. "I hope you enjoy your dreary life without me "It isn't a question of enjoyment," retorted be, "It's a

matter of principle. You think two thousand people make a wedding. The number is two. You and me." "You and I together, love." "Fine if you meant it. But you don't. These pagan trap-pines mean more to you than I do. So I'm out." He walked

You certainly are out," she said, opening it. "I see that I should have to kotow to you all my life, and the mere thought gives me a headache. Nice ride home through

THESE twain were articulate, which helps a debate, but not a peace conference. Bill did not like Jersey City, and neither did he like New York during the next fortnight. The charms of New York in the spring are obvious to the happy: he could have done without those lengthening soring twilights, those pastel-tinted sunsets fading into the pale evening sky. He was never going anywhere to n anyone, or going on with someone to do something else. He

crept to the office, gloomed through the day, and slunk home at night After two weeks of this, with no word from the crossnatch of Montclair, he went to his boss and asked for three

weeks off to take a short trip to France " said the boss, "you wanted a honeymoon in Who do you think you are, Admiral Byrd Bill explained that "honeymoon" was now the wrong

word: "vacation" would do well enough. The time the boss had promised for marriage to La Belle Montclair was to be utilized in drinking the wines of La Belle France.

The boss had been at the Great War, and somewhere the shuffle since had lost two wives in the courts. So

"Co to it my how and not back your panity. Every time you lift a glass, remember the man who is paying your way. He was a very fine boss. So Bill packed his bag and sailed on the S. S. Tremen-

dous. In the morning he woke up, and thought, "Where am I?" Then he remembered: not being able to bear the thought, he went to sleep again. At three o'clock, when he awoke. life on an ocean liner with no Barbara still seemed mo gayer than life on a ferryboat.

"Listen, stupid," he said to himself, "do not hang your

siness on the whim of one chit. This boat is a m of the sea, nine hundred and fifty-three feet long; its propellers make so many revolutions to the second; it carries thousands of gallons of fresh water, and enough pounds of butter, dozens of eggs, grapefruit, squab, pheasant, caviar and bearts of celery to feed crew and passengers. This microcosm oozes adventure and stimulation; seek out those teresting fellow passengers. Forget that snooty virago in Montclair, and go forward into adventurous, surprising

He listened to himself, and went above. On deck, one saw the ocean, and knew one was crossing the Atlantic; side one relaxed in the world's most luxurious hotel. How-ever, the people sadly resembled all other people. There were middle-aged quartets seated at bridge tables, young marrieds seated at bridge tables, elderly spinsters and wid ows at bridge tables, business men at bridge tables with the other business men. On deck, the usual peculiars paced around, either couples who talked with unnatural animation or solitaries looking superlatively dumb. In steamer chairs lay those who cross the ocean without even opening their eyes. One did not blame them: there was not much to

The lounge was a lovely room, all glass and chromium but where was the smart world, as advertised in the papers, which extracts the core of delightful living while crossing the Atlantic in the S. S. Tremendous? Bill ordered a drink.

and asked the steward: 'Doesn't it ever get gay here on this boat? Am I never to feel the pulse of urbane living? You know,"
prompted him. "the ship mondain."

"It's three trips since we had a good brawl here, sir. That was whin the Honorable Alaistair Blixton got a little playful, and some of the passengers got nervous. His Lordship's family made it good with the company; he's one of them fine old noble familities, he is," he ended proudly. Bill ordered another drink to show that the callants of

East Fifty-fourth Street could live adventurously. But the steward, not regarding him as a worthy torchbearer, moved away and began dolorously to polish glass. Four middle-aged ladies came in and ordered lemonade. His face did not brighten. Two elderly gentlemen arrived and ordered two sherrys, and he did not perk up. Was this to be the voyage funereal? Was the fun never to start?

Steps sounded on the tile floor, the steward's eyes gleamed. They said, "Spring has come, the engine has started, the books will now show a profit." Turning to see what face had wrought this miracle. Bill yelled about to the surprise of the old ladies and gentlemen. It was Haroer Salisbury, in the flesh. Bill ran to him and clutched his hand.

"Man alive. I'm giad to see you. Step right up to the

stimulation department. Let us get gay together, and The two friends sat down, and one realized that Mr.

Salishury was spiritually in heavy mourning. Black was not Salisbury's color. Bill had known him at college, had met him annually at football games, to which he came East from his far Western home as a blizzard sweens over the plaine Velority vitality and violence had been his watch. words, and wherever he went, some one of the fifty thou sand members of the Harper Salisbury Association rushed un like Bill. All around the world men are saving this minute, "Good old Harp. What place is he wrecking to-night?" Girls are lamenting, "Remember Harper Salisbury? Wasn't he too divine!

ATE had brought him to Bill now, and he didn't look so FATE had prought mm to but now, and to want to be boat. Bill told him where he was going, how big the boat was and how calm the sea. And there sat Harper Salisbury dumbly, his chin clutched in his hands, his eyes pale slits of fatigue, his once-debonair countenance about

"Hey," Bill said, "what's the matter? Are you ill?"
"No. I'm not ill."

"You have been poisoned!"

You're bankrupt." "Nope.

"You're fleeing your country because of a woman."
He lifted his face from his hands. "Because' is wrong. Use 'with

What! Come, come! Are you featuring yourself in a "Nope. I'm featuring myself in a wedding. God forgive me, I'm a bridegroom." He pressed his hands against his temples. "It hurts here. I shake whenever anyone comes

near me. I've been this way for a week. I've got wedding-Don't ever get married, Bill. Keep away from the "Harp, old pal, don't you love the girl?"

"Love her," he shouted, so that the old ladies and the two old gentlemen stared across the room, very askance;

me to survive, to swim through the breakers, to reach the shore, where I now lie, underweight, under par and under suspicion. My wife's family think I'm crazy," he went on. "My wife thinks I'm peculiar. I think I'm the only sane man since Adam, who had no wedding guests. Unless you count the snake as an usher.

count the snake as an usner.

Bill began to grow excited. He sat up at that table.

"Go on," he begged, "tell me the whole story. You'll feel better." He looked nervously around the room. "Where is your bride? Don't tell me you've sailed without her."
"My wife," Harper said, "is in the writing room, writing

thank-you letters. She is twenty-four strong and beautiful and as soon as she gets through with the thank-you letters, she will begin writing letters to all her bridesmaids about her wedding trip, and Europe, and what she will buy there. Women are wonderful." He scowled. "You're not thinking of marrying, are you?"

I should say not," Bill said, with complete truth. "The (Continued on Page 61)





ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

AS SOON AS I SAW LOIS I STOPPED SHARING, AND
MANAGED TO REACH HER SIDE. AS THE MINISTER
ADVANCED ON US HER ARM TOUCHED MINE, AND I
HEARD HER MUTTER, "DON'T RE PRIGHTENED, STUPED." AFTER THAT EVERTHING BECAME CELESTIAL

MRS. ROONEVELT FOUND SHE COULD HAVE AIR CONDITIONING IN HER HOME AND NEVER THERE—EXCEPT FOR BREATHING BETTER AIR. NOTICE THE DECORATIVE AIR GRILLE



THE COMPORTABLE DINING ROOM
IS RICKLY FURNISHED. DECORATED
CERAMICS GRACE THE SIDEBOARD.
ON THE TABLE IS AN OLD SILVER



A CAST OF THE SUPERS STATUE OF THE PRESIDENT, AT THE

The Home of The President's Mother

BY EMMA LOU MINSTER

I'OR those afflicted with that perennial malady frequently called modern madness, as well as for those who fear they cannot be of today without lossing yesterday's graces, Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the President of

Possessed of intellect and vigor, youthful spirits and ageless digaity, Sara Delano Roosevelt could not seem to stand behind in another era, harassed by the present; nor could she be of the stamp we think of as uncomfortably advanced.

behind in another era, harassed by the present; nor could she be of the stamp we think of as uncomfortably advanced. She is of the present.

The widow of James Roosevelt does not, as she herself

Into woods of jamins features are to the control to

in abort, the First hother of the Lindo is at once resolute and reasonable. She is not confused by sentimentality, but strong in her love of the genuine and unfeigned. So busy is she with today, it is very much to be doubted that she spends much time regretting yesterdays or wanting to-morrow to arrive ahead of time.

Reasonable it is to assume that much of the President's

strength in facing incredible obstacles and world changes has its background planted in a childhood presided over by a mother whose broad viewpoint encompasses the art of living. This mother lives a full life, granefully and vigorously, expressing suitable respect for others and their opinions as the has gently demanded the right to her own associable opinions.

Segment Frein. "gridentimet" of modern psychiatry, can care of the impaint toward perfection." takes its tone and force from early parental inflancese. Our activities of self-chorreation, conscience and the holding up of fiends are, be believes, the reflections of these quantities in our parents. In the process of these quantities in our parents, for self-quidance as the period of preventiol central vasues. So when tablers and mobars—and their parents, and theirs in turn—have practiced vital and disciplined thinking, generations of such men and women may follow. Sura Debase Rocoverts comes of such a line, and has given the

Mrs. Roosevelt, however, gives full credit, and more, to her husband for the early influences which were later to prove so important in their boy's life. James Roosevelt was seventy-two-years did when he delta. Franklin was not yet nineten, but they had been the most intimate of companions throughout the sor's youth. Because of her husband's rich throughout the sor's youth. Because of her husband's rich places much value in the strong and vital relationship that straited between father and soo. One of the very few backward-looking regrets she has today is that James Roosevelt could not have lived to see his son a man in public life. "He would have been very happy with the developments of the years," the says.

vecoments of the years," the sign, seek in in both inselftential and motherly immore, the sympathy for his problems in inhead with confidence, not vague, sentimental and plans upon which Pamalis Rosewells has as this mind and plans upon which Pamalis Rosewells has as this mind below the property of the production of the property of some plans are the property of the root character, the short "newting too lated." See roots assured of his capacter, and the property of the property of the prolated property of the property of the prolated property of the property of the prolated property of the property of the protain mother has observed only one which has notenously in mother has observed only one which has notenously and the property of the property of the property of the Preprint manufactors (Mrs. Rosewell, and as known that

here is a woman who has trained her thinking with the tools of philosophy; that she is guided by both discriminating memory and keen foresight. Physically, too, the mother of the country's President denies the label of any given number of years. A large

woman, and one definitely dignified, the walls with somewhere in her step the unconquered gayety of youth. She freezes simply, in black, with a bit of fine lace in evidence, there do the something more than flationable. They are couplingly authorities more than flationable. They are couplingly authorities from the something more than flationable. They are couplingly authorities for the something more than flationable. They are couplingly authorities for the something more than the processing of the something that the something the something that the somethin

their own personalities.

Mrs. Roosevit's face is as like her illustrious son's as to be startlingly similar. It is o more deeply chiefeld face; that is the difference. But she points to a portrait in oil of her husband, which hangs in the East Sisty-fifth Street library, and says her som always resembled his father and that the always wanted him to do so. That is, persons the widely and motherly.

contention of the ages.

Her friends—and they are in all parts of the world—find Mrs. Roosevelt a puissant personality: comforting and capable of inspiring the human forward march in others as she falls in step with it berself.

Such a character of individual force has naturally
not been permitted isolation, although Min. Roosevelt
has not herself sought public
file. But people are quick to
series. If unconsciously, or
which wassers. "Yes, of course, will believe in you if you

which montain. "e.e., or colonie," I will deline in a you it you will be a subject to the colonie of the property of the surface of the property of the world today who know they have gotten on faster because the believed in them. So less has been known to write halfway and the surface of the property of the property

But this is not at all to say that face Dalano Roseneth by a a person one would be impried to go to it shegging. Her very alertness of eye bespeaks the fact that she expects self-raspect and proper ambitton in others. One may indicate self-raspect and proper ambitton in others. One may indicate a very active life. She goes to Washington frequently to valid at the White House. From May until December she which was used last year as the same which was used last year as the summer Vinite House. Sometimes the goes away for a month or two in mid-summer; has the force the climate of the upper Holsen's

countryside, which, since birth, has been her own country. In New York, it is not unusual for her to be off before ten in the morning to attend a recital or to visit friends. Often she brings friends back unexpectedly for lunchron. Her domestic staff does not invariably know what her plans for the day may be. This again would seem typical of the mind which meets each problem with vigorous and gradous attention when it arises, laying such advance plans as may

be necessary, but enjoying the stimulus of sudden decision and spontaneous reaction. However, Mrs. Roosevelt's house moves on the oiled wheels of perfected management.

many the explict of acciety then observe corrected are the quality of variety than abrupt surprise.

The President's mother maintains a keen interest in the his things and small which interest the world. These things are as varied as hospital boards, music, traveling, books. She finds it special pulse in many of the little forbies and trends of the day. For example, she recently remarked with amusement that the amateur obsession to talk in passido amusement that the amateur obsession to task in pseudo-neochological terms has lately abated. She observed that a couple of years ago everybody, even those who had had no couple of years ago everybody, even those wno nad nad no psychological training, were inclined to speak gibly of "inferiority complexes," "rationalization," and other such presumably impressive but inexact terms. Mrs. Roosevelt was sensorally amount by the frequent was of the inferiority. was especially amused by the frequent use of the interioritycomplex parase. She was aware nerself that while those who used it loosely and often fancied themselves speaking on a high psychological plane they were in fact employing on a riigii psychologicai piane, they were in fact employing a term nardly ever used in psychianalysis, and not reterring to anothing simple or elementary enough to be diagnosed to anything simple or elementary end with grand gestures, by the layman.

So the lady has her private smiles—not ironically, but with a genuine sense of "a little knowledge having its pitfalls."

An example of Mrs. Recognit's conscious—— (a deci-

An example of Mrs. Roosevelt's consciousness of today is a recent acquisition in her New York house at 47 East Saxty-fifth Street. Into its atmosphere of the early nineteen bundeds as an inconditioning and hearing as a

AMERICAN AND THE PROPERTY OF P

LEMS RESTING UPON THE CHIEF EXECU-

TIVE'S SHOULDERS. HIS MOTHER HAS

OBSTRUCT ONLY ONE WHICH WAS SPRI-

OURIN WORRIED HIM-THREATENED

WARE ON THE MORPOUS OF THE WORLD

introduced. It is of the more introduced. It is of the more of efficiency. Funny in a twenty-four-year-old house? Not at all. It fits the situation as smoothly as if Sara Delano had grown up in Dutchess County with air conditioning. Quietly and skillfully, it brings into the graceful influences of yesterday the scientific potency of

When Mrs. Roosevelt, with an engineer, was going over the brief details of operating the upstairs regulators of this system—its thermostat and clock—she expressed cheanar in the newly silent operation which engineering is developing. So a genoves thoroughly of the fact that all engines no longer demand the right to the thundreous behavior of a Mans or an Ares. To those who know her well, there is nothing surprising in her appreciation and approval of benefits that can prevall with their mechanisms in the observable of the properties of the properties of the limbo all useless noises, dirt, war and other antaquesies of bastly and transpullity. She feels, as a matter of fact, that science will indeed have the regist to call itself mighty when it if this the world of spilens, as it has decreased distance by

THE story of all conditioning in her early-twenties, century leve "York toom begins with the fat that its century leve "York toom begins with the fat that its cantains has for many winters tought for the invigations of the story of the sto

However, Mell, Rossewell is too might a broatfeaper with perchase invitable entries. See sought inclumation at reiperchase invitable entries. See sought inclumation at reiperchase invitable entries. See the second of the how much it should be lumerabiled. She tropited into the probable efficacy of conditioned are on the fine of shown, probable efficacy of conditioned are on the fine of shown, of oil passings and fine rugs. These and other perceits quantized with perceital solder for reach the part to exquisition of the president solder for the host to extensive and the president sold of the president sold and conditions of the president sold of the president sold and of the president sold of the president sold of the subceller stand to we sold, and shelt representative of an other president sold of the subceller stand two solds on shelt representatives of the subceller stand two solds on shelt representatives of an other three points developed for washing distribution,





JERRY LIPTED IT UP WITH A STRICKEN LOOK

The Pants of the Family

BY GRAEME and SARAH LORIMER

THE STRUCTURED BY INVINC NURSER

ELIS married love is a funny thing if you've got enough sense of humor to laugh at it instead of cry or get mad, that is. I don't mean the early stages, which are always pretty sickening, like when you'd been around my sister Sylvia and Jerry for a while you wanted to suck a lemon just to get back to normal. But after the baby comes the happy couple seems to feel they know each other well enough to be their true selves. which I wonder if a person ever knows another person of the opposite sex well enough to be their true self even if they're married to each other, because a person's true self is usually so unattractive.

Like for instance even her best friends one Selvio is frightfully executive, and the tive and just plain bossy is very hard to see specially round the home, as I couldn't help noticing the night Sylvia and Jerry had me there for dinner and to spend the Dunns' masquerade dance. And Jerry, who used to be a really divine male before he married Sylvia and they became the proud but surprised parents of a nine-pound son, has completely lost that delightfully devil-may-care air of ruthless romance and settled down into just an-other humdrum husband and father of a family, with a long gray beard and in-

So try and picture my astonishment, if you can, when I floated downstairs in an absolutely devastating costume that I was a little bit worried what Sylvia and

Jerry would think of it and met Jerry in the hall without his pants. It was a fancypretty daring myself as Salome in her seven veils, which I never would have seven veals, which I never would have been if I'd realized how every man who danced with me was going to think he was being terribly funny and original by askbeing terribly funny and original by ask-ing when I was going to start taking them off. But when I saw Jerry I got all over worrying about whether he was going to disapprove of my costume, I was so over-come by his. It's perfectly true that you see a man running around a track or playing tennis in shorts and think nothing of but below a tux coat and tie and a stiff-hosomed shirt the effect was startling to say the least, and there was something almost indecently negligee about the look of Jerry's long knobby legs with garters

of Jerry's 100g amoust,
on them.
"Well, as I live and gasp," I said.
"What are you supposed to represent?"
"Represent?" Jerry laughed bitterly,
""I would be set me with anguished eyes. "Represent?" Jerry laugued interly, while looking at me with anguished eyes. "I represent a husband that's just about fed up, that's what," and he vanished into the combined library, living and dining room, where I followed all aquiver and found him pacing up and down like a tiger, and every so often he would look at his bare legs and emit horrible oaths under

and I felt very solemn and a little scared as I realized that I was in the midst of what is called a domestic tragedy, and that I must rescue his and Sylvia's happiness. "Where's Subrin?" I neked in a small

ice. "Gone." Jerry said, "and the way I feel "Gone," Jerry said, "and the way I fee
I don't care if she never comes back."
"You don't man that "I mid femile though I couldn't halp compathizing with though I couldn't neip sympathizing with him. I've often felt that way about Sylvia. Jerry took a turn around the room. "No," he said, "I suppose I don't." He seemed calmer now. "Listen, Maudie, you know how I feel about Sylvia? Why. I'd go through hell before breakfast for her,

but they're limits. I tell you they're limits.
That yellow wing and those wings —
I knew what he meant by "that yellow
wig and those wings," and I must say I
didn't blame him one bit. After dinner
Sylvia had gone upstairs first to put on Sylvia had gone upstairs first to put on her costume, and Jerry stayed down to finish his paper and I stayed with him because I am really very fond of Jerry. In fact, the only thing I've ever had against him was his picking out Sylvia gainst nim was nis pici istead of waiting for me.

I CHATTERED along in my most naive manner to try and cheer him up into the he was far from being in after the depres ne was far from being in after the oepress-ing time he'd had at dinner, what with getting the worst of several arguments with Sylvia and a tough steak and all. But after a while he beam to chuckle get ready he was all pepped up and full of yeast, as we say. Sometimes I think I understand Jerry much better than Sylvia does even if she is married to him and mother of his child My morn was right across the hall from Svivia and Jerry's, so you couldn't help

when I told him about how I'd thought Davy was neglecting me, until I discov-ered that he'd sold a helf interest in me to ered that he d sold a half interest in me to each of five different boys so he'd have some money to take me places. And by the time Sylvia called to him to come and theirs so I format mine. Sulviu was all dressed and just putting on her wreath and she looked perfectly marvelous. Sor nad on a lot of hoating veils in different hair flowing under the wreath ner nair nowing under the wreath. She to have about some -and most of them nave about women—and most of them if you know what I mean

if you know what I mean.

Jerry said, "Good golly, you look like a
couple of million dollars. Who are you
meant to be?"

meant to be?"

Sylvia gave him a misty look. "I'm
Psyche." she said, swaying to and fro so
that her veils swayed too. "Isn't it lovely?" "Sikey?" Jerry said vaguely.

es—Sikey."

Sylvia blushed in a way that made me Sylvia biushed in a way that made me quite envious of her. "It means Desire. Don't you remember the story?" "No." Jerry said, putting his arms around her intensely from behind and kissing her ear. "Good golly, you are beautiful." Oh, to beloved like that! Sylvia leaned her head back so site

could look up at him and laughed sort of now and sweet and very nappy—you been having a really heated bicker less than an hour before

"I wanted something appropriate,"
Sylvia gurgled, "because we are so much

in love."
"Darling," Jerry said.
"And so," she said. "I thought of
Cupid and Psyche—and you're Cupid."
"I'm what?" I brry howled letting m "m wnat:" Jerry howled, letting go of Sylvia like a hot potato. Sylvia stiffened. "You're Cupid," she said. "That's your costume. Let's

supreme?"
Well even I was appalled when Jerry lifted it up off the bed with a stricken look while shaking his head in a dazed way. There was a union suit dyed pink—if you could imagine Jerry in a pink union suit!—
and a pair of wings and a quiver full of



JERRY STOPPED THE PARTY. EVERYBODY

arrows and a wig full of yellow curls. Jerry held the vile things in his hands for a m ute without speaking and then dropped them back in a heap on the bed.

Even Sylvia, who is not very quick at catching on, seemed to realize that all was not well, for she tried to persuade him by wailing. "Oh, darling, but you'll look wailing,

It was just the wrong note, as I could have told her.
"I'll bet I would, but don't you think

I'd look even cuter in the nude?" Jerry asked witheringly. "Honest, Sylvin, that rig is enough to make a nudist blush." Here they were, interrupting a passion-ate love scene to have another bicker.

That's marriage, I guess.

Then without a word Jerry went to the closet and got out his tux and evening shoes. He laid the tux out on top of the pink union suit and set the shoes on the yellow wig. Then he went to his bureau and got out all the other things he needed, like socks, shirt, collar and tie and etoet-eras and started to jab the studs into the shirt. All the time Sylvia was standing there watching him in an icy silence

FINALLY Jerry spoke. "I'm perfectly FinALLY Jerry spoke. "I'm perfectly willing to stay home from this party," he said, "but if I go I'm not going to lay myself open to arrest for indecent exposure." He didn't shout or make wild gestures or anything, but somehow you couldn't help feeling that he was terribly

in earnest.
Still Sylvia didn't say anything. And no tears. I will admit she's not the crying that's meant to make a person feel like s penny running around looking for change "You didn't honestly believe that

"You didn't nonestry owners to could appear in public in that get-up, did you, darling?" Jerry pleaded.
"Dearest," Sylvia said in a voice like the crack of a lion tamer's whip, "I want "I want planned." you to go just the way I have planned.

It didn't work, though. It seemed to It didn't work, though. It seemed to just go in one of Jerry's ears and out the other like water off a duck's back.
"Sweetheart," he said, "I love you. I'd glidly go through hell before breakfast for you. But I go to this party in my tux.
"The marks to this family."

m wearing the pants in this family."

At that point he caught my fascinated gaze and bounded across the room and slammed his door in my face before I had time to casually shut mine, so I didn't

know any more that happened until I met him in the hall without his pants and he told me Sylvia was gone and he didn't care if she never came back, and started mutterit she never came nack, and startee mutter-ing about that yellow wig and wings. "Tell me," I said, trying not to let my voice sound hysterical, "tell me all." "Well—oh, what's the use?" All of the

fight seemed to suddenly go out of Jerry and he collapsed into a chair.
"Well, maybe I can help," I said. "I
know an awful lot about handling Sylvia.

lived with her a lot longer than you have, remember

"All right." Jerry heaved a sigh that didn't have much hope in it. "This would never have happened if it hadn't been for Crawford Dunn. You know what I think of the Crawford Dunns?"
"If you tell me again," I said, "I'll be

sick right here on your best rug."

Jerry is terribly bitter about the Crawford Dunns. Of course, not being a native Philadelphian himself, he can't understand to one of the Crawford Dunns' parties is an honor, and going a social duty. Jerry is sort of cynical about society anyhow. He says as near as he can figure it out it is having parties for people you don't like, so

you'll be invited to parties you don't want to go to.

But the thing that really brought him
to a boil was Crawford Dunn's hospital—
I mean, Crawford Dunn's father built
it and Crawford is the president of the board. They were organizing some ama teur theatricals for the benefit of this hospital and Sylvia had promised Mrs. Dunn that Jerry would be delighted to act in them, which had just thrown Jerry into one long fit all over our dinner. He pleaded with Sylvia like a worm, but she didn't have any more sympathy on him than a robin, so he said Crawford's face always reminded him of a swallowed vawn and he said he was a runt—which he reall; shouldn't have blamed him for as I don't see how Mr. Dunn could help his size. Then with a gag he mentioned Mr. Dunn's master-of-ceremonies manner and tendency to sing when tight. You could see

Jerry thought every family tree must have its sap and Mr. Dunn was it. And at that

Jerry thought Mr. Dunn got the worst of it when he married Mrs. Dunn. Really,

it was a pretty terrible meal

WELL, on top of this hospital racket "WELL, on top of this hospital racket, the invitation to this cursed party came about a month ago." Jerry was say-ing morosely, "on one of those rainy nights that make me feel thankful I have a home—or did then, anyhow. We'd had a grand dinner—the first shad of the sea-son—and I'd eaten so much I wanted to

most supreme party.'
"Now that I think of it, I must ha been nearly asleep, because it didn't register at first that Sylvia's enthusiasm was to cover up bad news. Though knowreguter at first that Sylvia's enthusiasen was to cover up had news. Though knowing the Crawford Dunns I might have—well, I just lay there torpicd till heard her say 'It's fancy dress, I en't that supreme?' That brought me up standing. "Sylvia,' I said,' you know how I feel about the Crawford Dunns. You can

count me out. Sylvia just smiled that sweet shaky way she does when she is prepared to stop too, and looked-well. I can't describe it but she always does when I need all my resistance.

I thought it would be supreme t together as something, she said. "There's to be a prize for the cleverest costume, Margot told me. Honestly, I've been

Margot tood me. fromestry, I ve been simply racking my brain all afternoon." "'But listen,' I said, 'I feel about fancy dress the same way I feel about the Craw-'You'd look divine as a Spaniard

fold a look divine as a Spansard, Jerry," she said, 'only so many men will do it. They always do, because it's so easy. I'd like you to be something extra.' "'I'm that already,' I said. 'Extra bored by the whole idea. It's just the kind

of a lousy idea the Crawford Dunns would have. Do we have to go?'
"'I sent to go,' Sylvia said very quietly, in that tone that always means: 'It is our social duty,' and I knew there was no use arguing." He looked at me gloomily. "You saw how far I got when I tried to

reason with her tonight at dinner about the hospital show?"
"Yes," I said, "and I've seen father "Yes," I said, "and I've seen father trying to reason with mother. That's one of the mistakes you men seem to make." "Now look here," Jerry said, all hot and indignant, "I'm not going to act in that show, and that's fissal. I don't want

to hear any more ——"
"Listen," I said mildly, "Why didn't you get masterful like that with Sylvia? You can't armse with a woman. Any time

You can't argue with a woman. Any time Davy starts arguing with me I just relax and think about Chi."

Jerry clawed his hair. "You may be right," he said. "Dog-gonned if I can figure. "Well, all right. From now on I don't ask ber, I tell her. But great smakes," and his voice got a kind of a yell in it. "I meant every word I said about. how I suffer with stage fright, and I'm working like the devil now, too. I simply haven't got the time. If Sylvia had any (Continued on Page 80)



The Old Correspondent

SUE ADVANCED SLOWLY AND SHYLY INTO THE ROOM; AND DON LOOKED AT HER AS IF LISTENING TO MUSIC SO SAD AND YET SO SWEET



RY CEORGE WESTON

THE clock on the shelf above the couch pointed to half-past eleven. On top of the stove, a mixed quartet of stewpans was offering fragrant incense to Epicurus. A roast, a pan of beans, a rice-and-raisin pudding were simmering in the oven.

Grandma Wilcox came out of the pantry, where she had been putting away the morning eggs. She came out slowly, majestically—the latter because of her nature, the former

because of her knees

With a practiced hand she slightly shifted the respective positions of the stewpans, as a master organist might change the four notes of a chord from a major to a minor key. Bending to look in the oven was harder work. The beans were browning well, but the roast needed water.
This was promptly supplied from the kettle. With a long spoon she next stirred the pudding to give it the carame flavor which Lem liked. As she straightened her back she nearly fell, but saved herself by grasping the edge of the a look of watchful victory such as is sometimes seen upon a

a look of watchful victory such as a sometimes seen upon wrestler who has just eluded a dangerous adversary. "Half-past cleven," she thought, glancing at the clock. "Arthur Cope will be here with the mall before I know it. I must write my piece for the paper.

I must write my piece sor the paper.

Moving cautiously, she made her way to the shelf at the back of the stove. There, from behind the salt box, she drew a pad of writing paper. Next, in its secret place in the nutmer can, she found a piece of lead pencil which she kept there hidden from Lem-Lem, who had a passion for end of pencils which he chewed in periods of meditation, but who couldn't abide any honest spice and hated nutmeg a

Suddenly the telephone started shrilling from its station on the wall by the side of Kane Brothers' hardware calendar: a setter pup at a circus, nervously pointing a grim-

'Oh, Lizzie!" shouted Grandma Wilcox, looking up at the ceiling as if commanding a spirit. "You'd better come down and answer this phone. I doubt if I could stand up long enough to be civil, the way my knees are letting me down this morning

Miss Lizzie Reynolds, better known to the readers of the Granby paper as "the lady who lives with Mrs. Lemuel Wilcox," came hurrying down the stairs from making the Wilcox," came hurrying down the stairs from making beds. She had the eyes of a tragic actress, but the pertn her nose indicated moments made memorable with

laughter rather than tears. gater ratner than tears.

I wouldn't be surprised if it's Gus Albard again." said grandma, naming the only one of her sons-in-law whom she had never taken to her heart. "And if it is, I don't want to speak to him. He phoned this morning about Suc. Don't you give him any satisfaction."

Lizzie eagerly lifted the telephone from its hook. "Yes Gus," she said, half turring to grandma. "No. Sue ien't here. . . Yes, we'll let you know if she comes. . . Oh, grandma's pretty well, thank you for asking. She says she can't get around very fast, but she hopes to get used to it after a while. She says she's had to get used to worse things than that in her time. . . Good-by, Gus. . . Yes,

Replacing the receiver, she almost breathlessly turned to the majestic old lady who had been carefully seating herself

"He wanted to know if Sue had been here this morning He sounded kind of worried."

"DO HIM good," said grandma grimly. "He's brought to treat his wife when he had one, and now he doesn't know how to keep his daughter home. I have no patience with

You think Sue's all right?" "Of course she's all right!"—this with the warmth of

pride with which grandma always spoke of her favorite grandchild. "She phoned me this morning when you were feeding the chickens. It sounded as if there's been another row. Sue said she'd be over to have dinner with us—that's we're having the roast today instead of tomorrow But I wouldn't give Gus the satisfaction of knowing that Sue was coming. All right, Lizzie, you go on with the

Moistening the end of the pencil, Mrs. Wilcox looked out of the window to the distant chimney of Eben Warren's house. Without need of further inspiration she immediately heran her news letter to the Granby naner, a service which she had been rendering for more than fifty years.

Elsen Warren is quite a little better of his cold. These warm June days are doing a lot of good.

Ratch Tetley, nephew of Mrs. Lemnet Wilenv. still has a bad cold. He has quite a little work to do, and it makes it hard for him work to do, and it makes it hard for him.

Mr. and Mrs. Orren Wilcox had a nice dinner
on Deporation Day. There were twenty-one

ip themserves. James Muldoon found his cow at Nati Burley's. It had been gone nearly a week.

Mrs. Lemuel Wilcox, your old correspondent

has started to piece a log-cabin quilt. It will take her quite a while to piece it, as she can't do but a little at a time. Her knees are bothering her lately. They have no

Beecher Bragg, of Bencon Hill --

She was interrupted by the rattle of a car bouncing over the eim-tree roots between the well and the woodshed granddaughter Sue, so pale and set that an amor sigh of fierce devotion escaped the older woman's breast You wouldn't have thought then that the spring had gone from her kness. Almost before the car had stopped at the back door, Grandma Wilcox was out in the yard. "My little lamb ----" she said, instinctively bracing

The next moment Sue was out of the car, her arms around her grandmother's willing shoulders. "Oh, granny,

granny," was all she could say at first.

THE whole trouble, explained Sue a few minutes later THE whole trouble, explained Sue a few minutes in the kitchen, had started because of Don Good Lem had come in from the tool shed, where he had been approaching campaign in the meadows. He now sat in his easy-chair by the west window, a bent and owlish figure, looking over his horn-rimmed spectacles. And a quiet

figure too. For, having discovered in the early eighties that he had married a wife who could talk for both of them, he had gradually learned to treasure his own speech, so that mes there were days when he hardly spent a word from his hidden stores "And who's Don Goodman?" asked grandma. "One of

the Collinswood Goodmans?" "No," said Sue. "His folks live over near Rockville Center 'Are they farmers?"

"Yes, but he's trying to get away from farming. He says there's no money in it. "He'll never say m truer word," said Lem, speaking for

the first time 'And your father doesn't like him?" continued grandma. after a look of surprise at Lem because he had spoker

"No. Every time Don comes around, dad acts terrible. I can't—oh, I can't begin to tell you ——"
"You don't have to tell me, child. I know your father. But what's he got against young Goodman? Has he ever

caught him out of season? This cryptic question was based upon the fact that Gus Albard was deputy game warden for Beacon County, a position which not infrequently led to disagreements with

"No," said Sue. "Don doesn't hunt much—and he doesn't like fishing." 'And he doesn't like farming. . . . What does he like

Sue hesitated and finally said, "I guess he likes to trade better than anything else. He—he sells dishes." "Sells what?"

"He sells dishes." Where? In Granby?"

"No-o. All around the country"—this with a vaguely comprehensive sesture. "He likes to do business with

"But on farms where there's always extra dishes in the nantry, how does this young man sell more dishes? In ies like trieser:
"Oh, he's good, grandma," said Sue earnestly, and

"Oh, he's good, grandma," said Sae earnestly, and vaguely sketching him with a swiftly moving finger: "He's tall—and has dark red hair brushed back from his fore-head—and he'll never take 'No' for an answer. mean when he's talking business," she added with shining eyes. "I go out with him sometimes—he calls me part of his window display—and you'd be surprised at the way he can bring people round. Don says that salesmanship is one of the highest forms of art. I think he read that somewhere, but he's trying awfully hard to be an artist."
"But what's his line of argument?" asked Lem, unex-

pectedly speaking again, "Seems to me he must have one,



usuate it he could set me a set of new dishes, just to set m beautiful table."
"I'll bet he could," said Sue.
"I'll bet be couldn't!" said old Lem.

shifting uneasily in his chair.

"We'll soon find out," said grandma. "I'd naturally like to see him, so I'll phone him and ask if he sells odd cups to match old sets. He'll come up then, and we'll see how he

But Sue didn't like that. "No, please, granny," she said I'd like to stay with you a few days if you don't mind, but Don. It would only make trouble between you and dad—
and between me and dad too—because I know the way
he'd twit us both about it. So I've made up my mind not to let Don know I'm here, and please, I wish you wouldn't phone or write him either."

Grandma reflected for a moment, her gaze focused into a certain fixity which Lem generally described as "wall-eved." "And when she looks wall-eved." he had more than once confided to himself, "look out for her,

once connoced to number, "look out for ner."
"Then we'll none of us write or phone him," she finally said. And glancing more briskly at the clock: "I declare—a quarter to twelve. Art Cope will be here with the mail most any minute, and I haven't done my news yet for the Granby paper. So you go up with Lizzie, Sue, and get your old room ready, and I'll finish my letter." For the next few minutes she was busy with the lives

travels and maladies of her neighbors on Spring Hill. Then after another wall-eved interval she more slowly wrote: Mr. and Mrs. Lensuel Wilcox will soon be celebrating their golden wedding. But Mrs. Wilcox can't help wishing she could have another china wedding. With the country off the gold standard, she doesn't expect any gold presents, but she could

"There!" she thought, quickly sealing the envelope a few moments later. "If he doesn't read that himself, son body's pretty sure to show it to him; and if he's half the artist that Sue thinks he is, he'll be up here hotfoot. Taking her stick from against the kitchen door, she hobbled out to the R. F. D. box and placed her letter inside. Through the open window upstairs she heard Sue and Lizzie

talking and laughing together. "Bless her heart." thought thought grandma, staggering and catching hold of the hitching post between the maples It's good to have her around the house again. I declare, my knees feel better already.

THE clock on the shelf above the couch pointed to half-past nine the next morning, when a small truck gave notice of its arrival in the Wilcox vard by bouncing over "Why, grandma!" exclaimed Sue, glancing out of the west windows, "It's Don Goodman!"

No!" said grandma from the pantry. "You don't mean

"No!" said grandma from the pantry. "You don't mean that young man who sells the dishes?"
"But it is! Oh, granny!" This last in the voice of trouble. "You must have let him know! I was here."
"Indeed, I did not." And evidently looking out of the pantry window, "Well, I declare, if he isn't taking a sample case out of his truck. He's probably come to see if he can

Sue had been making huckleberry pies. Her sleeves were

Sus had been mixing backberry pies. Her alevere were folled up and these pies on the tables were restly for the own-colled up and three pies on the tables were restly for the own-and yet more cardious voice. "I'm going speciars will call yet the control of the the sun so that, by contrast, his eyes looked bluer than the were. "But his hair's a lot redder'n I thought it would be I'll bet that more than one has pretended to warm their bands over it."

'Mrs. Wilcox?" he asked. "Yes, young man. (Continued on Page 104)

HEN, at the peak of my career after eleven years on the stage, I married Donaldson Carr, I had no thought of retiring. In fact, Joe Gruener greeted me on my return from our Euro-pean honeymoon with the news that he was going into rehearsal on his newest was going into renearsal on his newest production very soon, and that he wanted me to play the lead. Don had had an offer of a partnership in a New York law office, so I felt that I could continue my career

without being unfair to my new husband.
First, however, we had to return to
Don's home town, Wyckton, to settle the
estate of Don's aunt. She had raised Don estate of Don's aunt. She had raised Don from boyhood, and he was her sole heir. On the night following our arrival in Wyckton, Mrs. Wyckoff, the social dicta-tor of the town—"I am to Wyckton what Mrs. Astor was to New York forty years ago, only I am more careful whom I in-clude," she'd said—deliberately put her stamp of disapproval on me by refusing stamp of disapproval on me by refusing to invite us to a dinner she was giving, despite the fact that we were her next-door neighbors, and that Don had once paid a good deal of attention to her daughter, Ruth. In fact, Don still admired Ruth almost too much for my

Don had wanted me to give up the stage and live in Wyckton, where he could go into the office of the town's leading lawyer, Judge Keller, but after Mrs. Wyckoff's snub he urged me to sign a con-Wyckoff's sub be urged me to sign a con-tract with Gruener and return to New York immediately. And because I felt that this was only because he thought that I had failed him as a wife, I resolved to stay in Wyckton until I had replaced Mrs. Wyckoff as the social leader of the

I soon made a number of staunch I soon made a number of stanish friends, within and without the "inner circle": Francis Wyckoff, the grounde dame's son; Carl Riessier, between whose father and Mrs. Wyckoff existed a feed of long standing; Marie Keller, the judge's daughter, and through her most of the debutantes; and, best of all, though Theater movement

I had known McLean in New York, but his presence here gave me an idea for a method by which I could establish myself as a leader: I should have a private theater mond McLean as director, create an amateur theatrical organization. Through The Amateurs, as we called our new com-pany, I met many of the younger married women who were on Mrs. Wyckoff's list of Then, early in December, shortly be-

pleted, I awoke one morning to silence, instead of the clang of hammers and all the noises of construction to which I had become accustomed. Mrs. Wyckoff had obtained an injunction against the theater VII (Continued)

TOO near tears to speak, I went blindly to the car. When we were again on the road, I told Collins to go to Judge Keller's

road, 1 tool Collans or go to people office.

As I approached the elderly lawyer's door, I recalled the other time I had come here. That visit had been part of a sentimental pilgrimage with Don, to places to be a back home space associations. ich he had happy association

In my preoccupation, I collided with a

In my preoccupation, I collided with a large, majestic woman who was comman who was collided with a large, majestic woman who was collided in the collideral recognition of the affect of the property of the collideral property of the coll

My knees were unsteady as I returned to the office. The youth presiding over the outer room told me importantly that if I'd write my name on the printed form,

he'd find out if the judge could see me. I inscribed, automatically, "Irène Morrell," and only after I'd sunk into a leather sofa, wondered why I'd reverted to my stage name. Were the psychologists right, in attaching significance to words uttered unconsciously? Did this signature reveal a hidden desire to be again an independ

ent, successful actress?
My glance fell upon the frosted glass
pane beyond which Don had once worked.
The black letters of his name were still

" I thought, "I'm not deceiving

mysel(! The greatest desire I have is to become a successful wife!" What a ninny I'd been, to be discouraged so easily! I could fight. Had I not fought my way inch by inch up the peril-

ladder toward professional eminence? Well, life required an apprenticeship, too. Marriage, in the fullness to which I could not, any more than Rome, be built in a day!

be built in a day!

I followed the boy into a book-lined office, and greeted Judge Keller as if I had no care in the world.

"This," he declared, taking my hand, "is a real pleasure, Mrs. Carr." He pushed

forward a comfortable chair, at right angles to his own.

"You're paying the penalty," I told him, in a deliberately light tone, "for being considered, by both my husband and your daughter, as the fount of all wisdom

S kindly eyes twinkled, "You know, HIS kindly eyes twinkled. "You know, I suspected you'd found a path to my door because you'd heard I made the "Perhaps you're right. . . . It's tr then, that Mrs. Wyckoff's getting out . It's true.

injunction to stop our finishing the addition to our house

He drummed with short, square-tipped fingers on the dark blotter, "I'm afraid it "Can she do it?"

"I know of no way to stop her. And I have certainly tried!" He turned his swivel chair to face me directly. "Mrs. Carr, I don't usually discuss cases with the opposition, but I'm as fond of Donaldson as if he were my own son. And if you'll forgive an old man's outspokenness, I sorgive an old man's outspokenness, I have not, in many a year, seen a young woman half so charming as yourself. Marie, in whose judgment I trust im-plicitly, tells me you are as lovely in every way as you are to look at. So I have many reasons to dislike this situation. I dislike

His lips twisted in a wry smile of self-contempt. "I ought, after all this time, to be accustomed to taking orders! Nothing should go against my grain any more! ing should go against my gramming should go against my gramming tion, when I am unable to say to any client, 'I refuse to identify myself with

such a picayune, shameless procedure!""

I was too dismayed by this glimpse into the turmoil of spirit with which he had paid for the material benefits of his long pand for the material deficits of his long subservience to say anything. "Not," he went on, as if communing with himself, "since I ditched Henry Riessler has anything disturbed me so

I seized this chance to change the sub-ject. "I've asked both Carl and Kitty Riessler tonight with Marie. I hope you don't mind? 'It wouldn't," he replied with a return

of his habitual humor, "probably matter if I did. This younger generation does pretty much what it pleases. But as a matter of fact, I'm grateful to you for ignoring those ugly old feuds. And Marie said just yesterday that she'd never dreamed Wyckton could be so much fun. until she'd met vou."

until she'd met you."

I rose; I spoke sincerely of my affection for her, as if our colloquy had touched on on more unpleasant topic. Then, my pulse racing, I descended to the ground floor, found an empty telephone booth, and called Carl Riessler's number.

VIII

TUDGE KELLER'S reference to the lawsuit which had initiated the famous ssler-Wyckoff vendetta had given me

Impersonation



MRS. WYCKOFF REGARDED ME WITH HOSTILE EYES. "IF," SHE SAID, "YOU CANNOT BELIEVE IT, IT SCARCELY SEEMS WORTH BEPEATING, DOES IT?"

of a Lady



When Carl answered, however, he seemed so delighted at hearing from me, that hesitated to plunge into the purpose of my

"I've got a Sienese primitive I can't wait to have you see," he began. "I've just unwrapped it. Couldn't you come out for lunch? And Don, too, of course." "Don's at the club."

"I'll call for you in ten minutes."
"I'm not at home!" I protested. "I
want to know the name of your father's

Good Lord, why?" "It's too involved to go into now."
"Sorry. . . . But, look, be's not only
an awfully busy man; he'd probably think

an awfully busy man; he'd probably think it very queer, when Don used to be a mem-her of his chief rival's firm, if you suddenly went to him. The best way to make sure he wouldn't make some excuse not to see you right away would be for me to ask him here to lunch too. How does that strike you?"

think it's perfect. I dropped another nickel in the machine and telephoned Louise Strange, who wrote later, when she had come to interview me for the paper, II warm sympathy had ith genuine regret that I told her I must

with genuine regret that I told ner I must break our engagement for luncheon.

"That's perfectly all right," she asswered. "Bit I've got something to be you that you may find interesting. If you're free later, why don't you drop into my place for tea?"

SAID I would be delighted. In addition to my personal liking for her, she was a were militaristic, I thought of her as m highly skilled intelligence officer. More over, her studio apartment was directly beneath Desmond's, and I might want to break the bad news to him before dinner. tually here—alone!"
"Doesn't your legal friend count?"

"He can't join us until coffee." I suspected he had not been asked for an earlier hour. I was certain the tête-àtête had been the result of deliberate in-tent, when, across the small table in one Carl told me the attorney was Lincoln

"But I know him!" I said. "I sat next him the first time I dined here. I've seen his wife a good deal." I did not voice my her behest, addressed the Current Events Club, of which she was president.

thing hard enough, and long enough, he's bound to get it. Don't you?"
"Not if it's a theater!" I replied promptly. I told him the story of Mrs.

HAD scarcely finished before he ordered the butler to connect a telephone in this When he'd replaced the receiver, he

said: "I knew there was something queer about his quitting before any legal action had been taken. Now he practically admits that his brother, who's a foreman at the Wryckeft plant, has scared him off the job. However — "I called another number, and spoke criply to fin father's personal secretary. "Take Lombard! off those cottages in the subdivision, and have house, on Heights Road, ready for work

"But what about the injunction?" I asked, when he had finished. Lincoln Clark will take care of that."

I tried to thank him. "You're acting like a captain of industry today, not like a dilettante at all."

"Oh, I can be energetic when I find

something worth working for! It's taken me, for instance, six years to get that painting I showed you. But I got it!"
"Kitty," I ventured, "has tremendous energy too. The sets she's doing for us are

She has a flair for color and design. And it's a godsend for her to have an out let for her vitality. . . . Speaking of vi-tality - Desmond says Ruth Wyckoff insists upon staying in The Amateurs, even though she's pathetically incapable of acting. Funny, how colorless and nega-tive she's become. I can still remember seeing her, when I was a child, in a Christmas entertainment at Sunday school— even Mrs. Wyckoff couldn't keep us from all knowing one another there. Ruth wore a long blue robe, with her hair loose down her back, and a sort of halo around her head. I thought she was the loveliest thing I'd ever seen—she looked like a princess in a fairy tale."

'Isn't that the way her mother has

"BUT I wasn't influenced by her iden-tity. She honestly was exquisite, in a remote, ethereal way." I thought bitterly, on our way to the other room, "They're all under a spell!

It's that same illusion that Don has!" Clark was waiting for us; I forced my-

self to concentrate on a businesslike exposition of my dilemma. He looked grave. "I'm afraid Mrs. Wyckoff's within her legal rights. other case connected with that Heights property—when we bought that land for your sister, Carl-we found that each deed contained a clause binding the purchaser to observe some rather absurd strictions. To be sure, those restrictions might be set aside, if the case came up before an unprejudiced judge. But try erests, the votes controlled through the Wyckoff plant are enough to swing any town or county election. . . . What do you suppose her motive is?" he asked me. Unwilling to answer fully. I uttered a half truth. "She's been trying to buy our land ever since Don's great-aunt died. Perhaps she thinks that if she's disagreeable enough, we'll move out and let

And will you "Not in a thousand years!"

her have it.

WAS outwardly calm when I arrived at I WAS outwardly cause where I had agreed the Salon Moderne, where I had agreed to meet Helen Young, the wife of a life time friend of Don's, and one of the few young women whom Mrs. Wyckoff re-garded with distinct favor. When Helen had rather timidly asked me if I would elp her select some clothes, I had agreed although I considered it sheer charity; today, it seemed torture. I reminded mymy knowledge of the eternally absorbing question of improving one's looks, so I forced my undivided attention. Tactfully I dissuaded her from choosing the paste

me in exuberant superlatives

"And you're an angel to have asked us tonight with Carl Riessler," she went on. tonight with Carl Riessler, she went on, "Fred's been wanting to know him bet-ter-well, so have I-but we never ter—well, so have 1—but we never seemed to meet anywhere before." Ordinarily, I would have counted this statement as another good augury for my prospective leadership. But even as I mechanically paved the way for her being nice to Kitty, whom I had not previously group at a small gathering, I thought

"Oh, this is all so petty! With the theater, I could have made more progress in a week than I can make now in a
year!" (Continued on Pass 2221) 20





Hit and Run

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

Like SLATER and his employer. Ben Comond, are engaged in preparing a report for the stockholders have pose and quiet for the work, they go to Omenod's estate on the Hodson, Rockledge. Mr. Commond, however, spends most of his time at golf, and Skater's works is interrupted by the clamorings for attention of Omnord's daughter. Letty, who seems, to Stater, a rather nice child of

Later, Dick discovers that Letty is "dreadfully cynical and grown-up and world-worn," and comes face to face with the realization that he has fallen in low with his employer's daughter—and that would never do. Letty, however, has become engaged to Ralph Semmes, one of a number of guests week-ending at Rockledge.

At its ocked in the morning block goes for a strall in the patient, where he is joined by Lettly, who is consecuted by the fact that Balgh his not; yet returned from a party of the lettly goes. In Ook 1 is about 10 start belegoning when Rabib, rather the worse for went, returns with the new that he would be the strain of the start of the start belowing the Rabib, rather the worse for went, returns with the new that start block to go down off it up. Dick at less Haghs's nor and starts for the village. The cut but not the driver, has been recognized in one involved in an acceleration of the start of controlled the start of the the start of the

11

ETTY, having unloaded het ansieties on Dick's should-ders, went upstains to bed. She thought what a won-derful quality it was—to be able to make the world seem saite and solid, as he did—end so thinking, she fell asteep and slight soundly until cleven of clock. She was not surpresent to hear from he maid than Vice of the other project to hear from he maid than Vice of the other was thus and his overcoat in the hall. Find the other was thus rank in the contract of the contra

Entirely renewed, Letty are ner breaks and sammered down about noon. None of the rest of her party had unclosed an eye. Her lather was, she supposed, on the links. The Sunday papers lying in heavy sheets on the ball table booked too besty for consumption.

She turned to the study—it was empty. "Well," she said to herself, "if he isn't working he might as well be amusing me," and she rang the bell and asked the footman if he knew where Mr. Slater was.

knew where Mr. Slater was.

The man looked serious. "There's been an accident, I believe, miss ——"

"An accident?"

"An accident early this morning in the village. I understand that Mr. Slater has been arrested."

Letty, who had had the fraction of a second to imagine that he had been injured, was almost relieved to hear he

that he had been injured, was almost relieved to hear he had only been arrested. "He was driving a car?" "Mr. Semmes' car, miss. The state trooper has been here twice, asking questions, and trying to get in touch with

Mr. Osmond."

"Why ddn't you tell me?" said Letty severely, quite forgetting that she always left the strictest orders that she was not to be disturbed in the morning until she rang. "When did the first message come?"

The man looked discrete. "I really could not say, miss.

The man looked discreet. "I really could not say, miss. I did not take the message myself." He was too wise to reveal how late the bousehold had been stirring that morning, and that the gardener's boy who had actually taken the message had forgotten to give it to Mr. Osmond before he left the bouse.

Letty gave orders for her own car to be brought round, and ran upstairs to get her hat. Sergeant King, in charge of the local post of the state police, was a friend of hers. The same sound instinct that had made her attach her father's secretaries had led her not to neglect entirely the police. She stopped her car before the small frame house that

the police had taken over.

Sergeant King, s fine, tall, weather-beaten man, was sitting in the front room, reading, though without apparent amusement, the comic supplement of one of the papers.

"Good morning, sergeant," she said, "What's this I hear about your arresting Mr. Stater?" "Oh, good morning, Miss Osmond. I've been trying all

morning to get in touch with your father, but list he's askep and then he's out."
"Don't you know the habits of middle-aged business men, sergeant? He's playing golf. What has happened?"

men, sergeant? He's playing golf. What has happened?"
She was obliged to wait while King aummosed Meigs and
sent him off to the golf club to ask Mr. Osmond to come to
them as quickly as possible.
"Well, this secretary of your father's—Slater—was driv"Well, this secretary of your

im, this served by your artifug—the reference was used in through the village this artifug—the reference was used in the sidewiped an old farmer by the name of Tattle—turned him clean over in the dicth and made matchwood of his car—and did he stop? Not he—he didn't even turn his head to see if the stop? Not he—he didn't even turn his head to see if the old fellow was allive or dead, but went tearing on up to your place."

"There must be some mistake," said Letty. "Mr. Slater

would never do a thing like that."
"You wouldn't thinks, no, but you'd be surprised, Miss
Osmond, what desent people will do when they're scared.
They think they're killed a man, and they see the street in
deserted—they hope no one saw it—and they just keep on
going. We see a lot of ones like that. Stater made for home,
But fortrantely Joe Briggs by was delivering pupers, and
be say the whole thing, and had serse to call Megs. Megs
are the same of the same that they was delivering to the same of the same thin on oming out of the page again, I understand."
"Oh, you see, he was coming back to give himself us."

"Ob., you see, he was coming back to give himself up."
"Was he? Well, maybe. Or maybe he was going to make
a get-away—you can't tell. Anyway, he doesn't deny what
he did. He couldn't, very well, for Meigs saw him the first
time he passed, he noticed his hat, thinking he was driving
very reckless—though Meigs didn't know then that he had
half killed old Tuttle."

salf killed old Tuttle."
"Where is he?" said Letty.
"In the next room there," said 'the sergeant, pointing
over his shoulder. "We're waiting to charge him till the

judge gets back from church."
"What will he be charged with?"
"Well, it depends—third-degree assault, or manilaughter
if the old man dies."

if the old man dies."

Letty's eyes opened. "But—but that's very serious," she said.

"You bet it's serious—it will be as serious as I can make

You get it's serious—it was be assertious as I can make it. These hit-hard-run artists I have no use for—nor the jury either. But it isn't worrying him any—he's as calm as you please. He won't even send for a lawyer—says he wants to see your father before he takes any action." "May I see him?"

"SURE. I wish you would. Maybe you can get some sense in his head, make him see that he ought to be worrying—worrying plenty. It isn't outside the possibilities he might get twenty years for this."
"Oh, don't say that," said Letty, feeling actually sick

"Oh, don't say that," said Letty, feeling actually sich with horror.
"Well" said the sergeant who was an eminently resonn.

"Well," and the sergent, who was an eminently responable man." I must say I don't like to we a fellow who has just done a thing like that, stirting there reading the paper, as if everything was lowly. If you ask me, I think be's figuring on your father's pall to keep him out of trouble. But that sail wormy, Miss Ommod. How tay we wouldn't stade a point for a friend on a little matter of the speed inter- to at lady lite you, for intense—a but with a histoaux inter- to a lady lite you, for intense—a but with a histoaux "I't would be very unlike Mr. Saiter to be counting on any unfole influence. I know that, sergennt," and Lety."

any unique initionals. I know that, selectain, soul Edy. The whole picture she was getting of Dick was so unlike her own picture of him that she felt confused and alarmed. King opened the door of the next room and ushered her in. Dick, with his straight chair tipped back against the wall, was reading. He did book extraordinarily at case for a man who had just caused servious injury—possibly death—man who had just caused servious injury—possibly death—

to a fellow creature.

"I've just sent a man over for Mr. Osmond," King said in his loud, firm voice, "He ought to be here any minute."



"Good," and Diek: Then, glancing up, he saw Letty, and his calm decreased. He ologored deeply under his bond akin. *Letty was the last person he wanted to see, since his conduct had been designed to keep her from knowing the very story he was about to tell to her father. He began at once to try to think of ways of getting her away before Mr. Osmond strived.

"Oh, Mr. Slater," she said, "I am so sorry, I know how

dreadfully you must feel." She emphasized this, with a glance at the sergeant.
"It will be all right if I can see your father, Miss Osmond."

"It will be all right if I can see your lather, Auss Osmond."
From Letty's point of view this was just the wrong anser.

"I'm sure he will come at once when he hears you are in trouble. Father is wonderful to anyone in trouble. He will do everything he can-only—only—" Her voice died down; tears were not far distant.

Her distress touched Dick. He said gently, "Don't worry about me. My situation is not as serious as it seems," At this the sergeant gave a sort of snarl of contempt, and Letty felt it was her plain duty to try and make the culprit

Betty list it was not posit duty of yair made the colories est that his situation was very serious indeed.

"But it is serious, Mr. Slater," she said, "I don't see how you can help seeing that it is—I don't see how you can help seeing that it is—I don't see how you could have done such a thing at all."

"Anyone may meet with an accident."

"But not drive away and leave the victim dying by the roadside. No one I know would do that." He looked at her coldly. "No?" he said. Something cool and cynical—something almost like amusement—seemed



to flicker at the corner of that self-controlled mouth of his.

to increar at the corner or that sear-controlled mobile of the She felt herself completely alienated.

"I came here," she said, "to offer to do anything I could to help you—thinking you would be heartbroken —"
"Heartbroken?" repeated Dick, as if this were a silly

word, as perhaps it was. I came here to do whatever I could for you, but I must say I am disappointed in your attitude. You don't seem to

be n bit sorry or ashamed ——"
"'Ashamed'?" he repeated. They looked at each other sternly. Somehow they had become enemies. There was a silence. Then Dick said. "Well, since you are so kind, there

is something you could do for me, if you would. Will you telephone my mother? I shouldn't like her to see anything in tomorrow's papers-not that there will be anything, but still --- Will you long-distance her in Center Hadley, Vermont? I'll write the number for you." "What shall I tell ber?"

"Oh, say that there has been a misunderstanding, and that I am being held temporarily, but that there is nothing to worry about

The sergeant gave another of his terrifying snaris at this, and Letty said, "How can I say that?" "Say exactly what I tell you, please. Say that she need not worry at all. That I shall be free this evening or tomor-

Letty couldn't answer. She took the slip of paper on which, in his handsome, clear hand, he had written his other's name and telephone number, and went away. She felt so heavy-hearted that it was like a sort of faintness.

"This is what comes," she thought, "of putting a person on a pedestal. Ralph, with all his faults, would never be cold and ungrateful like this. He would have been courteous and charming. Everyone would have been on his side—even the sergeant would have wanted to get him offno matter what he had done." She thought how glad she
was she had fallen in love with a man who was kind and gay and civil - and who didn't drive away without turning back

She drove home and went straight to the study telephone After a long delay she was told the number didn't answer, information that the line was out of order. She sat at Dick's desk, thinking. Somehow, the fact that she disapproved of him made it more necessary that she should follow his directions—she, at least, should behave with perfect propriety. She imagined the horror of the old lady opening the newspaper the next day: Richard Stater Held for Man-slaughter. It was not his mother's fault that he was bad-She rose with decision, tempered and arrogant. . walked to the bookshelves, pulled out an atlas. It was not far to the Vermont border, and Center Hadley was not much beyond the border-a hundred miles, three hours. She would go herself: she would be generous, magnificent, She left word with her maid that she would be back in time to dress for dinner.

She knew her way perfectly; she swept north along the beautiful road by the river, and before Albany turned east toward the mountains. At three she was entering an elmlined main street. No trouble about finding the Slates house-the first passer-by directed her. It was a small ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY BALKICH HER DISTRESS TOUCHED DICK. HE SAID GENTLY, "DON'T

WORRY ABOUT ME. MY SITUATION IS NOT SERIOUS"

bouse built like a Grecian temple-a gable with Corinthian columns supporting it, white with gray trimmings. Exactly the sort of house, she thought, in which Dick Slater ought to have spent his boyhood. There was a little space between the street and the house-a space of lawn and flowers beau tifully kept. The front door was open, but Letty pressed the bell. She could see down the ball which ran along one of the walls, and into the open door of a sitting room on the right.

A voice from this room called, "Is that you, Mary? Come in." There was in the a's that slight New England flatness, as there was in Dick's. "I'm just getting off my May I come in?" said Letty, "It isn't Mary,

A thin little lady in black sprang up from the deak. She was blond, like Dick, and if there was gray in her smoothly brushed hair, it didn't show. Her eyes were piercing blue like rays of blue light, and she had the sort of cheerful alertness that comes as a reward to those who make every moment of life interesting.

"she said, "I'm sorry. I thought you were a young friend of mine who takes my letters to the next town on Sunday. We have no Sunday mail out, and I have an only son who expects a letter."

"I know your son," said Letty. Mrs. Slater looked at her as much as to say, "Now that is really saying something worth saying." All that had gone before had been just trifling. "You know Dick?" she

'Yes, my name is Osmond. He's my father's secretary." INSTANTLY a change came over ours, Scales, Our hour rigid, and with a manner extraordinarily like her son's she said, "Is he ill?" The manner was haughty, as if proudly NSTANTLY a change came over Mrs. Slater. She grew

proclaiming that a New Englander can guess, and face. "No, he's perfectly well. I just left him. But he's had a motor accident in which he injured someone else. He did

not want you to read about it in the papers." Badly injured?"

"I'm afraid rather --- But he told me to tell you that you weren't to worry—that he would be free by this evening

"Yes, the police are holding him for the moment," "And he sent you all this way to tell me?"

"No. He just asked me to telephone to you, but as your line was out of order -

"Yes, of course. I forgot. After a thunderstorm it often in. But how kind of you—how wonderfully kind. But people always do kind things for Dick. Sit down, please. I want to know exactly what happened." Letty sat down. Rather to her surprise, when she came

to tell the story she found there was a great deal she did not know. She did not know the hour at which the accident had occurred - nor why Dick was in the village at all - and though she had recognized Raiph's car standing empty outside the police station, she could not offer any explana-tion as to why Dick had been driving it, or where he had been going in such a hurry. All her facts and all her ignorance were developed rapidly by Mrs. Slater, who had not lived as the daughter-in-law of a judge and the wife and mother of a lawyer without acquiring something of the There is evidently something that we don't understand

at all," she said crisply; and at that moment a tall figure appeared in the doorway-obviously Mary-tall, dark, handsome and commanding

Are your letters ready, Cousin Jane? "Miss Osmond, this is my young cousin, Mary Saunders.

Mary, this is Miss Osmond. She has been so very kind as to motor a long way—a hundred miles—to bring me n message

The two girls shook hands, with a look at each other that, if not suspicious, was alert and appraising. Mary had some ground for suspicion. Letty had all the hall marks of that irritating world of fashion which triumphs through trivial ities-she was pretty and she (Continued on Page 98)



. . FLOWERY COMPLIMENTS WERE PAID TO THE WISDOM AND PATRIOTISM OF THE LEGISLATIVE BRANCH ON THE OPENING DAY OF CONGRESS. WHEN SENATE AND HOUSE MRIT IN JOINT SESSION

A Glance at the Senate

BY ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

IT HAS become a sert of national habit to opeak and write in criticism of the Senate. Through years of edit total demunciation, a feeling has been created in the popular mind of a willful, scatterbrained, opmopuls body, the prime function of which is to obstruct, and which is deminated by wordy demangues. It is damaged for its garnally its abovenes, the general slaggalishous of its mind and for the framedy control of the size of the s

I suppose there is, of course, bound to be a conflict—one and the Profession, who is trying to work out a broadly one one that the Profession will be provided to the profession of the professi

Farewell to Filibusters

I THINK that what the Sensite is most criticized for a is, of course, possible to part on induser posterior barriage in precised parameter debane. It is, of course, possible to part on choices but that rule is very consistent to the part of course of the course in middle-rules water of time. Man after man times—discussive which, to these who are impatient for results, seems in middle-rules water of time. Man after man times—discussive course of the substantial parts of the course of the

Filibusters in the past were apt to take place in the closing days or weeks of a final or "lame duck" session of a Congress. An individual or group would decide to present the passage of legislation to which they were opposed, secure in the knowledge that if they could keep it from coming to a vote before the set date of adjournment it would be out of the way indefinitely, as the next Congress, which had been elected the previous November would not converse until the following December; unless called in extra session—and would probably, anyway, be of a different sension—and would probably, anyway, be of a different in up the big governmental appropriation balls in order to force the President to call an extra sension.

Under the Twentieth Amendment there will be neither the necessity nor the opportunity for these betties. Yet already in this session, the first under the new dispensation, the finalize readiness to criticize Congress for its control, the control of the control

See a four that is exciting own in the untail of official. Whilapping, but that nondays a particularly precised in the Whilapping of the throughout particularly precised in the hardware been ask up to carry out the pickies of the New Deal. These repositions of dispensational government of the United States. The checks and binkings of the Whilapping of

and surrenders on usery partner the parrot charus that doplores the delay and verboatly of the Sensie. It seems to he had any question on which there is volont difference of opinion should as a matter of fairness be discussed and debated inside out, no matter how long it takes. Though some rule might be worked out to expedite the passage of appropriation bills which are bound to pass anyway. I limited debate. Particularly in greated to its function as limited debate. Particularly in greated to its function as part of the treaty-making power of the Government, any such limitation would be a calamity. If, for instance, the rules of the Senate had been "tighter" it would not have been possible to thresh out on the floor of the Senate the commitments of the Versailles Treaty and the Langue of Nations, thereby clarifying the issues for the country.

Indeed, in my opinion, if a measure is worth posting, and any opinion, if a measure is worth posting days, weden or even month of discussion on met going to keep it firm sussing, and certainly the people laws a right with that thought, if do not believe that many people laws even a fragmentary realization of the inture implications of the measurement of the interest implications of the measurement of the interest in the "life, bloory, and pursuit of lappiness" of the individual American particular that the property of the individual American particular that the property of the individual American particular that the property of the individual American particular that were property of the individual American particular that would make a mockety of the property of the prope

The abuse of Congress is nothing new. I have always, brackeded at what Mr. H. G. Wells said in one of his articles about the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armanents, teedby ears ago. 'I have beard scaredy a formation of the conference of the confe

Illandrumately, there are always a few who egitimate targets for unqualified condemnation. Also, it is inscribed that one type of thought will inveigh against Norris, let us say, for his mediation, and another type against the control of the people who follow sheepills: the fashion of indiscriminately damning the Sectate show thereneives up, demonstrate their irresponsibility as citation, egits as much as the three properties of the sectate of the people who follow sheepills: the fashion of indiscriminately damning the Sectate show thereneives up, demonstrate their irresponsibility as citation, egits as much as the three three properties and the section of t

The Hottest Temper in the Senate

M OREOVER, I believe that if those who curse the Senate as a whole, sometimes even as an institution, would take the time to look at the instrets wis members as individuals, they would not feel nearly so outraged and despating units, they would not feel nearly so outraged and despating the contract of the second of the contract of t

One should take comfort from that fact; for in spite of the present extraordinary granted spower to the Executive, our representatives in Congress are the individual upon whom text the responsibility of what shall not be the lew. The constitution of the present that the shall not be the lew. The constitution of the present that the present the shall not be the lew. The constitution of the present the present the present the present the present that the present the present the present that the present the present that the present the present that the present the present that the present that the present the present that the present the present the present that the present that the present the present that the present the present

So, though they may get small share of the credit if things go well, other than a word of approbation for having "gone along," they will undoubtedly share the burden of blame if they do not.

But instead of a defense of the Senate as an institution, what I really want to do in this article is to say a few words about the worthwhile and interesting personalities in the Senate.

First, of course, is the Democratic floor leader, Seasure Opageh T, Roblinson of Ariannas, Seasor Robbinson has people T, Roblinson of Ariannas, Seasor Robbinson has man, but he lant, Uhink, both character and caspacity, and as a party leader he has been both desiquent and fair. He has the reputation of processing the belotte temper in the has the reputation of processing the belotter temper in the so. When he starts' debetting he is also separating, meclerate, so. When he starts' debetting he is also separating, meclerate, to the starts of the start of the start of the start of the hand which give the impression that if he did not except hand which give the impression that if he did not except hand which give the impression that if he did not except them down, and trange them. He never has N'et the medium down, and trange them. He never has N'et the possibility that he may be a suppose the publisher.

On the other hand, Senator Pat Harrison, of Ministippi, chairman of the Finance Committee, is always goodhumored, and nearly always abusive. That is to say, he was abusive when he was in the minority, but those happy, irresponsible days are over for him for the present, and be is now heard as a deededer of the politics of the majority, were delivered with such engaging ingensity and wit that his victims were able to laugh! Constitute of Page 133:

PAUL DE KRUIF

TURNS FROM OLD DOCTOR SUN TO SCIENCE'S LATEST DEVELOPMENT:

Voung Doctor Heat

OLD Doctor Sun is the best physician I know, but when he is not on the job I'm beginning to bank on his assistant, Young Doctor Heat.

sistant, Young Doctor Heat.
On the sand by Lake Michigan's shore, from March to October, Old Doctor Sun burns me brown and keeps me

strong. He's all the doctor I need.

In November the lake's blue water turns gray under the sunless sky, but I'm still strong from last summer. December comes. Camp is broken. I'm copped up in New York and paler.

and paler.

shore to my workroom. So I sniffle, cough, an bronchitic, miscrable, and Gd Dector Sm is a thousand miles away. Have I anything to hope for from Young Dector Heat? I call him young, though he's really been healing all humans for fully as long an Old Dector Sun. Only humans didn't known: I fail a very short time sop. Dector Heat had didn't known: I fail a very short time sop. Dector Heat had baths, ice packs, antipyretic pills squidched him at the moment he was trying to cure us by getting as hot

moment ne was trying to cure us by getting us hot.

But right now you can have a ringside seat at the beginning of a revolution in medicine. Today a widely scattered

international cohort of medical ploneers—they're still unorthodox and gently disapproved of!—are helping to set Young Doctor Heat up in world-

wide practice.
To desperately sick people, already feverish, more beat is given. Others, with no fever, are being saved from this or that doom by artificial hest stoked up in them by these new death fighters who are hybrids—part doctor, part and the same properties of the prescription of our new young doctor.

If, for example, this bronchitis of

If, for example, this bronchitis of mine should get out of hand and flare into pneumonia, it would certainly be Young Doctor Heat 17d shout for, and not for any plaster, pill, vaccine or

He is a hardy fellow, this new hot doctor, and will tackle diseases like general paralysis of the insane, hitherto agreed to be inexorable. He is kindly. For Young Doctor

Heat stands ready now to rob thousands of mothers of lifelong pain and invalidism that is the consequence of infection suffered at the birth of their children. There's hope, too, that he can save them from acute childbed fever when it threatens their lives.

Young Doctor Heat is a bold experimenter. He is shooting his torrid rays at the dreadful nerve sickness, multiple scienceis. And while it's still too early to say that relief from this fatal maskedy is permanent, victims not too far advanced in this ailment have been returned to working and

With the rashness of real pioneers, his devotees call for Doctor Heat to try to help them against that dreadful aftermath of encephalitis, or sleeping sickness, known as Parkinsonism.

THIS is not the limit of our young doctor's versatility; the plain the surface of the new hot healing art has just been seratched. Of course the art is still crude, as all young things are. It's in a state comparable to that of automobiles when they were one-lungers chuffing about and ridiculed as benzine buggies.

And of course heat is no cure-all. There's doubtless many a sickness that would be made worse by it; many as sufferer warmed by the new art is already past saving; and some of Doctor Heat's henchmen are enthusiastic to the worse of manufacture.

That's no reason why we all shouldn't be permitted to know heat's solid accomplishments. Their most hopeful angle is this: that Young Dotto Heat is ready to form partnership with your garden variety of general practitioner. What could be better news for us? We've borne the burden of high-priced superreiestlic medical care till it's bled many of us white financially. We don't fancy pauperizing ourselves to get it for nothing. Its sometimes doubtful effects on our health make many of us pretty nearly ready to agree to a recent definition of your scientific superexcert: namely——

He is a gentleman who knows very much about very little and continues to learn more and more about less and less until eventually he knows practically everything about

less until eventually he knows practically everything about almost nothing at all.

The family doctor is due for a comeback. The great brain surgoon, Harvey Cushing, defends him in his beautiful speech called Medicine at the Crossroads. "It will be a

great shock," "any Specialist Curbing," to laymen to learn that a great part of what is called scientific medicine is a fettib, and wholly amcientific. We have instruments of precision in increasing numbers with which we . , at untold expense take observations, the vast majority of which . , are so nothing compared with the careful study of the patient by a keen observer using his eyes and ears and fingers and a few simple aids."

Who is this observer but your good family doctor? Now comes Young Doctor Heat offering him what is going to be a simple but powerful tool that any

general practitioner can learn to use. Against more than one serious ill this weapon will help him fight with a chance to win where his specialist brother has heretofore battled in vain. Plain Dector Smith will be able to keep many a patient away from clinics he can't afford, from surgeon's knives that he always wants to avoid

With Doctor Heat's aid, Doctor Smith has a chance to rob our insane saylums of many a victim, our undertakers of many a prospect —
So I'll ask you to come along for a peep at a few of this

SO I a does, you to come among for a peep at a few of this strange doctor's adventures. It's a quere country we'll visit. Where once was the clink of bottles and test tubes you'll now hear the hum of high-frequency generators. You'll see simple gadgets of rubber where there used to be operating tables, and there'll be the healing power of hot water where once there was the rec'so of soldor mand ether.

- 11

CHARLES ROBERT ELLIOTT is saver of mothers, eagle 1834. Voul lay mothers now don't need now. You'll say see that now don't need now. You'll say see that now don't need having babies from childbed fever, as long as eighty years ago. Yes. But in our country childbed fever still kills one out of very four hundred mothers, delivered of full-term children. The obstetricism, De Loe, who gives these figures, cumble invalidit ten times this numbel. It there as in cumble invalidit ten times this number.

So while the Semmelweiss science of preventing childhod fever is wonderful, the art of healing it is absolutely demanded. So to take the torch from Semmelweiss comes Elliott. He is the same sail sort of genius, and his deathfighting science is so simple you'll say, "How can it be scientific?" Semmelweiss didn't even know the existence of deadly microbes when in 1850 he taught doctors to keep childhod fever out of mothers by simple cleanliness of hands

and instruments—
But when in 1921 Elliott invented his little internal hotwater bottle, there was a formidable and discouraged science to prove to him the impossibility of curing this awful

Let me explain what I mean. You see, fundamentally, this fever is nothing but wound infection, of the naturally and necessarily wounded womb of mothers who 've just had their bables. Into these wounds it carried now and again mean them to be a support of the su

Your woman prematurely happy may shoot a quick fever and get rapidly better; or her fever may go on and up till blood-poisoning death puts a period to her brief joy; or, what is worst of all, a terrible (Continued on Page 88)

that he absent wants to avoid ————what is worst of all, a terrible (Constoned STROMERS, CROMER STROMERS, PREPARED TO TAKE HIS PATTENT'S TRAVERATURES.

AS SHE RIGHLINGLY TAKES THE PAYER IN HIS NATE AND SHAFE "VAPO-THEM!"

ASSESSMENT OF THE PAYER IN HIS NATE AND SHAFE "VAPO-THEM!"

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ASSESSMENT OF THE PAYER IN HIS NATE AND SHAFE "VAP



T WAS such a nice dinner party that greeted Karl Skeridan, of the Criminalistic Institute of Vienna, on his return to Washington. One would say that tragedy could not approach such nice long-less a Tess Staart, Dion Mallory, Caroline and Brigodier General Temple, Joan and Allan Lindsoy, Ser Oliver and Lady Prederika Parrich, Abby Striling, Vicili Wilde and Doctor Byrd—Ibaquit the can whole sleeks, so, coll.

And then, after Dion had left the party early because of his duties as second secretary at the British embassy, after Abby Stirling and Vicki Wide and Doctor Byrd had left, after K had taken Tess home to the apartment she shared with her younger sister, Fay, and he had returned to his hotel, there came that call on the telephone:

hotel, there came that call on the telephone:
"It's Tess, K; come back to the house, and bring the
black bag with you!"

The "black bag" contains K's crime-solving equipment—not, K says, very important or necessary. "I'll make a bargain with you," he'd said, laughing, to "I'll make a bargain with you," he'd said, laughing, to good murder! I'll leave the black bag home, and still find you the murderer, if you let me have just one party—a nick, lively party such as this, with all the friends of the corpse

present."
And here was the call! At Tess' apartment K finds Fay sprawled across a love seat, dead, an empty bottle that had contained hyocine hydrobromide at her side, an overturned glass on the floor, and a note that indicates that Fay has committed suicide. Tess, however, insists that Fay has been murdered, and that K make good his boast.

Fay, it develops, has been in the employ of a blackmailing columnist called "X," and Tess feels that it is Fay's activities in this direction that have resulted in her murder,

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

The Crooked Lane

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

IV

HE knob turned amoothly and easily under his

May in Washington. He had forgotten how enchanted it was—how sweet the honeyed incense that the early locusts lifted gratefully to the faint, starry blue above them. He glanced reluctantly at his wrist watch. Eleven o'clock.

Never in his life had he desired anything so profoundly as the sight of the tail grid waiting for him somewhere behind that classic and ambiguous façade, up three flights of marble steps—but something within him, deeper even than that desire, clung obstinately and apprehensively to the freedom and claracteristic passes of the night that hung about the second of the contract of the properties of the contract of the contract of the contract of the host of the contract of the contract of the contract his coefficient of the shoulders, and felt the creat door

swing insidiously inward. Inside it was dark, but this time he knew just how many steps lay between the door and the stairway. He crossed the space, silent and alert, and in a moment felt the smooth, cold length of the stair rail uncoiling slowly under his taut

On the fourth-story landing the little light that he had extinguished the night before was burning, clear and impersonal, but all three doors were fast closed. The Do Not Disturb sign that had swung from the knob of the central one had disappeared, and so had the grave and shining young goddess who had so valiantly stood guardian before

He lifted his hand and rapped once, lightly, on the sitting-room door. And immediately, as though it were responding to an incantation in a fairy tale, it swung noiselessly open and once again he was standing before her.

possibly open and united against the state of the state o

The shining tea gown of silvered chiffon that floated back from her bare shoulders and that curied and broke in waste from her bare shoulders and that curied and broke in wear about her bare should be a been should be a been about her boded as though a bridge or an angel might have won the looked as though a bridge or an angel might have won the boded as though a bridge or an angel might have won the batter a mourner. The fly was still goes from her flagger, but through the kind of the six has the show when the silver ribbons crossed her breast she had thrust a spray of amered leaves forests with one

of emerald leaves frosted with diamonds.

She came toward him, both hands held out, but not until they were safe in his did she lift to him her lovely undefeated mile.

"K—oh, this is better! I'm so glad you're here."
"And I, Tess, am more glad than I can say that you, too, are here," he told her, "You look rested. The day was not too hard then?"

"Hard enough." She released her long, cool hands gently, her eyes still on his. "But now it's behind me, and that makes me rested. Sit down here and wait just a minute. I have some things for you."

I nave some rungs sor you.

The love seats that had flanked the old nursery fireplace with its tiles that sang of nursery rimes in water blue and apple green were gone, and a long, deep sofa of creamy satin had taken their place. Tess made a motion toward it, and Sheridan seated himself doedlently in the far corner, and Sheridan seated himself doedlently in the far corner,

The little boy perched on the stile stared back at him with round eyes of forget-me-not blue, guileless and inscrutable. And after that, sohre? Straight down the crooked lane And all round the square.

How long, how long it seemed since he had knelt on that hearth, turning an empty glass in his hands, and hearing the dancing words jingling through some empty corner of his brain not yet flooded by murder and horror, and lasses

his brain not yet flooded by murder and horror, and lanes that led only desper into darkness? Straight down the crooked lane—but by what compass would the luckless traveler move? Was there more than

innocence in those round eyes? All round the square. Would be find the three comers of that square at Abby Stirling's, at Joan Lindsay's, at the Happy Landings Clab? Had he already found the fourth at Cara Temple's? He had the strangest, the most penetrating conviction that there, all unknowing, all unaware of what lay abrad, he had for a moment held all the threads of Fay Stuart's death in his it life ingers—above all, that scarlet



"SURPRISE! SURPRISE!" SHOUTED DOCTOR BYRD, THE PLEASED CENTER OF AN EN-CHANTED UPROAR. "LOOK AT SANTA CLAUS"

thread that would have led him straight and sure down this tortuous lane. And now it was lost.

Tea's voice said at his side. "Here they are, I found them in the cushions after—afterward. It's the book that she was reading—she must have hidden it—and the backgrammon markers. Oh, and here's the note that was on the said that the concer—the have it without any trouble. They don't raise any question at all about its being saidtle. Will the note really backgram that the said that the said

"It will help a great deal—though already, I think, I know just what it has to tell us. This is the actual book that she was reading, then? Now why did she hide it?". He glaned down at the filmsy policy-apper cores of the glaned down at the filmsy policy-apper cores of the glane of the glan

caught in the pages. He picked it up, staring down at it curiously. Blue-gray paper, thick and exactly right. Miss Faith Stuart, 2213 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D.C., very black and concentrated, with small, severely distinguished Greek E*—Washington, D.C., May 27; 10 A.M., clear and sharp-cut in the discreet post-office circle. A scarlet stamp like a flag in the right-hand corner.

"Red?" he asked absently. "I thought that now your stamps were violet."
"But it's sent from Washington to Washington." She

drew an explanatory finger under the address. "Local stamps are still red. The hardest thing that I have to remember, K, is that you don't really belong here —."
"No," he said quietly. "That is hard for me to remem-

"No," he said quietly. "That is hard for me to remember, too. Saturday. May twenty-seventh. Today is Sunday. . Have you any idea from whom this note comes, Tess?"

"Oh, more than an idea. It's from Dion."
"Mallory? I see. You have read it?"

"I didn't have to read it. I'm perfectly familiar with his handwriting."
"Yes naturally You did not mad it then?"

"Yes—naturally. You did not read it, then?"
"Of course sot. Why should I read it? It's addressed to

"Still," he said quietly, "it was addressed to her on the day that she died. Will you read it now?" Tess, looking at him with the cool and disdainful amaze-

Tess, looking at him with the cool and disdainful amazement of the princess in the fairy tale confronted with toads instead of princes, said clearly: "I shouldn't dream of reading it. I don't read other

people's letters."
"You leave that to the unworthy police?" He smilled, ironic and imperturbable. "You will permit me, then's That highly regretable valling passion —" He did not wait for her permission; the delt brown fingers were already at work, the sleek, dark head best above its capture in as deep absorption as though the frozen princes were not there. After an anoment he out it down, transferring the level

deep absorption as though the frozen princess were not there. After a moment he put it down, transferring the level concentration of his glance to the quiet girl, deep in the cushions at the other end of the sofa. "It seems, unfortunately, of no importance whatever, Just a few lines to tell liber that he had the tickets for some rase next Tuesday."

He flipped the note back to its first page, and read it

through, his voice deliberately cool and impersonal.

Fay astistic: This will greet you on your return Monday. I have the nace tickets for Tuesday—and very nike ones they are, too. The Chevailers are coming with us, and it sounds like a grand party. What a rotter shance that you can't make the

s grassic partry. Wen't it butten seales that you can make this Templies dance tonight! I hope that the Warrenton excutrison that the property of the proper

lay 27th, 10 a.m. Drox.

He returned it slowly to its envelope, and sat balancing

it thoughtfully in his hand.

"Saturday, ten A.M. Now why, I wonder, did he not send it to Warrenton? Evidently she was waiting to hear about the tickets."

TITESS smoothing out a piece of paper on her knee, said

absently, "There's no delivery that would have reached her at the Tappans' before Monday. And it doesn't sound particularly important, do you think?" "Possibly not. No special delivery either?"

"No. You evidently don't know the lack of resources of our country towns, K!"

"Then why not have it delivered here by hand?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Possibly he was busy. Why don't you ask him?"

"That, too, is an idea. I am looking forward to finally

catching up with him at the Stirlings. So far we have played in bad luck, though he did manage to catch me on the phone at the hote. I sent my bags over to the house, and we are to return together after the party tonight. You have seen him?"

"Just for a moment. He didn't get into Washington till

almost four, and then be came straight over here to find out whether I could tell him how to get in touch with you. He hadn't heard anything about Fay, and when the butter took him, it was naturally a ghartly shock. He came straight up here to me to find out whether there was anything that be could do. But there wasn't I foll andexty cabbed dad, and the could do be the could be the county of the county of

"Mallory knew Fay well?"
"He knew her better than anyone else in the world, I
think. Better, I know, than I ever did. Last winter there
were all kinds of rumors that they were engaged."

"And were they?"

"I doubt it. I was off on that South Seas cruise, and I hadn't even known Doon particularly well until this spring; but when I came back, everyone told me that they had been region such other contents."

"Still, that hardly constitutes an engagement, should you think?"

"Hardly. And of course Jerry Hardy has been desperately in love with Fay for two years, and that made everything wretchedly complicated. Dion really loves Jerry." "Jerry? Oh, yes, that is the housemate whose place I am

taking, is it not? . . . Do you know, I should not have called this the note of one deeply enamored."
"No--it isn't, is it? But perhaps he suspected our dilisent and decorded servants. I've had a few quite deeply

gent and devoted servants. I've had a few quite deeply enamored notes steamed open, and nicely glued back again."

"Do you expect me to believe, Tess, that it was Fay that

Don was interested in, not you? That all that I saw and heard last night was pure mirage and delusion?" "I don't expect you to believe anything. You seem to have attained an almost professional degree of incredulity."

KARL SHERIDAN said with great distinctness, "On the contrary. I am only too anxious to believe what, for some reason, you are only too anxious to tell me. . . . These

are the backgammon markers, you say?"
"Yes; they're a special kind that I have made for presents. A little Frenchman in New York does them for me, out of all kinds of semiprecious stones, and I've given away quite a lot of them."

K twisted off the round leather ton of the case with its.

delicate golden traceries, and sat surveying its contents critically.

"They are quite charming—the recipients must be grateful. Half malachite and half lapis lazuli, are they not?

ful. Half malachite and half laps lazuli, are they not?
And are all the sets of that same combination?
"On, no-they're all kinds of combinations. Gray agate
and rose quartz—onyx and coral—amethyst and crystal—
white iade and turquoise—half a dozen others. I can't

white jade and turquoise—half a dozen other. I gave away eight or ten a Christmas. Freddy Parrish Ibas a set, and Joan Lindsay, and Dion, and Jerry Hardy, and Vicki, and Cara Temple, and probably some others that I've forgotten about. I could check them up if you want me to." "No, no—bat's quite unnexessry... You'dld not find any pencil that might have been used to write this or the country of the country of the country of the lower of the country of the country of the country of the lower of the country of t

any of these rooms. I showywers a formating pen, mind except for a very hard-leaded little on in their teleplaced by Pay's bed, neither the maids now I could find a single one. She had a lovely little platitum thing that she used to carry in her bag, but she lost it a week or so ago at the races. She loss every mortal thing that she possesses; the innurance people simply refused to renew her policy this war."

"She was unusually careless, then?"
"She was incredibly careless."

"Yes: Can believe that. She must have been, I think, incredibly redsheas, as well. Well, then, so much for our pencil and so much for the note. It is quite clear that it was not written been—and it is enterly possible that, as the work of the pencil the true page, with the well-willing property. It is expected the true page, with the welve-black principal. It is expected the true page, with the welve-black principal. It is expected that it is expected to the pencil p

"IS THAT why you want Dion's note? You can take any earthly thing that you want, of course. Would you care for the French novel too?"
"Thanks, no. Mallory's envelope protects the writing on

that hitcher consists you transport the children of the hitcher control to the clock ring sharply, once, and be glanced up quickly. "Between thirty already! How late is it possible for me to make an appearance at this party, Teor?"

"Ob, as late as you please. No matter how late you are, you'll be in time for breakfast. It's that kind of party. It's in full swing now, of course; and if you've learned everything beer that I can help about, you'll probably find it a great deal more amusing at Abby's. Don't think that you have to bother about me, my dear. I'm prefettly all right now, and I do realize that I'm not a particularly enlivening commanion."

She gave him a small, unhappy smile, and he sat quite still for a moment, trying to decide what it was that the desperate child behind the gray eyes was calling to him. . Was she begging him to go or to stay? . . Well, for a little while. until the "Goulineed on Pase 128.



This Gay Little House is Very Blue . . BY MRS. HOWARD LINN

DUT you will never be blue in it if, as I suspect, this color, so dear to the heart of woman, is your favorite tool. You have heard that blue absorbs light and therefore spells gloon. Don't believe it! It is splashed all over these rooms with a gay success whose secret lies in the colors nombined with it; and how; and where.
The prevailing use of one basic color increases the eacher monotony, you also variations on the therme eacher monotony, you also variations on the therme

feeling of space; provided that for warmth, and to eschew monotony, you play variations on the theme which is the foundation of your symphony.

In the living room one wants space and dignity for the esthering it will be a become off on. Here you was

gatherings it will be a background for. Have you ever noticed how people furnish a room? Rooms are too often planned as stage settings—to look well when empty—and when filled with people suddenly look crowded and cluttery. Here there is little furniture, but that little is fine, and plays just the right tunes on our basic kevnote of blue.

Dasse seynore or touc.

The first problem was the north exposure. To avoid dark corners each wall is painted a slightly different shade of sky blue—the darkest one made enough lighter to equalize the lightest one. And so on around all

The north exposure is again the reason for eliminating overdrapes, and introducing a sunny note of yellow in sheer net curtains. This note is repeated, in a mimosa shade, in the panel strips and lamp shades. The Louis XV sofa is covered with a paler shade of yellow in glazed chints, which by a triumph of ingenuity on the owner's



part has achieved a gay and delicate flowered effect. She first drew the pattern, then outlined it with stitching within which she has painted all the tender shades of rose and green and blue and yellow that bloom in a bed of suring flowers.

On the other side of the room a seascape full of cobalt and turquoise, a bold combination of bloss found in sid Persian titles and always spelling brilliancy, lights up the darkest wall. The side chairs are in a pin-stripted side state of shaded blues; the Biedermeier coffee table of light fruit wood, the tiny Louis XVI commode of rosewood was always to the side of the side o

Notice that nothing in this room, except the cornflowerblue carpet with its double band of white, has a dull surface, and this by design and not accident; for elever forthought has made use of every possible reflection of light, from the glaze on the walls and chintar to the shining satir chair surfaces and the polished wood of the furniture.

ngnt, room use gases on the wans and crimic to the smiling satin chair surfaces and the polished wood of the furniture. Dining rooms can always be filled with fantasy—and should be! First, because they are perforce stereotyped and formal; second, because one uses them for only short periods, and so will not tire of gay invention therein.

A special sock for the site-is often meal, or the solitary matrix of hunch, best damm and variety. What could not in the insuriems of everyday life more delightably formed in the process of the process of the control of the skilled lighting transforms an utrical surgey of flowers skilled lighting transforms an utrical surgey of flowers, and the skilled lighting transforms and utrical surgey of flowers (Copy) colored glass fish, theful and cord branches on glass believe said to the transformer quality of this nicks, surgives on a commonly level of the sinch surgestion of the surgives on a commonly level of the sinch surgestion of the titled flower home, one can be quite easily devised. Merely that the door off of a Good-span to it for match the room

What seemed a liability in a radiator pipe remorselessly climbing one wall became an asset when homemade ones were added with equal spacing, and painted white like the baseboard, their silver striping (just chromium curtain rings) repeating the sheen of the clever contemporary metal furniture. Curtain poles painted white and decorated with chromium rings will give the same nautical effect if the steam pipes are

The white note is echoed in the sailcloth upholstery, the china breakfast set and the long straight-hanging curtains which border white Venetian blinds on the window across the room. The use of dark blue glasses is perfect in this perwinkle-blue room.

periect in this pervinsive-lose foom. But the cleverest tooch of all, which gives warmth and gayety, is the introduction of a color between a deep apricot and a paie pampkin, combined with white in the twinted pattern bordering the Yale-blue rubber-tile floor, repeated with variations in two silver-financy factures on the side walls, and again in darker tones in the opper and walnot of the furniture. It "takes the curse off" too blue an effect, just as yellow does in the living room previously described.

In the bedrocen we find this same note of warmth and variety accomplished by the use of brown, white and straw color. The wall paper is of soft Wedgewood blue with a white festooned pattern like a dainty toardrop necktoon. The siry effoct set off and given character and style by a brown carpet and unasual curtains whose warm brownik halves are edged with blue, and the blue halvee with

The contemporary furniture is of highly polished, natural, aspen wood with clear glass fixtures. Pleated white lamp shades, rose lined, give a warm light at night, and net curtains a deeper shade than the furniture's straw tone, over white Venetian blinds, make the day-light sampler on dark days.

Soif you're planning a blue house or a blue room, think of all the colors of the outdoor world, from gistening sand beaches to exotic tropkeal blooms, from gay tiled roofs to spring flowers and foliage. Picture these against blue skies and blue waters, and you will realize the many ways of making merry with blue!



EDITORIALS BY



LORING A. SCHULER

. The Swing Toward the Left .

IN THE issues of the past seven months, Anne O'Hare McCormic has taken Journal, readers through most of the major countries of Europe. She has told of their experiments in government and in so railed "so-fall justice"; the bas taken you into the homes of the people and has described how they live, what they ear, where they play, how much they ear and for what they spend.

pady, now intuit tury earl and not worked trey spenial.

Many of the words and phranes that she used to explain their changes in thinking and in living seemed, at the beginning, to come straight from the dictionary of revolutionary radicalism. Today, as the New Deal progresses in America, those same words are becoming a part of our own vocabulary. Dees it mean that the United States is following Europe in the swing toward the Left?

Many of our exertiments are, of ourse, old ideas to them, for

many of our experiments are, or course, ou seess to them, for much of Europe has gone the whole way in state socialism. Only of Denmark did Mrs. McCormick say "life is still normal." Both Italy and Germany have had the counterpart of NRA, but on g permanent basis and with stricter government regulation of

business through limitation of profits, enforced employment, elimination of labor unions and prolibition of strikes.

Nasi Hitler anticipated our CCC by gathering up unemployed young men. putting them into uniforms and supporting them at government experses. Italy and Russia have paralleled PWA by the em-

ermnent expense. Italy and Russia have paralleled PWA by the employment of great bodies of men on public works. England's dole cares for unemployed millions out of public funds, while ours receive a comparable aid through CWA. England, Germany, Italy, Austria, Czecłos-Slovakia, Russia and the Scandinavian countries have all engaged in slum clearance and

the Scandinavian countries have all engaged in slum clearance and government busing on a manmoth scale; we are just approaching that. And every nation Mrs. McCormick wisted has social mourance, to provide variously for unemployment, illness, old age, disability and maternity, with costs divided in different ways between employers, employes and the government itself—the dream of social workers here, too, but only just beginning in the United State.

Everywhere, however, in her investigation of European standards of living in comparison with our own, Mrs McCormici found smelller income paying higher tuses, fewer comforts and conveniences in living, less variety in food, less attention to dress, fewer more cars. Luxuries have been largely eliminated as the leveling-off process of high taxation puts more and more people in the same scale of living.

Database layer ofen agenty financiation of as the revening of processing high taxation puts more and more people in the same scale of living.

The New Deal seems to plan a similar leveling off, a similar "social justice" for America—but sarely, with the experiences of these other nations laid out before us, our own experiments may and should be added into ways of greaters rafely and security for the future.

· Keeping the Schools Open

IN MANY communities there are magnificent school buildings that today must be looked upon as coully monuments to leachers who have loot their jobs. In the face of reduced municipal incomes end delinquent taxes, instruction has had to go by the board, because those communities can no longer afford to pay both the teachers of their children and the interest on their debts.

The town of Biverion. New Iteraev, was used: than these. It has

The town of Riverton. New Jerney, was wiser than these. It has needed a new grade school, but three years ago, when the authorities proposed to erect a building at a cost of \$800,000, the voters turned it down, and, rising in their might to keep their tax rate within bounds organized what has now become known as the Riverton Town Meet-

tog — Boody of active citation acting as advasers to the fown countribut the town still needed an order action—and the Town Meeting, has found as way to provide it, at a cost that the community can affect publishing, it is planned that the old stood stall be completely remodeled, made fireproof, equipped with classrooms for manual training and home economics, with a germanium and public auditorium, and all with provision for 28 per cent growth in the future. At a cost not of \$8500,000, but of \$8500,00 of which the Federal

Government, through PWA, will give part and lend more. Salaries of teachers in Riverton have been reduced, but the number of teachers has not been reduced, nor have the days of instruction. A reasonable economy has kept the school open.

While we are on the subject of schools, here is another story, especially for those communities with unpaid teachers and delinquent

taxpayers. Yonkers, New York, was in that unfortunate dilemmateachers without pay check for three mouths; thousands of olioliusin taxes uncollected. It was proposed that they be matched one against the other—if a teacher could being to city hall a delinquent taxour with his check, she should have be pay out of that collection. Women of the Parent-Teachers Association immediately emilied to felts: the

of the Parent-Teachers Association immediately enlisted to help; the plan is in operation, and the teachers are gradually being paid. It is, of course, hardly fair to ask achool-teachers to take on me side line of tax collecting, but it is even more unfair to ask them to work without pay. As an emergency expedient, the Parent-Teachers of other cities might try the Yonkens plan.

An Anchor to Windward

In THE years of the depression, almost everyone has had personal acquaintanceship with families that have been kept off the charity rolls by life insurance. The first crash in Wall Street might have swept away all investments; unemployment might have made it impossible to keep the home from foreclosure; bank failures might have taken savings account—but the insurance was safe. It is till it is

Life-insurance solictions used to reckon wives as their greates obstacle. Conscientious husbank, realizing that the liftle savings or investments they could make out of income would not possibly support their families, often had to buy insurance surreptitiously because their wives could think of so many other ways of spending the money. Fortunately, most women have a far better appreciation

For one thing, the big life-invariance companies have demonstrated heir ability to switcher the storm. Only seventeen companies out of three bundred have failed during the depression, and these represented only about 2 per cent of the legal reserve insurance in force. Even these will in most cases pay their death claims, and only in loan and surrender values have they failed their colorbolders.

For another thing, life insurance as it is sold to the property of the control of the payment. Even the busy rata a chance to our —through the payment of annualties in old age, or through income in case of total stability. In fact, a man locking to the future of life family or of similarility or a business woman with dependents or with a thought for life in the rown oil age, may buy life internance to cover almost any constitutions, and at the widest possible range of rates. Five times annual internance that the bead of a family should are re-

So far as the safety of the big life-insurance companies is concerned, their record during four years of depression indicates that they will stand up as long as the Government itself shall continue to

stand.

Right now, the insurance companies are emphasizing "financia independence." It is a time for every family to look to its future and to be sure that it has the life-insurance protection that will let both husband and wife feel secure. There is today no more safe investment.

· Giving to the Church

THERE are people who refuse to support the church on the grounds that it has outlived its suctiones Arc they right? Low-ing saide the religious inheritance of which the church is custodian, or the good which has been accomplished by generations of church people before us, it is only fair that we should sak ourselves the following questions before agreeing with them.

Who set the standards of high moral idealism in your community? The church people. To whom do you first turn for help in philanthropic projects? To

the church people, who are responsible for the bulk of support.

To whom would you turn if you had made a failure of living, and
the things that you had cherished had turned to dross? To some

churchman who had discovered the finer values of life.

To whom would you turn for help in sorrow? To some churchman
who had corrected his own sorrow by a faith in the loving care of God.

Would you like to live in a community that did not have the radiance of such people?

Does not the institution that has inspired them merit your support?

THE CHALLENGE OF THE NEW FRONTIER

At tower the world there are wars and rumors of wars. Problems of are being fought on battlefields and discussed at round tables

In Washington, national and in wasnington, national and international questions affecting this monoration and many monora this generation and many genera-tions to follow are arising almost hourly. And at state capitols uestions are coming up for con

In all such events international national and Federal, not more than a few individuals may take active part. Stateoma an active part. Statesmanship, diplomacy, generalship are for trained minds which the people must choose with hope and follow in faith. But to every men and to every woman there exists in his or to every iroman there exists in his or memunity an opportunity to that town a better place in

tick to time.
The Langes' Home Toursnat helieves that there is no more vital problem facing America today That now is the time when true community spirit must be made manifest practically. And that the job of making every community in the land afford safety to children, congruinity to youth sedren, opportunity to youth, se-curity to see, is up to the men and

omen who comprise it.

The IOURNAL believes that these The JOURNAL believes that these ideals can best be realized not by individual leadership but by organindividual leadership but by or; ized effort. By men and wo ust as they did in the days of the

G frontier.

For today the TOWN, not the border, is the real Frontier. were staked and tents set up, there was only a brief period of housing government arose. Political par-ties almost immediately sprang nto being. And leaders came to

Then taxes, municipal laws, reg ulations were vital subjects. And ho knew what was happening. Even though equal suffrage was but a distant hope, women took an active part in the township affairs in those days.

The working out of adequate the working out of adequate city governments with fair taxes is still incomplete, and American communities now find themselves on the verge of a new exoch in the on the verge of a new epoch in the affairs, with little tradition and history to guide them along the strange new paths they are walk-ing. Now, as in the days of the settlers, practical judgment, clearvisioned thinking and integrity

After the establishment of the township came the problem of the

LADIES' HOME TOURNAL COMMUNITY AWARD

\$1000

The Ladies' Home Journal is offerion an award of \$1000 to the opposization which during 1933 began and completed a project which accomplished the greatest service to a comp Any bind of civic replace subather it reigns the cultural or citizenship standards or handow why kind of civic project, whether it reises the culturer or citizenship standards, c upon social service or philanthropy, may be entered in competition for the award Upon social tention of presentingly, may be entered in conspection to the amount.

Ministripts setting forth the specific objective and the plan as it progressed step by step, submitted in competition for the sward, must be in the offices of the Ladies' Homes and Disladalating Penneviania, before a cod P. M., Eastern Standard Time, June 1, 1934. They should be addressed to

THE COMMUNITY AWARD EDITOR LADIES, HOME TOTIBNAT BRITADELBRITA DENNISALANIY

The manuscripts will be submitted on June 15 to a complitue of judger constitute of the

Grace Marrison Pools, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs Geline MacDonald Bowmen, President of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

Minnie Readfood President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. E. A. Hayes, National Commander, American Legion.

John A. Lann. President of the National Student Endousing ent of the award will be made in the October issue of the Ledies' Home

In case of a tie, duplicate awards will be given.

Any organization in the United States whose active membership consists of women, or of may originization in the United States whose active membership consists of women, or men and women, is eligible to submit a menuscript describing a project (such as falls wit the terms of the second paragraph above) in competition for the award.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS st not exceed 750 words in length. They should be typewritten, doublespaced, on one side of the paper only

Every manuscript should contain the following information

1. The object of the project and whether it was achieved. 2. Number of members in the organization and whether all or a group took pert in the project.

3. A history of the project, when, why and how it was originated, and when completed. The manner in which the project was organized, the number of committees, names and functions of committees, and so on, which were necessary

to carry it through.

5. The amount of money expended and how it was raised. Although this or manner of securing it will not be a factor in the decision of the judges, it will serve as a background to indicate the protections

An estimate of the permanent value of the project and whether it will be continued. If so, how it will be administered; and whether it is to become a part of a larger community plan.

If possible the number of people who were assisted or whose lives were affected directly or indirectly by the successful carrying out of the

If possible, clippings of news stories, editorials and photographs should accompany to suscript, also testimonial letters from civic authorities indicating the attitude of the public toward the project.

Every menuscript must have attached to it a letter from the mayor of the city, or some other fully constituted city authority, duly signed before a notary public, declaring that the statements made in the manuscript are true to the best of his knowledge. Manuscripts will be copied, names and addresses will be removed and they will be designated only by number when presented to the judges. Thus the identity of the writer and the tion represented will be conceeled until the announcement in the Journal.

The Ladies' Home Journal reserves the right to purchase (at the usual rates) and to publish script desired. No manuscripts will be returned

schools. Where was the money schools. Where was the money for educational funds to be raised? How should it be spent? These same problems and difficulties are intencels aline today

Homes, schools, churches—these were the first thoughts of the pioneers, but they soon passed on into the more complex realms of recrea-tion and leisure. How to provide And in those new communities in And in those new communities in the days of the settlers, the houses scarcely needed paint a second scarcely needed paint a second time before a little group of women had gathered to study Browning. To read papers on masternieous To read papers on masterpieces of art. To sing duets from operas. The art. 10 sing duets from operas. The cultural influences were at work!

it was said a very long time ago. And it was true in those new ago. And it was true in those new little towns, as it now is. Funds for the needy, clothes for the ranged doctors for the sick, what ragged, doctors for the sick, what to do for the underprivileged and handicapped children These were the problems of the nioneers. And they are duplicated

n practically every community towayward youngsters, city govern ment, recreational and cultural needs, the poor, the shiftless— and so money. Then, that typical American desire to know a little of the better things of life. The being content with mere existence, but longing for wider visions and

greater opportunity.

How did the settlers solve these
problems? Together. Just as the people of those other days worked together to make their community one to be proud

of, so the great opportunity and the most vital need of today is community believment. This was the challenge of the old border; it is also the challenge of the new frontier. To foster an active and practical interest in organized effort for community betterment in America. the Ladies' Home Journal will award \$1000 to the organization of women, or of men and women, to a community during 1933

It is hoped that organizations of every type will compete. There-fore a representative jury has been appointed: Mrs. Poole, leader of appointed: Mrs. Poose, leader of the largest group of organized women; Mrs. Bowman, of the Busi-ness and Professional Women: Mrs. Bradford, representing parents and teachers throughout the land; Mr. Hayes, commander of an organization of men with an active wom-en's auxiliary; Mr. Lang, repre-senting the students of America, who are taking an increasing interest in public affairs. It can be depended upon to give a clear un-derstanding and worthy verdict.



CERTAINLY—SOME SORT OF SUIT





BY IULIA COBURN

Seron a day in the "market" with me, a day still in midwinder but with the matter buyers from your stores were getting their first glimpse of the new, and placing orders for what you will be wearing for Essert. The for what you will be wearing for Essert. The Your York, a few blocks between Thirtytho-wear business centers. We're going to go from one showmon to another, in search of

Our artist is along, with her sketch pencil all poised whenever we decide. Oh, let's take that blue suit with white plaque. Everyone loves navy and white in the spring. In 1 it cut the way they have used shoestrings as fastenings? Let's tell the artist to draw the top of the dress, to show that this is a dress-and-jacket suit, and the clever way the pinus exes on.

Of course we want a swagger suit. Why not this green-tweed one, with its grand tailored blouse of yellow crépe? What a joy to travel in, or motor in, or go to business in! But we must have a print dress. Let's have that very unusual one in shades of red, with

grand ensemble—each part versatile enough to wear with other things. Now for a jacket suit, with blouse and skirt. Not too tailored. They are cassal rather than severe this year, so we'll decide on the brown wool crôpe, with brown-andwhite-urint double-breasted overblouse, and

white-print double-breasted overblouse, and bow-tied scarf of the print. Brown will be such a popular color this spring.
Of course, there are dozens and hundreds of other perfectly grand suits—we chose these four just to give some idea of the different types. For I feel that every woman

will be tempted to have a suit of some sort, this spring.

We mustn't forget about hats. You see, the editor gave me the privilege of choosing the hats for Roy Spreter to paint on the cover. Let's run over to Mr. Spreter's suit and see how it's coming along. We can leave the artist here to finish sketching the suits.

On-mire that a lovely cover? And six's it greated that Easter still means pay were having and that Easter still means pay when the still the still

Now isn't fashion shopping fun? "Yes," you will say to me, "easy enough to select things to picture in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, but not so easy to plan my own spring and summer wardrobe, and buy to that

I agree with you. It's not easy, even if pennies are plentiful. All I can say is, n good plan is always behind a good wardrobe. If you want help in making your plan, be sure and write to me, and get some personal suggestions.







SOME OF THE TESTS USED BY A FRENCH CHEF IN BUYING FRESH FRUITS, VEGETABLES, MEATS

APPLES.... Solit the stem. If it is soft and soons it is

PEACHES-Take those which are fragrant. Peaches beautiful skins and no odor are usually tasteless GRAPEFRUIT-Those with unblemished, this skins one

ost desirable. If there are black spots where the

ORANGES—Test for fragrance by screething skin with finger nail. As a general rule unblemished, brilliont skins are indications of ripeness and consequently of flovor.

MELONS—Open and taste. There is no other way to be sure of the quality of this variable fruit. Fragrance is a fairly sound test, however.

COFFEE-The crack in the bean should be almost invisible. If widely spread, the flovor and aroma will be

STRING BEANS-Fresh string beans have solid stems. Avoid those of angenic pollor

OYSTER PLANTS-Should snap crisply. If it bends before breaking, the plant is fibrous.

CARROTS-Should be firm and the tender green po tion near the leaves cover only a narrow margin. If the green has spread, the vegetable is overgrown and

CABBAGE—Young and tender cabbage has closely packed leaves and only slight odor. Wotch out for splits. They indicate worms at the center. SWEET POTATOES-Select those with smooth skins.

If there are little rootlets attached, the sweet potato will be fibrous and unpalatable.

BROCCOLI-Take that which has short, crisp stems. TURNIPS—Test with Finger nail. If incision does not fill with liquid, the turnip will be stringy.

CHESTNUTS—Fresh, row chestnuts suitable for cook-ing wear tight skins. If the skins can be subbed off easily the chestnuts are probably stale.

SPINACH-Select straight leaves of deep green hue.

RADISHES-The center leaves should be small and

LETTUCE-Should be from and crise. If it has been plunged in water to revive it, the inside will be safe. PARSLEY-If fresh it will be frogrant.

MUSHROOMS-Roise the skin. The flesh should be WATER CRESS-Leaves should be brittle and so

PEAS-Press finger noil into pad. If sap does not op-

or in the wound, the peas are not fresh. EGGPLANT-The stem and segments should be Firmly attached to the skin; the pulp and seeds white If the segments have begun to detach themselves

IF the segments have begun to detach themselves the plant has started to spail and the inside will be spotted with black. TOMATOES-If vine-ripened, the tempting oder con be detected at arm's length.

CAULIFLOWER-Flesh should be tightly packed and white. When it has spread, another and unsavary arouth has beaun.

ASPARAGUS—Stem should be smooth near the out and pink-white in color. The top should be tightly folded. If leaves have already formed, the asparagus has lost much of its saver.

ARTICHOKES-Slice off the blackened end of the stem. If the cut shows white and moist, they are fresh.

CHICKEN—A young and tender chicken is soft to the touch at the breast base and second leg joint. Con-trariwise, if those places feel tough the chicken is old. PORK-Meat should be very white, with elenty of fat,

BEEF-Beef should be streaked with for LAMB-Look for meat of a delicate pinkness. Lamb

that is red in color is of poor quality FISH-Eyes should be brilliant and tangue malst. The

fish should be very slippery, not sticky. OYSTERS, CLAMS—Rop the shells together. If they sound like stones the inhabitants are alive and edible.

CRABS-A live crab is a good grab. MUSSELS-Select the heavy ones. I was a little boy of eleven living in the Grand-Hôtel
Frascati in Havre. Ah, yes, I had an apartment in that
famous establishment of France; under the mansard roof was the attic which I shared with Felix. Josef and Dulzot. who were, like myself, Henri, apprentice cooks.

Because I was the smallest my bed was close to the wall

and ceiling came close together, so that, even with my in significant proportions, when I crawled into that nest I had to crouch a little and then be careful to wake up gently lest I rise too quickly and bump my head. Oh, I liked that root which sheltered me, and I liked best of all to hear rain drumming on its metal close to my ears. Yet every morning before dawn I had to leave that languorous retreat to attend the chef on his shopping tour of the Place du Marché. The chef was a person of regal authority, magnificent physique and infinite skill. He was one who had mastered

his art under the tutelage of the incomparable Escoffier, and for me. Henri, he had a vast affection and a tremendous ambition. He was Jean Camous, my foster brother, and he was training me to become a restaurateur.

Every day I sacrificed many desirable moments of sleep.

because I dared not let it occur that my foster brother should be first at the rendezvous, the employes' entrance of the Grand Frascati. His apartment was in the annex within the court, but he had cautioned me solemnly, "When you learn your craft you wait for the boss; don't expect him to wait for you." He loved me, but with his big hand he could cuff like a bear, so I was always first to stand there in the early morning shadows as it became five o'clock.

I would be shivering a little at the knees because of the thinness of the blue-and-white-checked cotton fabric of my cook's pants. My arm would be thrust beneath the fat handle of my wicker basket, of a type which we called a names. On each of the four corners there was an evelet of metal, and the flat wicker lid was slotted to accept those When the lid was in place it was holted securely by two wands which extended the length of the basket and passed, at their ends, through the eyelets. This fastening was important because, as you shall see, this market basket, when we returned, would be a chef's treasure class.

THE SYMBOL OF FRENCH SUCCESS In France the market basket is an object of the utmost

significance. If it is true that England's battles have been won on her cricket fields, then it is not to be questioned that the greatness of France has been nourished from her market baskets. Not all Englishmen play cricket, but with the exception of farmers every French family has as its protective charm a market basket. If I were to design a new flag for France, I think I would simply impose upon the tricolor the market basket as a noble emblem of the device by which every family exercises economics, accu a happily anticipated gathering place. But Jean Camous was not buying for one family; he was

buying for one of the best hotels in Europe, one with a restaurant catering to blase, luxury-loving clients, to posymets. Besides my basket, the other part of our equipment was the handful of gold and silver coins in the pocket of Camous. He would take to market each day the equivalent of a hundred and fifty dollars, and before our return



WITH A MARKET BASKET HENRI CHARPENTIER

to the hotel he would have spent most of it. Later in the day the small family marketers would come shopping in search of bargains, but we were in search of quality, alone with other buyers for the good hotels and the homes of the very rich, and therefore we went early; so early that som of the market carts were still in motion as we approached the Place du Marché

This was Normandy, remember, and so those cart horses were huge Percherons with feet big enough to support an elephant. What lovely animals? Each one was the pet of the family for which it worked. Some were brown and some were black, but all were handsome with liquid eyes that saw everything, including my small self, who in turn saw that those animals were suitable for a race of giants. I knew, somehow, that I was the descendant of the pano plied knights who had fought centuries before in saddl

strapped to the backs of the ancestors of those same big horses. Ah, we had a great deal in common, the market horses and the little Henri.

WHEN IT'S MARKET TIME IN NORMANDY

Every cart was shrouded beneath a hood of canvas, and at the front of those still moving I could discern the faces, always, of a man and a woman. Sometimes the faces were young and of sweethearts; sometimes they were old and of couples who had grandchildren. The women wore Normandy caps, white and stiff with starch in a design curiously suggestive of the fleur-de-lis. Their skirts were short and of heavy fabrics. The men wore blue smocks and high-crowned caps with long shiny visors.

As we entered the salad market Camous would shout.

Bow iour. and how is the young lady?" The one he "Bow joint, and how is the young lady?" The one he addressed would be a farm woman of such an amplitude as to make her size, beyond doubt, a matter of concern even to the Percheron who drew her cart to and from the market blue eyes; she would be old, but Camous, that handsome Frenchman, he knew that no woman is ever so old or so fat she is not prepared to hear a compliment with pleasure Compliments were nearly as important to our enterprise

Yes," he would say, "you grow more tempting -But then, suddenly, he would become interested in a partic-ular one among the heads of lettuce arranged along the market bench like soldiers on parade, "Um, your heads are

not nice today, madame. "Oh. M'sieur Camous! That is blasphemy!

Not blasphemy, but the truth. See this one!" He would lift up that one he had been regarding. Invariably it would be the least desirable head of lettuce in the entire display. "See how its center is vellow and cut by a worm A worm, madame! Can I, Camous, offer that one Baron Rothschild when he comes to the Grand Frascati for dinner? Or to Madame Bernhardt when she appears for luncheon? No! You can see

But madame would not look. She would turn her head with queenly disdain so as not to profane garden. She had, always, wonderful merchandise but Camous had an uncanny instinct for searching out the least tempting object among her wares. He would worry over it, clucking to himself in the manner of a disturbed rooster, until, at last, aroused, ma dame would undertake to refute his slander. She would select her finest head of lettuce. Your Rothschild, I suppose he would be offended if he

were to receive a portion of this emerald for his salad?" would extend that green head of lettuce in her two hands as if it were the head of John the Baptist and she, herself, were Salome. Against such sarcasm Camous would appear to wilt.

"That one is very beautiful," he would concede, where-

upon madame would select and offer another fit to be its mate; but if she flagged the least little bit in the search for the best of her wares, Camous would search out another with imperfections with which to renew her energies. This would continue until he had all the best of her stock

Again he would begin with compliments and then discover the heads with the imperfections. this time, probably, the imperfections would be of a serious nature. For example:

"This head, madame, it is soft inside, gelatinous, slippery. How is that?"
"Oh, M'sieur Camous, I think you have wizard fingers because always you pick up the wrong heads."

Little lady, you plunged your lettuce into water

before coming to market."
"Oh, no. Why, that would be monstrous "As if I did not know! Perhaps you had bad luck esterday and did not sell them. But please, Camous, always have salad severed from its stalks no me than ten or twelve hours before. Today I cannot buy your

salad, in spite of my high regard for you and my almost indiscreet admiration. No, madame!"
"You make me feel very badly!" "I am desolated, madame, but today-no heads from

you. Although your camouflage is unworthy of you and of our fine farm, I will buy all your lettuce, not for salad to be served with dressing but to be cooked as a vegetable Naturally the price will have to be adjusted. You agree? What he bought was then sent to the hotel packed in flat Do not get the idea that Camous was taking advantage

of that farm lady. Oh, no, indeed. It was too important for him to keep her good will and the good will of all the people who brought farm produce to market. But, on the other hand, he dared not allow one of them to take advantage of him. It was after such a transaction that he said to me: "I spread this business because it is my duty to do so I buy lettuce from one; dandelions from another; escarole

from another; and so on with endive, romaine and other salads. It would be easier to buy from one; it would be nice to buy from friends only, but my duty is to have the best for the hotel and the people we serve. Naturally, he did not have to tell me that it is

camouflage and therefore improper when vegetables and salad greens are displayed dripping wet. I knew that as any country boy knows it. The mor plants revive a little in their bath, but they have ceased to be fresh garden produce. Such things should leave the garden. After two or three days it may be necessary in order to give them an appearance of the palate. That is easily tested with parsley: it will absorb water like a sponge, but it will lose its aroma All green things lose some of their flavor when they are rejuvenated with water. The water, naturally, dilutes the flavor. Is this not simple, common sense

The memory of man is a wonderful thing! I cannot smell in memory, but how plainly I can hear and see vanished things! An actual odor of wild water cress or of a ripe tomato from my own garden is sufficient to make a broken it is as though I watched through a tattered curtain in a theater. I see again the vivid complexions of peaches, the tight spheres of cabbages, the vermilion of tomatoes. I see the wide haunch of a seated market woman and the shaggy dog that sleeps beside her stool. I see the intelligent, cal

loused hands of a farmer. I hear plainly, too; the voices, the laughter, the scrape of baskets along the It is the rhythm of clicks and taps from the wooden soles of many subots, each one made snug for the foot that wears it by a nest of straw. I do believe that if I could contrive to smell the entire harmony of odors of that market place, my vision would be a complete thing. Yet that seems to be hopeless, because I do not know where to find raises des bais.

No doubt wild strawberries exist in America, but Tell me and I shall be there, early Fraises des bois were on the index of rarities which, when

acquired, were placed tenderly in my basket. They would have come to market in a small basket, nested in grane leaves, and below each layer of these precious berries then would be a cushion of grape leaves. The woman who had found them would have only a few, perhaps a pound or a pound and a half. They would have been picked without stems, like raspberries, and they would have been picked, moreover, on the very day of their ripening

PRIZES IN THE ECOD LOTTERY

Camous would pay at the rate of sixty or eighty cents a pound for such berries. I think, if necessary, he would have paid a dollar a pound, because at the hotel there would be avid customers willing to pay ten francs a portion for fraises des bois so early in the season. That was the equiva-lent of \$2.50 m portion, but it was not too much, I think, for the joy it brought to palate and nose. The customary way to eat them was to dip the berries in wine -- any good wineand this treatment developed their aroma so that it envel-oped with envious hunger all who sat near the person who high price was not the size of the berries, for they were small, but their flavor, their bouquet, something that bewitched your nose

Sometimes a lady of the market would reveal to Cam that she had a few mushrooms, not domestic ones that she had cultivated, but wild ones, a gift of Nature like those fraises des bois. Ave, those were the prizes in the lottery of the market, the sort of chances that lured Camous and other great chefs into the open before the light of day Some wild mushmoms were hown some were ninkish white and others had the form of eggs. Egg mushrooms sliced and cooked with a piece of roast yeal are more odorous than truffles. Right now I seem (Continued on Page 42)

MIDNIGHT SNACKS

BY CAROLINE B. KING

Tux, follists parties are often imprompts oness: a late upper after the theater; a breakfast in the wee morning house when much dancing has given everyone a keen appeters; a midnight mark delivering an expensive and the expensive form to set all your guests to work. One group will rife the refragrenters, another will will set the table, and in the twinking of an eye, or perhaps two twinkings of an eye, or perhaps two twinkings, the regort will be ready; and so will the guests.

It all sounds very simple, doesn't it? And yet the hostess must know what available supplies she has; and if she is wise and enjoys these little spur-of-the-moment affairs, she will see to it that her close is always well equipped with the wherewithsi for any kind of impromptu entertainment. Her groozer can give her a wealth of useful.

they gotted that give line is well and the line in a will gold yoffer in a wind to disagnify and will gold yoffer in a small pold to give a round product; a dosum not of virginate mere comment policy and the production of the pr

FROM THE CUPBOARD

Stow a few of these good things safely away in the cupboard and supplement them with a can or two of the always-popular baked beans, which can be dressed up very ciously by merely spreading them out in a baking dish, sprinkling them with a little brown sugar and covering them with wafer-thin slices of bacon, then popping them into a hot oven to take on an appetizing crusty brown. Canned brown bread, sliced and toested, will accompany them delightfully. Puddings in variety there are, too, which might be made up earlier in the evening just in case. Top these with a dab of the whipping cream and a cherry, and your fame ss an impromptu entertainer is made. Some of them may be partially frozen in the refrigerator pans.

refrigerator pans.

Canned soups offer endless possibilities, especially the tomato, consommé and bouillon. With them for your bases, you may

make sauces and gravies that will puzzle and delight your guests. And, of course, they may be served in the usual manner as curtain raisers to your supper. And did you know that white sauce can be made in quantity and stored in a covered jar in the refrigerator ready to be transformed with cheese, celey or tomato sauce at a moment's notice? It's quite true.

And for the beverages, coftee naturally will be on every cupboard shelf, but how about a malted coosa beverage which is very appealing served to or codd? And fruit juices—there are so many of these: rappealing served in the control of the control

The refrigerator will usually yield its quota of good things for quickly prepared suppers: bacon, butter, eggs, cheese, milk,







PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. HOSOT STUDIES, 180. WICH

fruit, prehaps the remains of a mean to four, or some cooked ham. With these alone a marvelous party can be staged, and I have said nothing at all of the usual canned-vegetable supplies, nor of the fish, canned, suited, dried, which may be at hand; but all these are rich in possibilities for preparating delicious massics for midnight. Grilled surflues on crackers, salmon prepared in the challeng dain with a seasor of tensits soup, a season of the contraction of the

There are plenty of hot dishes that may be prepared for such impromptu partiesas rish or as duinty as you choose. The seldtime Sorthern soon breast fieldsticking served with maple sirup or scraped maple sugarand piping-hot coffee. Cornel-breef hash prepared in a casserole and served with prepared in a casserole and served with scrambford eggs over the top will intrigue your geets, particularly the men. Or eggs your geets, particularly the men. Or eggs white seld from soft-cooled eggs, place them whole in a casserole, and pour over them whole in a casserole in a casserole in a casserole in a casserole, and pour beautiful them to case the case of the case of the case of the pour over them.

brown in the oven. If you have oysters on a hand, oyster parameters will be just the thing. If reader, of course, if you have been a proper of the Forthern you cannot be all the adventor regraring, leaving only the fum of putting things together the the last minute. Recipies for the causerole can be prepared and turred into the cassrole (except would); only to be Instated before serving. Gelatin dishes can be put into the refigeration to see I. Remember, if you the refigeration to see I. Remember, if you could be provided to the proper of the proper of colds a possible of the proper of the proper of the colds a possible than in one large model.

Sandwiches, of course, are always on the planacle of popularity because they offer such unlimited variety. On the copper tray illustrated are featured some that are very tasty—date and runt bread with cream cheese and marmalade filling, white bread with a piquant standwich spread for filling, and finally, pigs in blankets made from prepared hiscoil flowr.

SANDWICHES TO SAVE THE NIGHT

three cents each.

BROWN

IS THE FLAVOR OF CHOCOLATE

Borous is the flavor of july roat ofton to a turn. Brown is the flavor of butter-based food and of well-based protation. Brown is the flavor of choiced-se-and contacts, so Ocare of the Walderf anys, in the flavor that is irresistable to men. So if there is to be a size party at your bosse, or if the anys, and the flavor that is irresistable to men. So if there is to be a size party at your bosse, or if the anys, and the size of the si



else is better. For men prefer lots of food to shirty dishes. Food that is easy to set and down't require a surregistion-chaining amount of son plate, only to have it wend the parming fork and received a surregistion chain and the second second second second second second dearest to a power (title). And they resuld rather you let for that discoursive sprinking of parties and added a few more postates instead. — Most like man-sie apasin, not remaining; good, heavy ultive larives with well-subground kidose. In fact, it the functional table desire (not be converted in the second convert." — From these few remains you may judge, and rightly, too, that I have been making quite a serious study of entertaining the stag at ever. So may I take this opportunity of suggesting SETENDA, NO 1008, the three controls and only lower of rightly converges to the control of the second second

price three cents. This latter booklet has a brand-new insert giving recipes for twelve new chocolate

dishes which possess that "irresistible" quality. They are yours if you send three cents in stamps for each one, to the JOURNAL Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Penna. BY PHYLLIS CARR

THE JOURNAL KITCHEN GIVES EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS FOR PRE-PARING A VARIETY OF TASTY MORSELS FOR THE COOKY JAR



DROPPED COOKIES

BY JEAN SIMPSON



The dough for dropped cookies is much like the dough for any other cookies, except that it is softer—so soft that it can be dropped from a teaspoon onto a baking sheet and will spread during baking to give a finished cooky that is round and shapely.

The somittee of the dought is very time of the sought is very time of the continued of the infrared times time in the test test exactly how much liquid and flow side to state exactly how much liquid and flow spondials of the filter in the recipe, silting it seganded; from the rest of the dry ingredient, segandary from the rest of the dry ingredient, such as the sample code; to test the dought. It is open under a smaller code; to test the dought. It is considered that it is not to spread enought, you have used too much four and a filtile liquid must be added. But the flow and the side of the side of

fairly even across its surface.

The following is a recipe for good standard dropped cookies:

2.5 Curpful of Sportering Powder Sportering 11 Curpfuls of Swaper Egg Curpful of Swaper Complete Of Swaper Swaper

 Cream the shortening thoroughly until it is very soft.
 Add the sugar gradually, creaming it into the shortening.

a. Add the egg and beat well, until the mixture is almost fluffy.

4. Add the milk and flavoring, and mix well.

5. Add the dry ingredients which have been sifted together, except for the small amount

sifted together, except for the small amount reserved for final addition. Add final portion slowly, testing the dough by baking a single cooky.

6. When the right consistency is obtained, transfer the dough by tesspoonfuls onto a baking sheet, as below to the left, leaving about

11½ inches between the cookies to allow for spreading. Arranging them in rows makes the best possible use of the space.

7. Put on the center shelf of a hot oven—400° F.—and bake for 10 or 12 minutes, or until

8. Remove at once onto a cooling rack, using a spatula as illustrated above at the left, and let stand until thoroughly cooled. Then

VARIATIONS

There are many additions that may be made to standard cookies. Below are some of the very popular variations. Combinations of these may be made too. For instance, using be added to chocolate cookies, date or raisins to outmeal ones. These variations are all made by adding the extre material to the dry ingredients, combining well, and finishing just as usual. It is, an easy matter to make your own variations according to your favorite combinations.

RAISIN AND NUT COOKIES. To the dry ingredients for standard cookies, as above, add by cupful of chopped English walnuts and 1½ cupful of chopped seedless raisins. Combine well and stir into the mixture just as for standard cookies.

COCONUT COOKIES. To the dry ingredients for standard cookies, add 1½ cupfuls of shredded coconut. Finish as for standard cookies.

DATE COOKIES. To the dry ingredients for standard cookies, add 13½ cupfuls of chopped dates and finish as for standard cookies.

OATMEAL COOKIES. In the recipe for standard cookies, use only 3½ cupfuls of flour; and when it has been sifted with the other dry ingredients, add 1½ cupfuls of rolled oats. Finish as for standard cookies. These are especially good with dates added to them, as for false cookies.

CINCULATE COOKINS. In the recipe for plain condition, and a squares of ourselved condition, and a squares of ourselved chocolate after adding the egg, and beat very floroughly. One-half cupitiof of milk may be needed to get the required consistency with these cookies. Some milk improve them greatly, powder in these use by temporally of baking powder in these use by temporally of baking powder, and reduce the shortening to by cupital. Since chocolate cookies will south more readily since chocolate cookies will south more readily instead of a slow Pr. When all Son or 470° E., instead of the cookies will south more readily instead of a slow Pr. When all Son or 470° E., instead of slow present the cookies will south may be considered to the cookies will south more readily instead of a slow.

MOLASSES GINGER COOKIES

14 Cupful of Stortesing | Tenspoonful of Sult 15 Cupful of Beron Super | Tenspoonful of Buking 15 Cupful of Motasses | Powder 15 Cupful of Bidling Water | 57 Tenspoonful of Buking 15 Eag 2 Cupfuls of Flour | Tenspoonful of Ginger 1 Tenspoonful of Cimpraman

Into the mixing bowl put the shortening and sugar and add the boiling water. Win a little, then let stand until the shortening in such that sugar and the sugar should be sugar, and the molaises, then add the egg and best well. Finally, add the dry ingreferent sugar. Add the molaises, then add the egg and best well. Finally, add the dry ingreferent sugar, and the sugar s



Lea soup

so delicious and so satisfying!









to bring to you its remarkably nourishing. wholesome goodness? When well made, it is one of the most delicious of soups and at the same time it supplies an abundance of beneficial vegetable nourishment.

Campbell's famous chefs make it to your taste's delight. Sugar-sweet tender peas are blended with rich creamery butter to make a soup that has the charm and the flavor which come from the gardens of Spring.

regularly for the family's enjoyment and benefit throughout the year. It is strictly vegetable and does not contain meat in any form whatsoever, It is therefore an ideal selection for the Lenten meals and for Fridays.

To serve as Pea Soup, add water, To serve as Cream of Pea, add milk or cream. Either way, you find it as delightful as it is convenient!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LASEL

TOMATO SOUP by Compbell's chefs CELERY SOUP by Compbell's chefs has is famous for its sunny, sparkling flavor. Enriched with cranmery butter, it deliable the taste. Extra rich, extra nourishing, served as Cream of Tomato (see label).

all the tonic goodness and alluring flavor of crisp, snow-white celery, blended with creamery butter. It makes splendlid Cream of Celery, too (see lobel).

ASPARAGUS SOUP by Compbell's chefs is the rich, smooth purée of dainty asparagus. Creamery butter adds its goodness. Especially attractive when served as Cream of Asparagus, as the label directs.

SPRING SONGS

A FEW EFFICIENT BURGLAR'S TOOLS USED BY SMART

BY MADGADET EISHBACK



Hands that would be smooth and white As "monumental alabaster" Should never labor day or night On batheroom four or marker sates

On bathroom floor or garden aster Without an efficacious pair Of lambskin gloves, suffused with cream, To keep their inmates soft and fair

And delicate as love's young dream.

(Pliable while lambshin gloves treated with a special crease are staunch guardians of manual beauty.)



KEEP IT CLEAN

Unless you're visited by elves Who change the paper on your shelves With studied frequency, I hope You'll use the kind that stands for soap.

(Washable shelf paper survives repeated suabbings with a dasap clock, and does not absorb status like ordinary paper. In white and colors.)





A simple wire container for A cake of soap is useful on The battlub's rim. And what is more, When bent to hang itself upon The scrubbing pail, it's plain to see Such conduct's an economy.

(Drawned soap is soggy. A soap holder hashed over the side of the past until heep soap in sight and sare it fasse on untilmely end in a nutery cross.)



If little Willie spills the ink, Pray do not douse him in the sink. If Bridget soorches napkins, do Not fire ber, though you hanker to. Nor should your stricken spirit boil At stains comprised of paint or oil, For you can make them face and gro As pallid as the driven snow.

(In duity crises as well as during the more continual wasweste in giant house-leaving debenches, a hit of cleaning fields gian to the right yet and provides and cleaning fields gian to the right yet and provides are insurance of the grat work. This hit contains right spatreagners through giant in an algorithm of the state of the research through giant in the same field in the fault states, great, self, blood, perspection and seech investion. That anoth to be enough.

Nary nail around the house? . . . Hammer missing? . . . What a spouse, Not to keep supplies complete, So the warwam will be neat!

(In the midst of housecleaning, wany a spot comes to hold which cries aloud for a screw or a competent haven. This fall two least has two removals frozy and turnity companisonals, fail of such household joys as lately, pitces, girolate and june. Compactly strendfel, it refuses to bite the hand that feede it, were spilling when closed.)



A grimy window can be quite Obnoxious in the piercing light Of intermittent April suns. To arms then, ladies! Man the guns! But let the guns be safe and sane With which you charge that windowoane.

(This mindow washer looks like an avergrown croquel wichel, but il enables the housest/fs to upsh windows one though she have no aperrow boded in her neith. She needs't perch on the still of all. She can showl inside with needs't perch on the still of all. She can should inside with need on the still of all. She can should inside with need on the still of all. She can should inside the need on the still of all the should be still all the should be all the should be changed at the devices. I should all the should be still have not do not should be should be should be still be should be shou



Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, "My wife must have the best there is; In which connection, maybe this New type of dust mop can contrive To keen her love for me alive."

(The obviction of a spring concealed in this duster's anatomy removes dirt without knacking or advancias as-sengring the map handle. Simply shake nell after assing. The chemically treated years map high off for maphing.)



PANACEA

The carpet on the stairs is dusty, And there's a lamentably musty Complexion noticeable under The radiator. . . . Now, I wonder If this new five-pound vacuum cleaner, So calm and quiet of demeanor, Will cope with such domestic puzzles Among the other chores it guzzles.

(The awaseer is "Yes." This hand nacuson cleaner has allochments which clean corpins, rudisators, floors, sohalstery, droperies, molitales, pittenes, liteoisum and watts—but nut passer. Nather will it tabe the place of castor oil, though it will dry meaner's shall



3 Shortcuts to Easy Dinners

THEY'RE CRISCO RECIPES, SO YOU KNOW THEY'RE DIGESTIBLE

ROUND-HPS Serves 8, costs about 41¢

- I lb. round or flank steak. ground teaspoon salt teaspoon pepper teaspoon grated onion tablespoon minced green

PIMIENTO BISCUIT:
2 cupe flour
4 teaspoons baking
powder
1 teaspoon salt
8 tablespoons Crisco
II tablespoons chopped pepper II tablespoons coopper teaxpoon Worcestershire Sauce pimientoss tablespoons Crisco % oup milk or water 3 sublespoons Crisco

34 only on milk or waster

And all seasonings to meat, Mix. Form into R rolls. Coast with
flour, Fry in Crisco (the sweet, digestifels frij until nicely browned.
Frepare Political Birtuit: Sift Sour, boking powder, sail. Week

in Crisco (the creamy, digestifels shortening) with feek. Add
planismoto. Add Hugud. Roll out 4, inch thick on foured board.

Cut into 3 squares, and wrap around meat reds. Wet edges and
green together. Enash with milk; bake in hot over (460° 7) about.

PIMIENTO BISCUIT:

A PULL TOAR Serves 6, costs about 526

1 small loaf bread ½ cup stock or tomato soup 5 tablespoom Crisco 2 cups chopped left-over 1 small onto, chosped lamb or veal 1 small green pepper, chopped ½ teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon salt

Site all crust off load of breast. Cambully hollow out inefan, loaving it inch filefanous. Toe 2 tablespoons of Crisco time seven common and common proper with 2 more chalopopous of Crisco time dependent sensitive faits. When concess are gooden, and stock dependent sensitive faits. When concess are gooden, and stock concess and proper with 2 more chalopopous of Crisco time dependent sensitive faits. When concess are gooden, and stock dependent sensitive faits. The concess are good of the concess of co

were netword, 20 to 20 minutes. Serve use with—
Horzeredith Stute: Make 2 tablespoints of Crisco (dipentile).
Smooth in 2 tablespoons flour. Slowly add 1 cup hot stock or milk. Stir until smooth and thickened. Season with 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon speper and 1/4 cup prepared heeseradish. All Measurements Level. Those prepared and may vary slightly in your locality. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a bortening manufactured by the Protest & Gamble Co.

TANTALIZING PIE

Serves 6, costs about 46#

FILLING: FILLING: 1½ caps cooked ham, diced 1½ caps cooked pearl onion 1 cap cooked carrots, sliced DIGESTIBLE CHEESE BATTERN.

1 eun flour

As composed unit. If you don't have cooked endone or carrots on hand, you can use peas, pointone, rejusch—just ase long as you have 2/5, cupylish of cooked venelables. Arrange alternate layers of venerables for dispersion of venerable following many for the cooking following the cooking following manuscr. Melt Criton (the sweet, algestable fact) in suspens. Stift in footing and seconds to passes. Slowly add mills, starring constantly. Cook and stir until sacce boils. Add sessenings. Melter into the Soling dish and conver top with—

Dipertible Cheese Pastry: Sift flour and sait, Cut in Crisco (the dipertible, vegetable fait) coarsely. Sift in cheese. Add only amough water to hold ingredients together. Roll out on lightly floured board. Fit pastry tightly over motitates frim of baking disk. Slabt hop. Bake in hot oven (425° F.), about 25 minutes.



CRISCO digests quickly

The lies a mirror

WHEN you look in your mirrorhowere! There's danger in taking yourself at the face value it shows.

For sometimes mirrors lie! Sometimes they tell you you are lovely

when you gren't altogether lovely. There's one important thing mirror cannot tell you. It cannot tell you when you fall short of that niceness of person expected of every woman. It cannot tell you when the ugly odor of underarm perspiration creeps in to ruin the effect of your lovely appearance.

You cannot trust your mirror on this But there is a safe, sure way to guard against this unseen danger of underarm odor which will make it impossible

Women who know the quick, easy way to do this, use Mum, the dainty cream deodorant. It takes just half a minute to get all-day protection with Mum. A light fingertipful under each arm-and it's done. No effort, no bother.

Then you can dress at once, For Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing even to a sensitive skin, so soothing you can use it right

after shaving the underarms Remember this-the object of Mum is to destroy all objectionable perspiration odor, and not to prevent perspiration

Trust Mum to keep your underarms always free from disagreeable odor. You can get Mum at any toilet counter. Mum

Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



itealf

ADVENTURES WITH A MARKET BASKET

EDOM

MY NOTEBOOK

In a special antehook I keep

statements that I have found use ful in trying to get a "Far hori-

zons" view of life and work. This

big plans; aim high in hope and

work, remembering that a noble

and logical plan will never die,

but long after we are gone will

be a living thing." -Lita Bane

"Make no little plans: they have no magic to stir men's blood and will not be realized. Make

is one of my foundites:

to see Camous bending to press his nose in is true, but educated in my craft. To me earth and moss in which they had beer nourished would have lost none of their humidity in the journey to market. By way of supporting with an affidavit that evidence which his nose had given, he would raise with his thumb-nail the skin of one of the mushrooms. The flesh would he white and Camous would be hanny

The mushrooms would be placed in my basket along with the fraises des bois. But if the flesh of any mushrooms offered to Camous showed dark when he lifted the skin with his finger nail, he would have nothing to do with them. He knew that when the flesh of that species which he hought turned black it was spoiled.

Another rarity for which we would be alert was water cress of a special kind That which grows in stagnant ponds is apt to have coarse stems of considerable length;

what we wanted was water cress from some old and lively wanted water cress with brittle, tender leaves that were so brilliantly green they appeared to have been varnished might buy ten or a this wild plant, and when Camous had made certain that not one leaf had

chase to the con-tents of my market At a certain season my basket was sure to acquire some

variety of stratagems designed to assist Nature to outdo herself. Some of the apple outs are sattlifed so that the few which remain on the tree are extraordi-narily favored. They came to market cushioned on cotton wool which in turn rested on straw. Those apples were of a tender green that threatened as you watched to become either white or pink so delicate was that bue one hardly dared The flesh was so fragrant that when one was cut open in the restaurant the whole was cut open in the restaurant use whose dining room was perfumed. For such an apple we charged seven francs fifty, in a time when that represented \$1.50.

CAMOUS EINAL TEST

And do you suppose Jean Camous without smelling to make sure it was pre-cisely what it should be? I tell you his nose contained an important part of his intelligence. Consequently you will under-stand that I am speaking seriously when I assert that the lady who goes to market should be sure her nose is in good working order. I think, myself, that she ought not complete their one cigarette unit see uses completed her marketing, because that mild indulgence might disturb the ac-curacy of the sense of smell, a faculty which is delicately attuned to, if it is not actually a part of, the sense of taste. Jean Camous would agree with that

come the proprietor of m restaurant in Sainte Adresse, near Havre, a gentleman of distinction in the community strode into our dining room breathing out clouds of tobacco smoke from a pipe held in his mouth. I was the waiter-a small one, it

this customer said, "A bisque écrerisse."

Iean, attired in his white jacket and apron, and with his natural dignity augmented by the high crown of his cap, starched stiff and white, was standing in

kitchen. I saw that he was scowling darkly at that tobacco pipe. "A bisque écresisse," I repeated. "No," thundered Camous so that the customer heard him.

"For what reason do you refuse?" asked that man with great indignation.

Is this not a public responsent Come back tomorrow before you have started sucking your pipe," said Camous coldly, "and I will make a biseus forestion coidly, "and I will make a bisque ecresisse that will entrance you, sir. But today, it is useless. I would not waste my efforts

You could not appreciate my enisine so soon after smoking that strong tobacco. With what organ would you taste? Your tongue? Your

CHISINE "Ha." protested

long as I pay what Sir, Iamachef ' said Camous, swell-ing his chest. "When tion the greater my am not a good cook many people will be foolish enough believe you.

will appreciate what stroyed for the day your capacity to enjoy. Return tomorrow, sir. Henri! Serve m'sieur a glass of wine with our compli-

Yes, Camous was a great chef! He was an artist of cuisine; yet any intelligent woman may, in her own kitchen, become equally an artist of cuisine. I should be very ungrateful if I did not say that—I, who am the husband of Madame Char-pentier, who is herself a great cook and who did much to help me establish my reputation as a restaurateur among multimillionaires of Long Island. Madame Charpentier had to learn, and

In this country where there are all manner of extraordinary appliances designed to abolish drudgery and scullery work from the kitchens, I insist we are entitled to have a revolution. I, who am the father of two daughters, wish to see swarms of women leaving offices, shops, factories, stores, and making their careers in places where no man can hope to com-pete with them. I must keep myself under control now, for this idea is a great hobby of mine. The American lady has a machine to suck the dirt out of her carpets and rugs, she has another to accomplish her washing, another to iron, another to wash out giving it a thought. Her food cannot She turns a button or lights a match and has instantly a hot fire without worrying about fuel. Why should she be reluctant to exercise what rem cooking—the pure art of it?

Frankly, French cuising is not possible without wines brandy and liqueurs. Lest you be prejudiced against such things as beverages, I tell you now that when they (Continued on Page 44)

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on san protection which means complete peace of mind on this old, old feminine problem.

What happens when Coffee grows STALE?



I It tastes flat...
weak...bitter

2 It's always nervously irritating

COFFEE that is stale makes a cheerless breakfast cup. But far more serious is its effect on your nervous system. It contains rancid oil. It impairs your efficiency. It wears down your resistance—makes you easily and foolishly upset.

And the danger is widespread. 56 out of 93 brands purchased were found stale, in a recent investigation which covered 16 cities.

How can you tell whether you are buying coffee that is fresh—or stale? Chase & Sanborn have solved the problem for you by a simple dating system. Every pound of Chase & Sanborn's is Parted We work this Days confully and

Every pound of Chase & Sanborn's is Dated. We watch this Date carefully and make deliveries so frequently that no can remains on the grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

Dated Coffee is always fresh, full strength, and good for you. It protects you absolutely from staleness with its resulting nervous irritation. Start right away to drink Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee.



"Why do my Hands look so **OLD?**"





If you'll let Ivory do *all* your soap-and-water tasks, your hands will get smoother, softer—younger. Ivory is so pure—it is gentle even to a baby's skin . . 99 44/100 °/0 Pure.

IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"

(Continued from Page 42) they cease to be alcoholic. Alcohol is the most volatile of substances, and vanishes quickly when enhibited to the heat of your kitchen from

what remains in the flavor. What remains in the flavor. In think myself that a most appropriate I think myself that a most appropriate I think myself that a most appropriate I think myself that a most appropriate work of the world be a basket — market basket, of course—containing a piece of garlic, half-a-dozen containing a market basket I could set up housekeeping. A small glass of sherry poured into a pan will transform a pair of greesy pork chops into a wooderful dish suitable for the most.

an arrange to the sherry would be a bottle of brandy, which is used to enforce sherry in cooking. If you should be a bottle of brandy, which is used to enforce sherry in cooking. If you should pour a glass of brandy into a sauce ower a flame, almost instantly the alcohol would form a little cloud of gas which you would not see. What you would see would be a blue flames spreading over the pan. That flame would devour the humbdity of what pan could be the pan that flame would devour the humbdity of what the most of the pan that the should be should be with the first that the alcohol had vanished with the first that the alcohol had vanished

with the ire.

But I would want more than sherry and brandy in such a basket given, let us say, to one of my daughters. I would want the basket to contain a bottle of sweet sauterns and a bottle of dry Chabhis for the light sauces, for fish. I would want a bottle of Burgundy for the enrichment of sauces for

beef and game.

Then I would certainly add a bottle of curaçao, with its rich orange flavor. A thimbleful of curaçao will, I promise you, transform a pint of drug-store ice cream into something exciting. A few table-spoonfuls of it poured into the slrupe of three or four fruits will give you a delicious dressing for fruits served as

make me till you of a bit of magic. At the market your grow when you can transfer grow grow when you can transfer your grows when you can transfer your grow will be enough to make absoliate. While water in a successor cameric the yolds of three ages, showly adding one superposed of these ages, they adding you cameric the yolds of three ages, they adding you canner the probability of the pro

FINGER TESTS FOR FRESHNESS

When you buy eggs you have to take them on faith, but with most other things faith is unnecessary. Your nose and one finger nail, which I strongly urge be left unlacquered, are sufficient tools for a trip to market. Suppose you are buying peas. The best in America, I think, are Telephone peas. Are the ones offered to you fresh? The

in America, I think, are Teleptone peas. Are the ones offered to you fresh? The greengroor says yes. But he will not be offended if you dig your finger rail into the pod. If sap appears in the wound, the peas are fresh enough; if it does not appear, then you do not want those peas, because rises many days before. Yeggethism cament be good unless they are fresh; course, if they are dried yeggethism cament be good unless they are fresh; course, if they are dried yeggethism cament be good unless they are fresh; course, if they are dried yeggethism cament be good unless they are dried yeggethism caments of the peace of the pe

I read the autobiography of an eggphant where the stem joins the purples satin skin. If each member of that junction is firmly statached, if the union between the big vegetable and the segment of vine on which it developed is still fam, then the which it developed is still fam, then the detach themselves, the eggplant has begun to spoil. How do I know that? Camous told me, but he did more than tell me. He demonstrated, **

He took one which he pronounced fresh after indicating to me the firm attachment of vine to vegetable. Then he cut the eggplant in half. All the pulp and seeds were white. Next he showed me one the purple skin of which was not distinguishable from the first. But the green ingers of the stem were local, like the shorter forces of the stem were local.

were loose, like the flaccio ingers of an invalid. That one he cut open too. The ina side of that eggplant was spotted with black. Its flesh had begun to mortify.

I have never forgotten that lesson. I do not have to split eggplants in the market; t. I do not have to quarrel with market men. Laimoly do not have compared withmarks the compared to the second of the compared with market men.

I simply 00 not only eggplants unies the stems are firmly attached. If you wish to know whether the apples you buy were picked months ago or yesterday, split the piece of stem with your finger nail or a penknife. If the stem is soft and sappy, it is a fresh apple. If the stem is tough and brittle like an old stick—well, you can answer that one

VEGETABLE JEKYLI HYDES

Were those beautifully red tomatoes which your grozer offers to you ripered on the vine? Do not ask him, poor man. Ask your nose! If they do not have the tempting ode of tomato, an aroma that should capture your attention even when the tomatoes are arm's length sway, then they were picked green, and their flavor will make you think you yourself are get-

of taste.

The fault, however, will not be your own or that of your palate, but of a system which requires that most of us should live two or three thousand miles from the method where our coins and uncertables.

gardens wher

A candidover? Sometime I shake my hand with price at pane disulty of early hand with price at pane disulty of early hand with price at pane disulty of early at the price at panel to the price at panel to the price at panel to the price and think she in petting a burgain because chanted. Such a big head of cauliflower will be soft and speary to the touch of some chanted. Such a big head of cauliflower will be soft and speary to the touch of some chanted such as the price at the pric

and character of Doctor Jetyl and Mr. Hyde II is if when and in the Doctor Jetyl latate, this will be revealed to you by the smoothness of the stem near the work of the stem near the late of the stem of the stem near the late of the late

apparase stalk by talk and before rocking you will cut savey that hard skin from the base of the stalk, for it contains a better substance that will be transmitted better substance that will be transmitted to the stalk property the it. In bunches and place it in cold water, with sail, to bed, When is it close? When you at the junctive where the testem end the green begins. When the fort enter-radily, remove where the stem ends the property of the place of

Seauty...swifter, surer, safer

WOODBURY'S REVOLUTIONIZES BEAUTY CREAMS WITH TWO NEW CREAMS THAT STAY GERM-FREE!





• The loveliest, most alluring skin is healthy! To remain healthy it needs to be protected. Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Crosma afford unique protection. Germs cannot contaminate them. They have, within themselves, the power to stay sufe, pure, germ-free as long as they last. They swiftly destroy germs and prevent their growth.

Two delightful Beauty Creams that stay GERM-PREE! That the most sensitive skins can enjoy, safely! That help to keep normal skins in top-notch health and vigor! That Skin Specialists have proved bring swifter, surer, finer beauty to every type of skin!

They contain a new, exclusive element, just recently discovered, which no other creams possess. This element eliminates the risk of bacteria infecting the creams after the lid of the jar has been removed! Keeps these creams pure, germ-free until the last dab has been used?

doubly guarded from blemish. But thin, dry skins, easily infected, especially need this sure protection.

Germs are in the purest air Of course, all beauty creams—of good repute—are safe and pure when first you onen them. But once the lid of the jar is lifted, there is always the possibility that germs-from the air or your hands-may get into them. From the cream they may attack your face, cause blemishes, But Woodbury's two Germ-free Creams prevent the germs from multiplying; destroy them as fast as they enter the jar. No germs can live in them!

Woodbury's Creams bring surer beauty to every type of skin They have always been the allies of beauty! Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream is unique in its power to combat skin dryness. And now, the addition of the germ-free quality to both the Cold and Facial Creams makes them un-

matched in the world of beauty aids. They bring the skin greater vigor, greater Swifter, surer, more lasting beauty. They overcome Dryness. And in its place bring new, fresh, supple skin— the Skin That Thrills the Touch!

109 LEADING DERMATOLOGISTS TESTED AND APPROVE WOODBURY'S CREAMS 93.5% reported them to be free of the risks of spreading infection to which ordinary beauty creams are subject.

One said: "After carefully trying Woodbury's Creams, I am satisfied that they are of superior quality." Another: "They're the

best on the market! I shall take great pleasure in recommending them to my patients." Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Dermatologist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, says: "I welcome Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms.

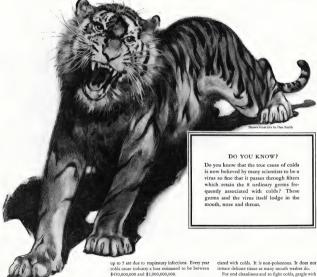
PROOF OF WOODBURY'S GERM-DESTROYING POWER . . . These signt points, meded with poissoness germs, tell the story. Flate A bears a patch of Woodbury's Cream. The germ-destroyer has destroyed all the germs in list winning, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate it, bearing a patch of ordinary cold cream, shows no clear ring, proving it has no power to dentry the germs surrounding th.

FREE . . . WOODBURY'S NEW CERM-FREE CREAMS! Send for a free tube of each of Woodbury's Germ-free Creams that are revolutionizing the whole world of beauty preparation.) See here articly you can use them on the most nestries skill. Have they will present your face from blessish. You will also receive six asympton (Woodbury's Parial Powder—one of each of the six delich-attenuizing shades).

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The TIGER in the House



YOU call it a cold, but physicians call it the Tiger in the House. Their experience teaches them how potentially dangerous a cold really is.

For this universal ailment often results in prolonged ill-health and sometimes death

Unchecked it runs through entire families. Unless treated it frequently leads to sinus, ear, and mastoid, as well as bronchitis and pneumonia (particularly in the case of babies). 80% of acute illnesses in children

And how does a cold gain entrance to the body? Largely through the mouth and nose, of course. Bacteria enter and breed by millions. It therefore becomes evident that daily oral hygiene is an absolute necessity.

Gargle Listerine

Over a period of more than 50 years, the antiseptic found best suited to this purpose is Listerine. Its results are a matter of record

Listerine is fatal to germs, including those asso-

Listerine every morning and night. If you feel a cold coming on or one has already started, repeat the gargle every two hours. You will be delighted to find ow often it brings relief.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it begins to kill perms. Even four hours after its use, reductions in the number of germs ranging to 64% have been noted. Numerous tests we have conducted have shown that twice-a-day users of Listerine contracted fewer and milder colds than those who did not use it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Jight the Common Cold with Listerine Antiseptic

the modern way.

the last mo-(Continued from Page 44) the last mo-ment. Unless one knows these things, how is it possible to buy with intelligence

as it possible to buy with intelligence?

Like any American housewife, I have problems that never occurred in the life of Camous. There are, for example, artichokes. When I buy them in New York, smally they have been shipped from the Far West. Eight days or so after they have been severed from their stalks those heads begin to look very rusty. The way I satisfy myself how long artichokes have been away from the fields where they grew is to take my pocketknife and slice off the blackened end of the stem. It what is revealed is also blackened I do not want those artichokes; but if the cutting shows white and moist then they are a right. I wonder often what Camous would have thought if he had been compelled to buy vegetables three thousand miles from the gardens which produced them.

Why, Camous was so set upon having fresh fish that he bought, not from a dealer but from a fisherman, and he was nient with him. Once I heard him "he roared, "I want my fish from you tide by tide!

In other cities of France where I worked with Camous I saw him, many times, apoly tests which I still use to udge the freshness of a fish. take the tail between his forefinger and thumb and try to bend it. Unless the tail slipped from his fingers he would not have it. But he required also that the eyes have the brilliance of life and that the tongue be as moist as the tongue in his own mouth. When the scales of a fish be-come sticky it is no longer, in the sense that the word is used by a first-class cook,

Camous would take oysters and rap their shells together. If they were heavy and sounded like stones he was satisfied. He would do the same with clams. You see, shellfish when they are exposed to the see, shellfish when they are exposed to the air alive keep their shells locked fast; when they die the muscles relax and the shells part. Naturally, he would instinc-tively use his nose at such a time also. A fresh oyster or clam will please your nose; but if it does not you have no business eating such food anyway. I am sensible of the fact that Camous,

buying for a first-class hotel, where some patrons would cheerfully pay four dollars for a portion of out-of-season peas, engaged in transactions beyond the means of most families. Yet Camous used methods and tests that are common to all and practiced many stratagems of econ-omy and efficiency. For example, if he wanted a strong almond flavor in a macédoine of fruit he would crack one or peach stones and use the centers which are even more strongly flavored of almond than the nuts which bear that name. His vanilla flavoring was made simply by keeping a couple of long vanilla ans in a covered jar of sugar.

DUAL-PURPOSE BARRITS

Von can be sure I know what over is. If circumstances challenged me to live on a small income, say of twenty or thirty dollars a month, Henri and Philomene Charpentier could do that and still eat excellent food. But that is not remarkable when you think how many times I watched my dear loster mother make one egg impart its flavor to pancakes for a big y. We had little money when I was a boy in Contes, in the south of

small boy in Contes, in the south of France, but we had big appetites. How many, many days I saw the soli-tary namy goat of our bousehold set forth in the morning with a withered, empty bag. She would mount to the top of that hill slope on which the small town of Contes is rooted. Up there was the rendezvous of all the goats of our village. All day she would browne, but at sundown she would, with the other goats, return to the village, coming to our door as faith-fully as if she had been a dog. Always her bag was filled with excellent milk which

she would have defended with her horns from any unauthorized person; but to me. Henri, who was her friend, she would surnunder it to the last drop. So you see I grew up in a family which had milk but no milk bill

In France every family out itles has its pair of rabbits, and those rabbits explain why the small-town people and the villagers have no garbage. The discarded tops of carrots, the spoiled outer leaves of cabbage, the peelings, the nmed from cauliflower, are fed

All Frenchmen, rich and poor, like rabbits. This is the only meat which you

may kill and serve immediately, and that meat, I tell you, is splendid. Sometimes we would have it stewed with wine, a few mushrooms, a few olives, potatoes, to matoes and two or three slices of bacon Or else it was transformed with a wonderful sauce. It would be cut into pieces like garlic and onions. Five minutes before it was ready our mother would take the juice of the rabbit and combine it with a juice of the rabbit and combine it with a glass of wine and perhaps some brandy, and produce a chocolate-colored sauce that was entrancing. Indeed, it was, I think, as good as that expensive sauce prepared in the Tour-d'Argent in Paris from the juice of a young duck.

WHERE NOTHING IS WASTED

In Contes every house, without except tion, had its pig, and in the course of a year would enjoy many scores of rabbits We also sold our beef bones that came We also sold our beef bones that came from the soup pot one by one after they had given the last particle of their nutri-ment and flavor. They were wiped dry of gresse on a piece of newspaper and dropped into a beg that hung in a corner beside the fireplace. The greasy paper was squeezed into a tight ball to be used to stimulate a lagging dre. The purchaser of beef bones was an itinerant who several times a year and paid a few francs for a great many bones. These later reappeared in the world, possibly even in Contes, as buttons and toothbrush

Vac. I think it might assen he fun to be poor again, now that I know how easily simple foods can be transformed into Certainly on a very small piece of land in this broad continent I could build a paradise. My pair of rabbits would in a few months become the parents of numerous young. In the late spring my garden

produce not alone vegetab tent to live without beauty and without perfume. I would have bees too. Pos-sibly in this country where only a few appreciate goats I would have to keep a Mr. and a Mrs. Goat in order to be sup-Mr. and a Mrs. Goat in order to be sup-plied with milk. Obviously, my seven hens would have an escort. But I would get along with one pig. If there were potato pesiings I would not feed them to him raw. I would cook them. What part of the goat's milk I could not drink would feed to the grateful pig. Be sure he would thrive. Eventually he would weigh would thrive. Eventually he would weeps enough to provide me with a pound of pork for every day in the year. But I should deprive myself of some. I would trade one of his hams, after smoking it in my fireplace, for another small pig, just as we used to do in Contes.

I am sure I could do that, because when

I was a little boy and poor I lived among resourceful people. If I were to become so poor again, I would have a market basket—oh, yes. But I would use it to carry food from my own garden to my own kitchen, where Philomene would my own kitchen, where Philothene would be on hand to transform it into something quite as delicious as anything we now offer to the richest clients of our restar-rant. When I handed her the basket of raw food. I would also hand her a bouquet of flowers, and I would utter such compli-ments as would make us both sing while the dinner was cooking.







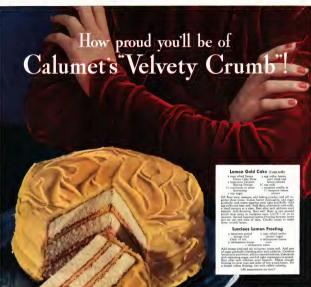






CLEANS AND OPENS DRAINS KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING





NO NEED to keep your fingers crossed, when you cut a cake made with Calumet Baking Powder!
For under the high-swirled frosting and the thin, tender brown crust, you're sure to find the typical glorious Calumet texture that experts call "vefvety crumb."

So cut your cake with confidence and pride whether is a simple on-egg cake or a lavith, luxurious party cake! Touch the cut surface with your forefinger. See how soft and springs it is—how tenderly moist and lastic. Feel a morel between finger and thumb. Like velvet! ... Now, taste. Let your tongue, too, recognise this new texture—velvee fine, evleet smooth.

What's the secret? Calumet's balanced Double-Action. One action in the mixing bowl, but a second held in reserve to act in the oven-heat. A partnership that makes cake texture unbelievably light, fine and delicate. And so efficient that you use less Calumet than with '
other baking powders! Only one level teaspoon to a
cup of sifted flour in most recipes! Try Calumet
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I seckes 15th for which please send was your new picture-lease
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worth \$0.1 can person the book after one week for a full refund.

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Print name and address plainly.

This offer expires December 11, 1914—see good in Canada.

THESE new friendships, and others too numerous to mention, added much enjoyment to my Parisian days, but the core of my life was under my own roof, among my own books and my few most intimate friends. Above all, it was in my work, which was growing and spreading, and

absorbing more and more of my time and my imagination.

Ever since the publication of my first book I had continued steadily at my story-telling. Nothing ever distracted me from it for long, and during the busy happy Parisian years, and especially after the success of The House of Mirth, a growing sense of ease made my writing more and more absorbing. In 1908 I published The Hermit and the Wild Woman, a volume of short stories; in 1910 another, called Tales of Men and Ghosts, and between the two A Motor Flight Through France, the record of some of our early motor journeys, many of them made with Henry James.

But the book to the making of which I brought the greatest joy, and the fullest ease, was Ethan Frome. For years I had wanted to draw a picture of life as it really was in the derelict mountain villages of New England, a life even in my time, and a thousandfold more a generation earlier, utterly unlike that seen through the rose-colored spectacles of my predecessors, Mary Wilkins and Sarah

Orne Jewett. In those days the snowbound villages of Western Massachusetts were grim places, morally and physically. Insanity, tion were hidden away behind the paint less wooden house fronts of the long village streets, or in the isolated farmhorses on the neighboring hills, and Emily Bronté would have found as many hidden tragedies in our remoter valleys as on her Yorkshire moors. In particular, I may mention that every detail about the colony of drunken mountain outlaws de scribed in Summer was given to me by the rector of the church at Lenox, near which we lived and that the lonely neak I have "the Mountain" was in reality

Bear Mountain, an isolated summit not more than twelve miles from our country place. I have a clearer recollection of the beginnings of Ethan Frome than of those of my other tales, through the singular accident that those or my other tases, through the sangular acceptant data its first pages were written in French! I had determined, when we came to live in Paris, to polish and enlarge my French vocabulary, for though I had spoken the language since the age of four I had never had occasion to talk it conously, and seldom with cultivated people, having usually, since my marriage, merely wandered through France as a tourist. The result was that I had kept up the language chiefly through reading, and the favorite French authors my early youth being Bossuet, Racine, Corneille and La Bruyère, most of my polite locutions dated from the seven-teenth century, and Bourget used to laugh at me for speaking "the purest Louis Quatorze.

TO BRING my idioms up to date, I asked Charles Du Bos to find, among his friends, a young professor who would have the patience to talk with me two or three times a week. He did so, but the amiable young man whom he recommended, being too timid ever to correct my spoken mistakes, finally hit on the expedient of asking me to prepare an "exercise" before each visit. The best I could do in that line without boredom was to write a story, and thus the French version of Ethan Frome was begun, and carried on for a few weeks. Then the lessons were given up, and the copy-book containing my "exercise" vanished forever. But a few years later, during one of our summer sojourns at the Mount, a distant glimpse of Bear Mountain brought Ethan back to my memory, and the following winter, in Paris, I

wrote the tale as it now stands. Well, I aw glad to welcome to the White House someone to whom I can quote The Hunting of the Snark without being asked what I mean!"

Such was my first greeting from Theodore Roosevelt after his accession to the Presidency - a date so much earlier than that of my sojourn in Paris that I ought to have introduced it before, had it not seemed simpler to gather into one chap ter the record of our too-infrequent meetings. Though I had known Theodore Roosevelt since my first youth, and though his second wife is my distant cousin. I had met him only at long intervals—usually at my sister-in-law's, in New York—and we had never "hooked" until after the publica-tion of The Valley of Decision.

He had a great liking for the book, and wanted, after his usual fashion, to rearrange it in conformity with his theory of domestic morals and the strenuous life; but when I pointed out that these ideas did not happen to prevail in the

Backward

Glance BY EDITH WHARTON



A CORNER OF THE



THE AUTHOR'S SOUTH OF PRANCE. THE CHÂTEAU IS SHOWN AT RIGHT

decadent little Italian principalities which Napoleon was so soon to wipe out or to remodel, he laughingly admitted the force of the argument, and thereafter we became great friends

My intimacy with Bay Lodge, and with the Jusserands the much-loved French ambassador and his wife with whom my friendship dated back to my childhood, created other links between the Roosevelts and myself, and the first White House I was promptly summoned to lunch, and wel-

White House I was promptly surmoneed to lunen, and we-comed on the threshold by the President's vehement vs. "At last I can quoto The Hunting of the Snark!" "Would you believe it," he added, "no one in the Admin-istration has ever heard of Alice, much less of The Hunting of the Snark; and the other day, when I said to the Secretary of the Navy: 'Mr. Secretary, what I say three times is true," he did not recognize the quotation, and answered with an aggrieved air: 'Mr. President, it would never for a moment have occurred to me to impugn your veracity' These whirlwind welcomes were very characteristic, for

Theodore Roosevelt had in his mind so clear a vision of each interlocutor's range of subjects, and his own was so extensive and so varied, that when he met anyone who interested him he could never bear to waste a moment in idle preliminari I remember another instance of this eager desire to lose no time that could be given to anything worth while, however remote the topic from the occupation of the moment. Many years ago that charming old institution, Williams College, conferred an honorary degree on the President, and the college authorities invited me to the commencement

I motored over from the Mount to Williamstow when I appeared at the reception, which took place after the conferring of the degrees, the President, who probably had no idea that I was there, uttered an exclamation of surprise and cried out

"But you're the very person I wanted to see! Of course you've read that wonderful new book of De la Gorce's, the History of the Second Empire? What an amazing book it is! Let's go off into a corner at once and have a good talk about it

And go off into a corner we did, and talked about it at some length, to the visible interruption of the academic formalities; but that was the President's way, and as everybody loved him, everybody forgave him, and moreover they all knew that in another ten minutes he would corner somebody else on some other equally absorbing subject, What he could not and would not endure was talking about things which did not interest him when there were so many that did-so far too many for the brief time he had to spare for them! One feels, in looking back, something premonitory in this impatience, this thirst to slake an ectual curiosity almost as fervent as his moral ardors With his faculty of instantly extracting the best that each

person had to give, he seldom failed, when we met, to turn the talk to books. So much of his time was spent among the bookless that many people never sus-pected either the range of his literary culture or his learned interest in the natural sciences, and in Washington they were probably fully known only to the small group of people to whom he turned for intellectual stimulus-the Cabot Lodges, Henry Adams, Walter Berry, the Jusserands, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice,

UT there was another tie between us. BUT there was another tie between us. Theodore Roosevelt was one of the most humorous raconteurs I ever knew, and a very good mimic, and when we were among a little band of fun loverssay, with Bay Lodge, the President's sister, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, and a few other cultivators of good nonsense—he kent us making with his cowboy tales and

his evocations of White House visitors. His liberty of speech,

even in mixed company, was startling. Once, at a moment of acute tens the Senate, I was lunching at the White House with a big and haphazard party, among whom were several guests who had never beore met the President, and at least one journalist and suddenly I heard him table: "Well, yes, I'm

tired, I'm terribly tired. I don't know exactly what's the matter with me; but if only we could revive the good old Roman custom, I know a bath in Senator

would set me right in no time."

He was noted for speaking very recklessly before people to whom it must often have been a temptation to quote his personal comments; yet it was always said that during his two terms of office no public advantage was ever taken of these indiscretions, and in a country like ours I can impaine no greater proof of the degree to which he was loved and

One of our last meetings was in the Rue de Varenne, in the course of the astonishing world tour of 1909-10, when, after completing his second term of office as the most famous man in America, he discovered that his celebrity extended also to the other side of the globe. On this tour, during which, in spite of his repeated protests that he was only a private citizen, he was received with sovereign honors by every European government, he came to Paris to

deliver a lecture at the Sorbonne.

Through his old friend Jusserand, who had arranged to eet him in Paris. I was notified that he wished to come to the Rue de Varenne. He sent me word that he would like me to invite a few people to meet him-not governmental my own group of friends-and every one I summoned answered to the call, for the desire to see him was intense I tried to choose, in the literary and academic line, principally those who spoke English, but they were few; and unhappily, though Roosevelt knew French well, he oke it hadly, and with a rather bewildering pronunciation. The consequence was that, having found among many guests an Academician — I forget who — who was a specialist on some subject which particularly interested him, and could talk to him about it in English, he broke up the royal

"-of which he was, of course, expected to go the

round-and by isolating himself too long with this



Ann Prescott: "Tickled?...you bet! My clothes aren't gray any more-they're white, Betty. They're gorgeous! And I found out what was wrong . . . That 'trick' soap I used to wash with wasn't get



Ann December "I bought a few bars of Fels-Naptha hurrying out dirt Here, smell the reahts of naptha in that golden bar!"



Betty Moore: Ann. I'm going to get some Fels-Napths right away Ann Prescott:

"Try it for undies too-it's grand for silk stockings and inty lingerie



M-M-M!... Linens so white they fairly gleam! Clothes that are fresh as a Washes that make you pop with pride!

Here's the easier way to get them change to Feli-Naptha Ssap! You'll li You'll like the way it loosens grimiest dirt. You'll like the way it makes sads that stay sadsy way it hustles along the wash.

What is Fels-Naptha's secret? . . . It is two lively cleaners instead of one. Golden soap that's richer-and plenty of dirt-loosening napths in every bar. A brisk yet gentle combination that Fels-Naptha doesn't burry clothes to the

soek or boil clothes.

ets clothes cleaner—and does it safely! It's kind to hands. It's a willrag hag. ing worker in tub or machine-in hot, lukewarm or cool water-whether you

And more happy news—Fels-Naptha Soap now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years! Get a few bars today! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia,

particular interlocutor caused much disappointment to some of my other guests
This was an omission not easily under stood or forgiven; but it was difficult stem the current of the President's exo-quence, and the President he still was to all intents and purposes. I was made, and I had failed in our duty in not or ganizing the party in such a way that each with the great man; for it was inconcriv-able to those amiable but highly disciplined people that either the President or move of the traditional game they had

been invited to play with him.

I was only once at Sagamore, and I think it was there that I saw Theodore not have been a fitter setting for what turned out to be our good-by; for it was of his character was revealed, and souches and statesman both made was in books and Nature, and in all the quiet interests of a country life.

What a good day that was! My hus-hand and I went down to lunch, and found there no one but the family—which, as in my own house, always included two or three busy and extremely interested dogs The house was like one big library and love of books and of Nature, so that I feit

AFTER luncheon Mr. Roosevelt, with a good deal of simple amusement, showed us the series of photographs taken of himself and the Emperor William during the famous German manusures. He was perfectly aware of the studied impertione of the photographs-it read, President Roosevelt shows the Empe or cermany how to command an attack," or something of the kind—but he treated it as an imperial appeal to his sense of humor; which, after all, it probably was. In looking back over my memories of Theodore Roosevelt I am surprised to find how very seldom, afterswe became fr I saw him, and yet how sure I am that he was my friend. This is no doubt due to his gift of bridging over in an instant those long intervals between meetings that so often benumb even the best of friends. He was so alive at all points, and so gifted with the rare faculty of living intensely and eneach of our meetings glows in me like a tiny morsel of radium stored with centuries of heat

During our first year in Paris the friend of my childhood, Henry White, was our Ambassador there. He had married our beautiful neighbor of Newport, Margaret been, with the exception of Madame Jus-serand and Daisy Terry, my earliest play-

IN PARIS our embassy, as long as the Whites were there, was a second home to me, and Harry, who was never happier than in contriving happiness for others, was always planning for me to meet inter esting people. I remember, in particular, lunching at the embassy one day with Orville Wright, who had come to Paris, I think, for the unveiling of the statue at Le Mans commemorative of the first flight of the Wright brothers on French

Walter Berry, who was also at the lunch had for many years been the coursel of the French embassy in Washington. He was the intimate friend of Jusserand, and when the French Government sent a military mission to America to investigate the queer new "flying machine" which two unknown craftsmen of Dayton, Ohio, had invented, Walter Berry was appointed by the French embassy to accompany them to Dayton as their legal adviser. He stayed there for three weeks, saw the mys-terious machine "levitate" a few inches

above the earth, and came back away by above the earth, and came back awou by the possibility of the "strange futures, beautiful and new." folded un within those clumey wings, and much impressed by the two shy tacitum men who had called it into being. I remember his telling me that discussed with Wilhan can conceive that aeroplanes might nossibly be of some use in war, but never for any commercial purpose, or as a regular

DURING the last prewar years I traveled more, and in more different directions, than ever before. Breaking at last with the seductive habit of going always with the seductive habit of going always and only to Italy, I made, one spring, my first motor trip to Spain; and in the sum-mer of 1912 or 1913 I went to Germany with my old friend Bernard Berenson. motored to Berlin by the lovely route of the Rhine and the Thuringian forest, and for the first time I saw Weimar, so small and serene in its seary summer quiet, and Wetzlar, with Lotte's quaint wedge-shaped house, unchanged without and within since she lived in it. In Berlin we spent eight glorious days, during which I trotted about in the great museums after my learned companion-who has always accused me of not properly appreciating the privilege—and was rewarded by a holiday in Dresden, and a day's dash to the charming heights of Saxon Switzer-

I had the luck, in those blessed years, to make two more wonderful journeys. The first, in 1913, took me through the length and breadth of Sicily, of which thitherto I had seen only Palermo and the towns of the east coast; the other, in the early spring of 1914, was made by motor from Algiers, eastward across the mountains of Kabylia to Timgad, Constantine Hammam Meskoutine and Tunis, thence by Sousse and Sfax, to Kairwan and El Djem, Gabes, and southward to the mys-terious town of Médenine, beyond which

to fill the last years preceding the war every kind of charm and pleasure. "Eyes look your last"—in and about Paris al seemed to utter the same disregarded cry, from the smiling suburbs un-marred by hideous advertisements, the unravaged cornfields of Millet and Monet, last phase of expiring elegance, all the great buildings, statues and fountains drawing at dusk into silence and secrecy, instead of being torn from their my by the vulgar intrusion of flood lighting.

ON A BEAUTIFUL afternoon toward the end of June, 1914, I stopped at Jacques Blanche's gate and walked under summer day; brightly dressed groups were gathered at tea tables under the overhanging boughs, or walking up and down the and of blue forget-me-nots edging the shrubberies, the old-fashioned corbrilles of vellow and bronze wallflowers, the roses oudding on the pillars of the porch. A long en tables there was a happy stir of talk An exceptionally brilliant season was drawof literary and artistic emotions, and that dust of ideas with which the Parisian atmosphere is always laden sparkled like motes in the sun. joined a group of friends at one of the

tables, and as we sat there a cloud shadow abruptly darkened bright flowers and bright dresses, chilling and disquieting the air, "Haven't you heard? The Archduke What was her name? Both shot

gay company. But the Archduke Ferdinand was no more than a name to most of us. Only one or (Continued on Page 52) (régét) Some folks picture the life of an artist's model as mostly champagne parties. Nothing could be further from the truth. RCPH COLE will tell you that posing means long hours of hard work. Recently she had an opportunity to go to Hollywood that mother descined against this venture; so Ruth, who is only eighteen, smiles for New York camers instead.

(bries) DOROTHY DODO comes from Allanta. She stated private schools in the south and Looped of the transless of the south and Looped of the transless of the south and Looped of the state and deliberate private in serling agone and deliberate substitute in serling agone as fagus covers. The trans. the case of her levely tech. In Internal Paris.

"A BEAUTY TREATMENT

for the TEETH"

.. say smart women

Why don't you try a tube?

Listen to the comments we receive about Listerine Tooth Paste: "Friends tell me my teeth glisten so becomingly." "My teeth have a lustre and sparkle they didn't used to have." "It is so easy now to keep teeth free from smoke stains."

These amazing results explain why already more than 2 million women have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice from costlier brands.

Listerine Tooth Paste does beautify the teeth surprisingly. Its modern polishing agent is swift in action. Long brushing is not necessary. Yet this modern formula is gentle—safe even for children's delicate enamel.

If you are worried by dull, "off color" teath, by all means give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial. Note the quick improvement—how white your teath look, how much healthier your gums feel. Your month is pleasantly refreshed—the same effect you associate with Listerine itself. And, remember, this dentifrice costs you just half as much as 506 brands. On the basis of a tube a month, that means you have a chance to save about 85 a year! Lambert Pharmared Company, St. Louis, Mo.



(alose) The first picture of ETHELYNE HOLT ever published started a vogoe for the hat shewore. She berame known as "the gitl who sold a million hats." But Miss Holt doesn't zeed a bat to photograph becomingly, as this portrait shows.

(left) NORMA WYCKOPF used to commute from her home in New Jersey to Tenchers' College, Columbia University, and had firmly in mind a teaching career. Then recurring demands for her services as a model made her think she didn't want to truch and she took up peeing as a profession. She is kept happily husey at it.



You can feel the difference in the Skin of your Face and Hands





Keep the *soft* Hands he loves ture is restored to the dry, parched skin cells. Jergens Lotion has been especially compounded just to do this for you.

it's easy this way...

time you needn't give up having lovely hands. There's a way to keep those faithful hands of yours beautiful, too. If they are roughened and red-perhaps a bit chapped-it's because you have let them lose some of the mois-

ture from the inner skin cells Hand skin is different from the rest of your skin. Having little natural oil, it must depend on moisture to keep it

softly smooth and young. But every-thing your busy hands do tends to take this moisture out of the skin.

So you must see to it that mo:

ergens otion

It goes into the skin cells more completely and quickly than other lotions tested in recent laboratory tests. That's why you never have that hor-

rid sticky feeling after using Jergens! And because it blends the two ingredients that specialists prescribe for softening and whitening the hands, it works miracles! Even on dry, chapped hands and rough, scratchy fingers!

You can get Jergens Lotion in drug sto and department stores at 50¢. Or in the big economical bortle at \$1.00. You'll find a handy, smaller bottle in the ten-cent stores, too. Do get some today and start your hands on their way to flower-like loveliness.

This lotion goes into skin cells more quickly, more completely it yourself at our expense-

FREE! Generous trial bottle of Jergens Lotion. Just mail this coupon-or write-to

THE ANDREW TERGENS CO. 8407 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio In Canada, 8407 Sherbrooke St., Parth, On

O'LEASE PRINT,

(Continued from Page 50) two elderly di-phomatists shook their heads and mur-mured ominously of Austrian reprisals. What if Germany should seize the oppor-tunity? . . . There would be more partunity? . . . There would be more par-ticulars in next morning's papers. The talk wandered away to the interests of the hour . . the last play, the newest exhibition, the Louvre's most recent ac-

I was leaving in a day or two for Spain—a quick dash down to Barcelona and the Balearic Islands before going to England, where I had taken a house in the England, where I had taken a house in the country, carrying out at last my lifelong dream of a summer in England. All my old friends had promised to come and stay; we were going to motor to Scothand, to Wales, to all the places I had longed to see for so many years. How happy and safe

WHEN I am told—as I am not infre W quently—by people who were in the nursery, or not born, in that fatal year, that first days of August, 1914, and am dumb

France was paralyzed with horror. France had never wanted war, had never believed that it would be forced upon her, behieved that it would be forced upon her, had proved her good faith by the absurd but sublime act of ordering her covering troops ten miles back from the frontier as soon as she heard of Austria's ultimatum to Serbia! It is perhaps useless to revive such controversies now; but not, I believe, to put the facts once more on record for a to put the facts once more on record for future generation who may study them with eyes cleared of prejudice. The criminal mistakes made by the Allies were made in 1919, not in 1914.

Early in 1915 the French Red Cross

asked me to report on some military hos-pitals near the Front which were badly in need of supplies. Armed with the needful military permits, and my car laden to the roof with bundles of hospital supplies, I set out in February, 1915, to inspect the fever hospital at Châlons-sur-Marne. What I saw there made me feel the urgency of telling my rich and generous compatri ots something of the desperate needs of the hospitals in the war zone, and I proposed to M. Jules Cambon to make other trips to the Front, and recount my experiences in a series of magazine articles

POREIGN correspondents were still excluded from the war zone; but M. Cambon persuaded General Joffre's chief-of-staff, General Pellé, that, even if in my ignorance I stumbled on some in military secret, there would be little risk of its betraval in articles which could not possibly be ready for publication until sev-eral months later; while the description of what I saw might bring home to American readers some of the dreadful realities of the war. I was therefore given leave to visit the rear of the fighting line all the way from Dunkerque to Belfort, and did so in the course of six expeditions which actually took me into the front-line trenches; and, wishing to lose no time in publishing my impressions, I managed to scribble the articles between my other tasks, and they appeared in Scribner's Magazine in 1915, and immediately after-

ward in a volume called Fighting France details about places or people, and I have sometimes thought of bringing out a new edition in which the gaps should be filled sand-girt villa, by the Queen of the Bel-gians, who had summoned me to talk of gians, who had summoned me to talk of the Belgian child refugees committed to our care; or the day when M. Paul-Boncour, in a particularly impercable uni-form, escorted me to the first-line trenches in Alsace; or the other when M. Henry de Jouvenel, receiving at Sainte Menehoulde

my application to go on to Verdun, at first my application to go on to constitutely refused, and then, returning from a consultation with the general of the division, said with a smile: "Are you really the author of The House of Mirth: If you are, the General says you shall have a pass; but for heaven's sake drive as fast on the road today." (It was on February 28, 1915, the day the French retook the heights of Vauquois, on the road to Ver-dun; and, as I have related in my book, we

actually witnessed the victorious assault from a garden at Clermont-en-Argonne.) The hurried noting of my impressions at the Front had a curious effect. It roused in me an intense longing to write at a mome an intense longing to write at a mo-ment when my mind was burdened with practical responsibilities, and my soul wrung with the dreadful anguish of the war. Even had I had the lesure to take up my story-telling I should have had no heart for it; yet I was tormented with a

Gradually my intellectual unrest so Gradually my intellectual unrest so-bered down into quiet activity. I began to write a short novel, Summer, as remote as possible in setting and subject from the scenes about me; and this occupation made my other tasks seem lighter. The tale was written at a high pitch of creative but amid a thousand interruption and while the rest of my being was steeped in the tragic realities of the war; yet I do intensity the inner scene, or the creatures peopling it

THE liberty to write, however, was sel-dom to be achieved during those ter-rible years, and it was not till 1917 that I had my only real holiday, in the shape of a month in Morocco. General Lyautey, then Resident General, had held since 1914, in one or another of the Moroccan cities, ar annual industrial exhibition, designed to ects the fact that the war she was carrying on in no way affected her norms activities. To these exhibitions, which were carried out with the greatest taste and intelligence, the Resident invited a certain number of guests from the allied and neutral countries. I was among those who were asked to visit the exhibition at Rabat; and General Lyautev carried his a three weeks' motor tour of the colons The brief enchantment of this journey through a country still completely un-touched by foreign travel, and almost destitute of roads and hotels, was like a burst of sunlight between storm clouds. I returned from it to the crushing gloom of the last dark winter, to the night which mber, and I had no time to set down when it appeared in a volume called

One evening at the end of July, 1918, I was sitting with a friend in my drawing-room in the Rue de Varenne, when our talk was suddenly interrupted by the un-wonted sound of a distant cannonade. We

FOUR years of war had mured Parisians to every sound connected with air raids, from the boom of warning marcons to the smashing roar of bombs. The Rue de Varenne was close to the Chamber of Deputies, to the Ministries of War and of

maroon, from sirplane nor from the throat of the dark Walkyrie; it was the level throb of distant artillery, a sound with Curiously enough, while the firing along the Front was often distinctly audible on the Front was often distinctly audible on the south coast of England, and some-times, I believe, at certain points in Surrey, and though (Continued on Page 54)

Twin Angel Food Cakes

(8 m 10 ere white) 1 cap alled Swans Down I teaspoon or Cake Floor IN caps alled I cap egg white K teaspoon va

14 tempoon silt 14 tempoon almond en 2 tablesmoons Baker's Breakfast Cooss 2 albaques Bales' Resident Coces

Si for over, messare, and the four next incess Bales age white
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They heat up lighter and more easily when at room temperature and give increased farmers and drillings of transve to angel foods (dil measurements are level.) Recipe for Standard Angel Food—for regular-size tin—in given on each package of Swans Down Cake Flour. Swans Down is a product of General Foods.



Perfect Angel Fooda perfect snap to make!



"With Swans Down Angel Food, I won first prize at the Festival Cake Contest in Oberlin, Ohio."

Mrw Samuel Wragg.

* SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR MAKES AMERICA'S CHAMPION CAKES



... but you can't get cake like this with ordinary flour!

Maybe you've longed to try your hand at Angel Foodand haven't quite dared. Maybe you have tried-and sad things happened. Maybe

you've said, "I'm just unlucky!" Lady, forget it! There's no luck to it-if you

use the right flour. And here's a grand and novel recipe to prove it. Make up this recipe-follow it exactly-use Swans Down

Cake Flour. And out of your oven take two gorgeous Angel Food cakes! Chocolate Angel Food-and snowwhite Angel Food-both from this one simple recipe. So fairy-light and tender-they look like puffs of cloud. One delicious bite and you'll feel like singing-"All my Angel Food got wings."

Yes, flour-and flour alone-can make all that difference! With ordinary flour you'd never ser that wispy lightness—that feathery perfection. You simply couldn't because . .

Ordinary flours contain a tough, elastic gluten-excellent for slow yeast leavens, but much too resistant for the egg whites and other "quick" leavens used in cake. But Swans Down is made from special soft winter wheat that contains a tender gluten. A gluten so delicate it responds perfectly to light cake leavens.

What's more, Swans Down is 27 times finer than ordinary flour. It gives you better cake every time you bake. It makes the simplest economy cakes say nice extravagant things about you. Get Swans Down Cake Flour at your grocer's today!



Frances Lee Barson, GENERAL FOODS, Battle Ceeks, Mish,

Bischood is 50: (75: in Comple) for which I may to receive two angel food parts, as libertraced doug of "New Cale-Secrets,"

Exclused is 50:, for which I am to receive a copy of "New Cale-Secrets,"

Cale Secrets.

costs."

th the bargain you prefer. We'll pay the postage.)



Tune in on General Foods Baking Day Every Thursday Morning. See Local Papers for Time of Broadcast.



That's why the serving or the in variety is a vogue—it's downright fascinating! Two or three kinds for the family . . . a whole trayful of delicious varieties for a party.

When you make your selections, he sure to choose from Kraft - the appreciate your discoveries.

THAT'S why the serving of cheeses world leader in the production and distribution of fine cheeses. At the nearest up-to-date food store

there is an assortment of the famous Kraft Cheeses ready for you to explore. Do it very soon, Your "Henry" will

Here's an interesting assortment:

The delightfully sharp Xraft Creamed Old English. " Dhiladahia" Recod Crease Cheer, conswer white guaranteed fresh. Kraft American with full, natural flavor. And the nut-sweet Kraft Swiss. All these cheeses are pasteurized . . . like milk . . . for your protection.





Many Kraft parieties also come in loaf form. If you buy cheese from a loaf, ask to see the name Kraft on the foil wrapper!

Core. 1834 by Kraft-Phenix Cheme Corp.

(Continued from Page 52) it was familiar to Continued from Page 52) It was familiar to dwellers in the southwestern suburbs of arine teached the city itself At any rate it was new to my guest and to me, and wi sprang up and rushed to a song window opening on a balcony. There we stood and listened to the far-off namor, resolute, anbroken, portentous; and suddenly my "It's the opening of Foch's big

Some three months later on a husb November day, another unwonted soun called me again to the same balcony. The quarter I lived in was so quiet in those quarter I lived in was so quiet in those hatthee few accords disturbed it but now attes, rew sounds disturbed it; but now Sainte Clotilde

inte Clotiste. I went to the balcony, and all the expectant hush we heard, one after an-other, the hells of Paris calling to one another: first those of our own quarter St. Thomas-d'Aquin, St. Louis-des-In-valides St François-Xavier St Sulvice St. Etienne-du-Mont, St. Séverin; then others more distant joining in from all ground the city's great periphery from Notre-Dame to the Sacré-Coeur, from the Louis-en-l'île to Notre-Dame de Passy gether in a crash of triumoh

W/E HAD fared so long on the thin dies of hone deferred that for a moment or two our hearts wavered and doubted Then, like the bells, they swelled to burst-ing and we knew the war was over ing, and we knew the war was over.
The war was over, and we thought we

were returning to the same world we had abruptly passed out of four years earlier. Perhaps it was as well that, at first we were sustained by that illusion My own feeling, I confess, was that I was tired—oh so tired! I wanted first of and beyond all to get away from Paris, away from streets and houses alto-sether and for always, into the country, or at least the near country of a Paris suburb.

In motoring out to visit a group of refugee colonies to the north of Paris. I had sometimes passed through a little village near In one of its little streets stood a quiet friends, who told me that she thought if might suit me. At that darkest moment of the spring of 1918 every house in the northern suburbs of Paris was to be their owners since the last German ad vance, for they were in the direct line of

the approach to Paris, and the little house also on Restha's trajectory. But when I had taken one look at the little house ir that it must be

THE way there now, alas, so disfigured by the of pear and apple trees were just bursting into bloom, and we seemed to pass through a rosy snowstorm reach what was own door. I say love with it in enite of its dirt and equalor and of a horrible giant araucaria which domin end of the war the little property was and a his old bitchen sarden as again—and a big old kitchen garden as old pool full of fat old goldfish; and silence and rest under his trees! It was a St. Martin's summer after the lone

THE little house has never failed me nce. As soon as I was settled in it naser realled writing and pardening and writing. From the day when — to the san-dal of the village!— I chopped down the giant araucaria until this moment, I have never ceased to worry and pet and dress up and smooth down my two or three and mud settle down on the Seine Valler for six months, I fly south to another thern territory is moist and deep with or at least to my enjoyment of them vacuire another chanter if not a book and needing that I had better mass on to

the other branch of my activity.

The brief ranture that came with the The brief rapture that came with the reseation of war—the blissful thought: 'Now there will be no more killing!' soon cave way to a growing sense of the and loss wrought by those four ir-

renerable years reparable years.

Death and mourning darkened the with them and mingled my private grief

My spirit was heavy with these bases but I could not sit still and broad over them. I wanted to put them into words, os I had lived them in Paris, with a new intensity of vision in all their fantastic heights and denths of self-devotion and ardor of pessimism, triviality and selfish-

A strade of the would at the year during m long war seemed to me worth doing, and as I pondered over it picture after picture rushed through my brain, and inally took shape in the tale of A Son at

BUT before I could settle down to the writing of this novel, before I could begin to deal objectively with the stored-up emotions of those years, I had to get away from the present altogether; and though 1 began planning and brooding over A Son at the Front in 1918 it was not finished until live years later. Meanwhile, I found a momentary escape

in going back to my childish memories of America, and wrote The Age of

showed it chapter by chap-ter to Walter Berry; and when But of course you people who will ever read it. We left who can report as they were

then, and nobody else will be interested." agreed with him



A salon facial at home? Easy as 12.3!



I CLEANSE D Your shin must be clean.

2 LUBRICATE TO Your skin must be smooth.

3 STIMULATE A Your skin must have life.

 Is it really possible to give your own face salon treatments? To have the same daily facial that's prescribed for famous beauties at Dorothy Gray's Fifth Avenue Salon? To have the supremely clear, fresh skin that only constant salon care can give?

Yes! For Dorothy Gray has made her Salon Facial to simple that any woman can give it to herself.

It doesn't take much time or cost much money. Do just three things. Use just three preparations. And watch how unbelievably soon your skin acquires that

This is the "1-2-3 Facial"

"salon-cared-for" look.

1. Cleanse. In the evening, use Dorothy Gray Cleansing Cream. It floats out deeply-embedded dirt. 2. Lubricate. Then, lubricate with one of Dorothy Gray's emollient creams. (Special Mixture for dry skins, Suppling Cream for normal and oily skins.) Pat it in; leave it on overnight, to make the skin soft and smooth. 3. Stimulate. Next morning, after cleansing again, pat on the lotion. (Orange Flower Skin Lotion for fine, dry skins; Texture Lotion for coarse pores and oily

skins.) This refines the pores, stimulates circulation. Do these three things regularly, for at least two weeks. Notice how your skin becomes clearer and clearer, softer and softer, gradually more radiant.

Now, So Easy to Have

You can buy the three essentials in the "1-2-3 Salon Facial" at any of the better cosmetic counters. But for women to whom salon care is a new adventure. Dorothy Gray offers a special "Salon Facial Package" at \$1. It contains generous sizes of all three preparations in the "1-2-3 Salon Facial."

The "Salon Facial Package" is on sale for only a limited time. There is one for dry, another for normal and oily skins. Why not get it today . . and learn how much fresher, smoother, more radiant your skin becomes with real salon care?

Have you some abnormal skin condition? Crépy throat? Eye wrinkles? Blackheads? Excessively oily skin? Dorothy Gray has a simple corrective preparation for every skin fault. At leading shops.

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SPECIAL ... AT YOUR FAVORITE SHOP Dorothy Gray

SALON FACIAL PACKAGE

The "Salon Facial Package" contains: 1. Cleansing Cream. 2. An emollient cream (Special Mixture for dry skins, Suppling Cream for normal and oily skins). 3. A stimulating lotion (Orange Flower Skin Lotion for dry, delicate skins; Texture Lotion for coarse pores and oily skins),



Dorothy Gray

Rest for Sick Lungs



"I am one of the lucky ones. Thanks to modern treatment, I was able to come home from the sanatorium months before I had expected. I am going back to work Monday."

REMENDOUS progress has been made during the past twenty years in reducing the loss of life from tuberculosis. This success has been the result chiefly of popular education and the development and use of modern methods of treatment.

Yet in spite of the progress made, this disease took more than 70,000 lives in this country last year. In the Usited States, tuberculosis is today the principal cause of death of persons between fifteen and forty-five years of age. The hope for further progress lies in an increasing recognition of the necessity for early diagnosis and in more extended use of modern treatment.

It is frequently difficult to diagnose tuberculosis in the early stages when the usual symptoms—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough—are absent. Often the only way to detect tuberculosis is by means of X-ray or fluoroscope. The sooper the diagnosis is made,

the greater is the opportunity for proper treatment to bring about recovery.

Of the four factors in modern treatment—rest, sunshine, fresh air and proper nourishment—the chief one is rest. Medical science has discovered several ways of aiding Nature, when advisable, through artificial methods for resting an infected lung. The method used depends upon the particular case.

Pneumothorax treatment (lung collapsing), together with other kindred methods, concentrates rest where

it will do the greatest good
—in the sick lung. The
relief from continuous
motion and irritation due
to breathing or coughing
enables the resting lung to
heal more rapidly.

The majority of cases of tubercollosis can be arrested when prompt action is taken and the four items of treatment—sunshine, fresh air, proper nourishment and REST—are faithfully and continually observed under medical care.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 54) 'was—to be one of my rare best sellers! It appeared at an hour when the world was instructively longing for escape from the nightmare of the last years, as I had been; and this fact, no doubt, helped to make the book

fact, no doubt, helped to make the book popular.

Meanwhile I still had the writing fever on me; and the next outbreak came in 1922, when I published Glimpses of the Moon, a still further flight from the last grim years, though its setting and situation

were ultramodern.

After that I settled down to A Son at
the Front, and although. I had waited
so long to begin it the book was written in a white heat of emotional energy,
and I think it may live as a picture of
that strange war wold of the rear, visualized in all its unnatural sharpeess of
outline and overheightening of color.

AFTER the appearance of A Son at the Front I intended to take a long holiday—perhaps to cease from writing altogether.

It was growing more and more evident

gether.

It was growing more and more evident
that the world I had grown up in and
been formed by had been destroyed in
1914, and I felt myself incapable of getting the new world into the perspective
necessary to transmute raw experience into

Gardening, reading and travel seemed the only occupations left to me; and during the first years after the war I did a good deal of all three.

Wears earlier, the reading of M. Joseph Wears earlier, the reading of M. Joseph Bédier's famous book, Les Légendes Epiques, had roused in me a longing to follow the medieval pilgrims across the Pyreness to the glorious siturio of Compostela, and after the war this desire was two new books. Mr. Kingley Porter's Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Roads, and Miss Georgina King's The

And the second of the second o

de Compostela we found that our expectations had not been pitched high enough! Perhaps because this was the first journey of any length which. I had made since the output of the pitched high enough the pitched to compostela a few years later, over smooth roads; and without the excitement of plunging into the unknown, the strunge grandeur of that isolated city of palaces great church which dominates them, in-

pressed me more deeply than ever, and I rank Compostela not far behind Rome in the mysterious power of drawing back the traveter who has once seen it.

These and other happy wanderings have been the high lights of the last years; when I turn from them to the other aspects of

my lite the sey duracts of one dear friend. The disaspearance oways be the chief sadness of a life dependent on a few close personal ties. Such losses seem doubly polgrant in the brave new world predicted in Aldous Huxley's bitter satire, and already here in its main elements—a world in which so many sources of peace and joy are already dried up that the few maining distalt a more presertating sweet-

THE world is a welter and has always been one; but though all the cranks and the theorists cannot master the old floundering monster, or force it for long into any of their neat plans of readjustment, here and there a saint or a genius suddenly sends a little ray through the universal fog, and helps humanity to stumble on,

The welter is always there, and the present generation hears close undefloot the growing of the volcano on which ours danced so long; but in our individual lives, though the years are sad, the days have a way of being jurblant. Life is the saddest thing there is, next to death; yet there are advays new countries to see, new books to always new countries to see, new books to always new countries to see, new books to little daily wonders to marvel at and rejoice in, and those magical moments when the mere discovery that "the wood spurge has a cup of three" brings not despair but

The visible world is a daily miracle for those who have eyes and ears; and I still warm my hands thankfully at the old fire, though every year it is fed with the dry wood of more old memories.

(THE END)

Girls-Plan Now for Spring Spending!

NOT so very long ago, Ann Vicary (see post Girls Clab!

Our Girls Clab!

Then she read about it . . . (just as you are doing) . . . was interested, and sent for our plan. Now she says proudly:

our plan. Now she says proudly:

"I've carned \$19.00 and a \$5.00 price in the Club.
Of all the prizes, I like money best, because you can
buy with it just what you want. I've spent mine
mostly for clothes."

You'll feel just as happy as Ann when you hear all about our wonderful, earning Club!
"One of the many things I have to be thankful for is your Club. It has done wonders for me," Carolyn C. writes joyfully.

Hundreds of other girls tell us of the money they've earned . . . the prizes they've won! How proud they are to wear the beautiful Club nin!

Club pin!
Why not join this jolly band of earners?
Before you realize it, you'll have the pin and
be putting dollars in your purse besides. Write
now for information and supplies. No charge
and no obligation. Just address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB LADIES' HOME JOURNAL 335 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA





Be vital ... radiant

new dietetic research says this fruit is an important daily aid

Don't envy those radiant, glowing people who have discovered the joy-of-living! Strive for this same glorious vitality, this same carefree charm. And remember: the lack of certain essential elements in your diet can rob you of your vital aliveness.

Here dietetic research comes to our aid with this important discovery! From one fruit, Canned Pineapple-with its exotic, tropical flavor, its golden-ripe fragranceyou can secure all the health factors listed here. The nutritional elements your body must have as aids to perfect health, true

Tests show you can get these factors from a regular daily serving of two slices or an equal portion in a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits.

Canned Pineapple is economical-four helpings from a single large can. And it is available everywhere, at soda fountains, on trains and steamships, in hotels and restaurants. Start your daily serving today! (The scientific findings reported here are

covered in detail in a professional booklet of interest to medical and dietetic groups, Copies are available to individuals in these fields.) Educational Committee, Pineapple Pro-

ducers Cooperative Association, Ltd., 100 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

> The proper daily serving is a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits—or 2 slices, Healthful,

too, in salads or desserts.

FOLLOW THE NEWEST DIETETIC

A daily serving of Canned Pineapple does all these things for you

Speeds the Digestive Process

Helps You Resist A good source of Infections

Kidney Function kidneys in their mark of eliminar

Teeth and Bones

Normal Growth | growth-promote | Reg | Financia | B

Aids in Preventing Acidosis Contribates effectively to the alkalishity of the blood

For daily use, Conned Pincapple is recommended. Canning processes cause a beneficial change of dietetic importance.

INEAPPLE

"I fall in *Love* with her all over again every day!"

says Mr.A.D. Mackintosh, of Philadelphia, Pa.



says Mrs. A.D. Mackintosh

HAPPY THE WOMAN who can keep her husband in love with her!

Mrs. Mackintosh is wise enough to realize that just as loveliness first wins a man, it is loveliness that holds him.

"It seemed very reasonable to me that if the movie stars could grow loveliet every year, I could, too, if I used abir beauty care," says this lovely matron. "I started using Lux Toilet Soap the way they do. It has not only improved my skin but keeps it exquisitely smooth and young-looking!

"I made up my mind that I would not let the new responsibilities of married life make me forget the things that first attracted my husband. That's why I'm never going to be without this beauty

PRECIOUS ELEMENTS IN THIS SOAP, SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN-

Here's why Lux Toilet Soap is such a wonderful sid to besury. Science has demonstrated that Lux Toilet Soap actually contains elements. With time, the skin gardaully loset sheep perclour, natural elements. Lux Toilet Soap checks their loss from the skin. This gentle, readily souther soap has eye seen sure; completely souther soap has eye seen sure; completely wood start use if Keep yow skin young looking —start today to use fragator, white Lux Toilet Lux Toilet Lux Toilet



Lux Toilet Soap*

For EVERY Type of Skin ... dry ... oily ... "in-between"



THE SUB-DEB

EDITED BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

I sent a letter to my love. I dropped it! . .

IF GENTUS burns for you in the midnight hours and you sit up late penning a passionate epistle by the light of a guttering candle—do lay it aside to cool off until morning before you seal it up. Read it again before you poke it into the

Many a girl has sent a letter to her love and her love has dropped her! And all because she let romance and distance and absence make her heart grow fonder, and her wita Unless you don't mind getting tripped up, write

your letters in broad daylight. If you're burning with love or boiling with hate—practically the same emotion-sit down and write it all out of

wour system. Then tear up your letter! Here's the technic of letters that get where they're goin Know when to stop. A letter that goes on and on gets nowhere. A letter that stops up in the air, on a question,

or a secret, or a mystery, will get a quick reply. Den't worry too much about commas and semicolons and spelling. Some folks just automatically spell correctly; others, including a lot of famous people, never can spell. It's a gift. A girl I know who writes the breeziest, gayest, crammed-full-of-news letters you ever read, can't spell worth a nickel. When she gets stuck on a word she under-

lines it. It's generally understood among her friends that that means, "If you don't like the way I spell this, spell it A letter that's worth its stamp should interest the one at the receiving end. Your dates with other boys don't interest him. The local swimming meet will. The play at school; what mutual friends have been up to; the scavenger party where you won the prize for bringing in the funniest object. Anything that you know will interest him is grist for your

mill. But make it amusing. Let your sense of humor work overtime. Be cheerful and happy. Remember your letter Be noncommittal about your feelings too. Don't tell too much. Never revealing. What you write down may be

used against you! And the way you throw a letter together may be used against you too. Your stationery, your handwriting, your ink, your margins. Let "Nest, concise and easy to read" The new stationery will do your letters credit. Paper in

white, ivory, buff, gray or pale blue is in the best taste and your ink should harmonize with it. But for monograms you can go as brilliant as you want. Emerald green, car-dical red marine blue. They're wild and nermy. One of the new papers comes in two colors, one on each side of the sheet -- blue and white with navy border, gray and white with red border, and buff and white with brown border.

When they're folded they're quite tricky. The new weaves are stunning, too—one has arrows all over it

When you're old and famous and quite dead, and people are digging out your letters from old scrapbooks to be included in a three-hundred-word history of your lifehow will your letters look and sound?

THE LAST ROUND-UP The time is rolling around when you Juniors want to

break all records in entertaining the Seniors. No good old prom ideas will do -- and you prom committees are probably racking your brains for a new one. Well, we're quite up to our usual form with ideas, so here's one: The Last Round-Up. Write your invitations on silhouettes of "ten-gallon" hats, bidding the class of "34 show up at The Last Round-Up at the Blank High School Rancho on April fifth at sixthirty. Decorate the hall or gym with Indian blankets, quirts, lariats and other cowboy equipment. You can transform the walls into the log walls of a cabin with wrapping paper and paint. Make a huge fireplace at one

-also of paper You might use old-fashioned checked-paper tablecloths and tin cups and pie tins for dishes. For centerpieces, dress clothespins to look like cowboys and arrange them around a fire with the chuck wagon drawn up near by. Nut cups could be inverted sombreros. Pen-and-ink sketches of brong bosters or cut-out cowhove will serve as place cards The favors might be stick candy wrapped in crêpe paper with a braided thong attached like a quirt. A silhouette of a bucking horse or a cowboy could be painted on the menu

and program covers. Your toast list might include such topics as The Last Round-Up, The First Branding, Broncs, The Big Rodeo.

A quartet might sing cowboy ballads. A cowboy orchestra might perform on harmonicas and kazoos. And maybe you could get the whole crowd to join in a square dance as a novelty number. I'm sure this last round-up can't help being the best round-un.

I'M ASKING YOU!

Am I dreaming, or is it really true that Sub-Deb Clubs are popping up so thick and fast all over the country? Here I sit chained to my desk, thinking up new ideas and answer rist changes to my near, timining up new meas and answer-ing your letters, when I'm bursting to take a grand tour and visit you all. Your letters are the next best thing. So you clubs that haven't already seported to headquarters, get a move on. Here's what I want to know: Name of your club, and address.

Number of members, their ages and names. Name of president and secretary Where and how often you hold your meetings.

Dues, if any, and how much.

What program are you working on?

What special activities are you interested in? Get your secretary to write me all. Don't forget the

squabbles, if any. And your parties, and the boys, and what your family thinks about your club. Take a group snapshot of your club and send it to me. You girls who haven't already organized a Sub-Deb Club don't know what fun you're missing. Get your gang to-gether and get started. Let me help!

YOU'RE ASKING ME?

I had a letter from a Sub-Deb the other day who was confused, confounded, not to mention upset, by a nice little point of etiquette. Here it is: "If four of us are riding on the front seat of a coupé, and I have to sit in my date's lap or get drenched in the rumble seat-who gets in first, he or I? What's the etiquette?"

Here's what I wrote back: "If you're going to occupy a precarious perch on a lad's bony knees, let him get them organized. When legs and gears and brakes are all sorted out, when all's quiet on the front seat-then it's your turn. Look the situation over, then place one foot confidently where you're resonably sure you won't find another foot Ease yourself into the broadest expanse of lap you can find Then don't wiggle. Those bony knees are as uncomfortable as you are. Particularly if they're sunburned."

All of which leads me to believe that it's high time we

had a new Sub-Deb's Book of Etiquette. There are lots of mportant questions that we ought to settle right now The right and wrong way to acknowledge a snub. What to do when your girl friend makes the "third," To freeze out or beam upon a boy who stands you up? The cash problem. How to introduce a crowd to a crowd. What to say when a boy asks, "May I kiss you good night?"

The new ETIQUETTE BOOK, No. 1141, has all the answers. If you don't want to be a back number, send a three-cent stamp to the Reference Library, LADES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for your copy.



A joyous Easter, ladies!



HERE'S A FINER HAM + THE OVENIZED HAM

OU DON'T PARBOIL IT!





THIS Easter you can serve baked ham that is tenderer, richer in flavor, more delicious than ever before . . . yet is actually more easily prepared! Prepared, indeed, without

You can do this if you buy Swift's Premium. For Premium, now Ovenized, is marvelously mild and render. Oveniging, Swift's special method of smok-

ing hams in ovens, has perfected the results of the famous mild Premium cure. Has developed a delicacy of texture and smooth richness of So it is absolutely unnecessary for you to parboil this kind of ham. Just bake it, according to the instructions at the right. Or, if you buy a center slice, simply fry or broil it without parhoiling.

You'll find, honestly and truly, that the ham you prepare this easier way is a finertasting ham. Just try it and see how the compliments shower down!

But be sare that the ham is Swift's Premium. That's essential for success. Every Swift's Premium Ham is Ovenized. No other kind is. Swift & Company, Purveyors of Fine Foods.

Add a. cups of water, and cover the rosater.

2. Bake in a slow oven (145%), allowing a 1 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; 35 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 11. lb.) hams on balf hams.

1. When ham is done, remover from oven. Lift off ind. Score surface and doe with cloves; rolb with mixture of 56 cup brown sagar and a thep. flour. Brown. overed., for a minutes in a moderate own (up).









SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON ALSO IS OVENIZED

NEW TENDERNESS . NEW RICHNESS OF FLAVOR

It's Ovenized

No Hope, Gentlemen!

haven't been able to finish a sentence in a month. My wife lived in a big house beto her father, Mr. Horace Sid-He went on talking for two hours, and this is his story. He's very prominent in his city, Mr

Siddles. I went there to work a year ag because my father has a branch office there. Well, I began to go here and there ement, and three months ago, at a dinner, I met Lois Siddles. Right in the middle of the meal something clicked, my past fell away from me, and the lightning hit. I told her then and there, and how she laughed! It seems her brothers had told her about me, and she knew every trick I had pulled since I left school. Well, after a month of hard labor by me, she said "Yes," and I suggested we run out to a church and get married.
"My apartment." I explained. "is big I explained, "is big

for two, and I've got a good man who will wait on you just dandy, and with my car and some new wall paper we can start right in having ourselves lots of fun-

THE screams she emitted could have heen heard in London, and when she quieted down to verbal argument, I began to realize that a wedding has rules. We couldn't be married for two months, because she just couldn't get ready, and we couldn't possibly live in my flat because ly no one lived in that part of town. There were a thousand things to be done, and the family would have a fit, and my dear, if there was one thing a girl loved it was her own wedding. I would have nothing to do but look after the ushers; wouldn't even have to pay for the wed ding trip. Daddy always gave his children ding trip. Leavy sinvays gave in consense a check for a wedding trip to Europe. "But I don't want to go to Europe," I said, "I'm sick of Europe. It rains there, and they don't like Americans, and we

"t be able to get a decent game." She
"What game?" and I said "Golf,"
she said, "Oh, listen, we're not going and she said, "Oh, listen, we're not going to have a golfer's honeymoon; we're going to start our life together amidst the beauto start our life together amidst the beau-tiful things that have come down to us through the ages. You know nothing about art or architecture or literature, darling; and I'm just going to drag you around Europe, and educate you." I said, "You are no," and she said, "Well, I'm not going to Bermuda or White Sulphur Literature becomes the control. or Pinehurst, because those dumps are crammed with girls I know all sizing up my clothes, and I haven't been to Paris since I was in school there, and I never got any place at night.

Well, we quarreled, and I left her crying, and the next morning I went right up to the house, and gave in, and her mother said, as she was rushing out of the house to go to a committee meeting, "You two children stay engaged long enough to give me your wedding lists; we'll have to see about the invitations right away, and everything. I won't be home for lunch."

THAT'S the kind of a mining one,
Deceptive, in that they were always on the fly, always going somewhere and organizing something, seeming to leave you free, but all home together, in action united, when a fundamental matter of policy was to be decided. The family conpolicy was to be decided. The farmity con-sisted of Mr. Siddles, the industrial mag-nate and fond progenitor; Mrs. Siddles, the modern mother and card sharper; the married daughter, Mrs. Joe Curtain, whose husband was unemployed, so they home with two babies, for whom were home with two bables, no whom Mrs. Curtain ran a nursery school in the cellar; Ronny Siddles, the clder son, who worked for daddy, but was writing a novel; Tony Siddles, who was twenty-three, and worked in a bank, and was supposed to be wild; and the two young sisters, Lannie and Fay, our bridesmaids

These last two had been finished by Harper did not listen, "Let me talk. I some school, and any ordinary set of par-ents would have had the doctor in to examine their minds. It wasn't that the never finished a sentence-life in the Sid dles house would not permit thatthe way they went on. They shared a room, but had two telephones to handle

room, but had two telephones to handle dates, one by each bed, and each was always coming downstairs, screaming, "Murmay, she's taken my groen dress to Princeton. Honestly, I'm going to kill her! This time I'll surely kill her." "Go on," I said, the last week I was there, "kill her. Kill her good," And Mrs. Siddles glarred at me, and asked me please

WELL, you should have heard what this family, all home together for dinner did to my plans for a quiet wedding and quick retreat to my flat. Their conversational tactics were bewildering, until you got on to their technic; they just see would fly without squad formation, up and down pot on to their technic; they just let w the table, landing as they chose on any listening ear. No one listened, no one let finish, no one answered

At the head of the table, Mr. Siddles said that my apartment home had been a splendid investment originally; that Sol Rosenthal had got the land at a good price, but that the debentures had been ismanaged by O'Callaghan and O'Brien and that there was talk last week that the Mechanics and Masons would have to take over the second mortgage, which the McGuffey estate had taken over when young McGuffey shot himself.

At the other end of the table Mrs. Siddies shouted at me that she would not hear of her Lois living there because once she, Mrs. Siddles, had penetrated my building's interior to solicit someone for the community chest, and she had seen a most peculiar woman slipping a pass-key into the apartment of a well-known backelor. Just as I was about to insist that I was not that rake, she went on to say the

elevator boy had been impertinent that the proximity of the city jail made 'But there's a ten-foot wall What you ought to have," Ronny was

mying, "is a house in the country and 'I don't ride." I velled.

SAW Claire Rinehart," screamed Fay "She's got the darlingest apartment the Tuileries, out near the insane asylum. She wants you two the "I hate Claire's new haircut, dum She wants you two to -Lannie. "My dear, gobs and gobs of ears. Every time I see that girl I think of rab-

My dear -"I don't see," was Mrs. Curtain's theme, "why you don't remodel a farm-house. I have a friend in Ipswich who has the most precious

"If you're going to buy, Harper," Mr. Curtain was advising, "buy quickly. Then with inflation you'll have something. They All this may not sound so loony to you

but, remember, everybody said all these things at once, and went right on with his or her theme, over and over, as an chestra goes on with a symphony. was the only one who sat and ate his food and never talked, and then got up after dinner and went off somewhere. Now the family thought something was wrong with him, but they never had time to worry about it. Fay said he was stuck up, was introspective, and Mrs. Siddles asked me if I had ever seen him drunk. I never saw him anywhere, so I could say no with-

Well, almost every night after that, I had the headache en famille. When I was alone with Lois, (Continued on Page 63)



Is it fair to blame the child

The real reason for her poor appetite, high strung disposition, and loss of weight may be something you can help control!

Don't deny your child the help she may need to regain her appetite! Try now to build up her weight and overcome her nervous habits! Manychildren who would be sweet-

tempered and easy to feed, are made cross and rebellious by a neglected, unsatisfied need! They do not get enough of the important factor needed to stimulate appetite - Vitamin B!

Unwillingness to eat may be the only sign of this lack at first, But mothers cannot afford to let the deficiency grow. The child should be given an extra amount of Vitamin B every day. There's an easy

E. R. Squiss & Sons, Dept. L64, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me sumple of Chocolate

enclose 10s to cover the cost of pack-ing and mailing.

means now of providing this daily supplement. A delicious

about your child's weight when her appetite im-proves. She'll very quick-ly put on extra pounds. drink supplies it - Squibb Chocolate flavored Vitavese. Three heaping teaspoonfuls added to a glass of milk give children as much Vitamin B as a whole quart of milk. When the child commences to eat

normally again, she looks better. Her weight, too, steadily increases. Mothers do not have to coax, plead, and scold. Begin to give your child this health-

promoting food drink now! Have her drink it with her meals or after school every day. Squibb's Chocolate flavored Vitavose may be obtained at any reliable drug store. Ask for it today. Don't confuse this appetite drink with chocolate flavorings!....When you first try Gliocolate flavored Vitavose, it may seem like other powders and syrups you have used to improve the taste of your child's milk. But it is much more than a flavoring! The additional elements this milk drink supplies-Vitamin B and important minerals-are what benefit your child. Rememher this - and in preference to mere flavor-

ounds.	ings, give your child Chocolate Vitavos
	A delicious appetite building milk drink for the child who won't eat
CHO	Freduced, tested, and guaranteed by E.H. Squibbe Sres, nounfacturing change in the medical profession since 2850

The reasons women give for preferring Camels

Women seem to want three things in a cigarette-that it doesn't make their nerves jumpy, that it is mild without being flat, and that it has a smooth, fine flavor they don't tire of. That is why they like Camels so

well. "I never tire of Camels' taste nor do they get on my nerves," says Mrs.

J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd. "Camels certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," comments Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

"The taste of Camels is always delicious," says Mrs. James Russell Lowell, "and they never get on my nerves which I consider important."

Of course it is important. No one wants jangled nerves. Smoke Camels and you will appreciate why Camel pays millions more for its tobaccos.

they are rich and mild and don't make me nervous." MRS. POWELL CAROT

Washington "I thoroughly enjoy smoking a

Camel - it relaxes me - and I don't tire of their taste."

MRS. HAMILTON FISH, JR.

Camels because I never get tired of their smooth, rich flavor." MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN. II

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER. MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

TODAY

und from Pose 611 (Continued from Page She has quieting, so ge oz) it went away.

r executive ability.

In a week we had rented a Cotswold manor house in the Tudor Park dev ment, two houses from that of Lois' best friend, Maidy Yates, who was simply too thrilled for words. Now I had never seen Maidy or her husband before but Lois mandy or ner nuscano before, but Los said that they were divine, and would be relanded to have handy when we wanted

splendid to have handy when we wanted a bridge game on cold winter evenings. I collapsed and said O. K.

To the assembled family I hazarded, "What about furniture? My mother in San Francisco fias a barnful of family heirlooms she wants us to have. I can wire

Mrs. Söddles said, "My dear boy, don't do anything until I have had a chance to do anything until I have had a those old nieces are so mammoth. I know those old pieces are so mammoth. I know every bargain in every shop in this city, and I want you young things to profit by

my — "I would have everything modern," put in Mrs. Curtain. "Why don't you get one of those modern decorators? Elise Adair. my dear, did, and he turned out to be the most attractive — "
"Lucy Windsor," said Lannie, "has
the darlingest bedroom in three shades of

peach."

"Buy what you want in a hurry," said

Mr. Curtain, faithful to his obsession:
"prices are shooting up." prices are shooting up.

Mr. Siddles said it was terrible what the Mr. Siddles said it was terrible what the depression has done to the furniture deal-

ers: the Mechanics and Masons was tak-TF I HAD told this tribe that my mother IF I HAD told this tribe that my mouner owned the Venus de Milo, they would not have listened. However, I wired

not have instened. However, I wireta they came I stored the boxes in the garage of our new home, hoping that Lois would rush out to unpack, but she never got time. There they sit today.

Don't blame Lois, for she was always

on the run, racing from luncheon bridges dinner parties. You will find, Bill, wh you become engaged that the velocity of tion to the imminence of your wedding among hostesses; the mere sight of them incites another party. I never was alone
with Lois: if she got into my car I had to if we sat down in her living room we were interrupted by committees of her rela-tives, fascinated by our wedding and its

attendant problems attendant problems.

This fascination leaped from the inner circle of Siddleses into the phalanxes of uncles and aunts, who offered suggestions about wedding presents, wedding trips, about wedding presents, wedding trips, wedding guests, houses, interior decora-tions, babies and parties. They took their toll from my nervous strength, but I came blows with Lois' Great-aunt Daisy This powerful woman not only attempted This powerful woman not only attempted to steal the management of our wedding, but, when I resisted, told Lois' mother that she was sure I was the young man she had heard awful things about years ago in New Haven, where a dear friend of

WELL, Mrs. Siddles tossed these re-ports at me, and I said that no one could say anything about me that was not true, but that if I could be let alone to marry har durling Lois I would promise marry her darning loss, i would promise not to do anything so awful as to murder Great-aunt Daisy, or to disappear the night before the wedding. Mrs. Siddles

night before the wedding. Mrs. Siddles said that she personally had no proof, and Lois seemed to be happy; could I not, for the sake of peace, give in, and let Great-aunt Daisy, who was so rich, have her way about our wedding? I said nope.

This was Great-aunt Daisy's plan. A rich widow, the energy she would have expended in bossing her husband was unleasted upon the community, Willy-ailly, leasted upon the community, Willy-ailly, she had plastered the city with new trees and parks, given prizes for artistic trash --- and bullied eltipage to attend out door concerts when they would have pr One of her whims was an outdoor theater, enormous mansion, where local talent gave performances, but not often, because of mosquitoes, and the healthy reluctance of people to sit outdoors at night for the

sake of had art. Well, the minute she heard that Lois and I were one, she or "You can be married at sunset in the emphitneater, she commanded. trees, separate above the brook, and re

form to wait for the bridal couple on each side of the oak tree. What a beau sight, my dears, and how happy should be, to be segainting your love against beautiful Nature, instead of in some stuffy room, or in a church prosti-tuted for a fashion display. Now I must tuted for a fashson display. Now 1 must write down the date, so that the grass will be in perfect condition!"

"DON'T bother, Great-aunt Daisy," 1
said. "We're not going to be wearing
out your sod."
"What do you mean?" she barked.

"What do you mean?" she barked.
"Harper, darling," said Lois, "keep
calm. Aunt Daisy, I don't know whether
the bridesmaids would like walking
through the woods. They wear such high They would certainly trin neess. They would certainly trip."
"They would break their necks," I said, "and sae you. It will rain, and the wedding guests will claim damages too. Picture the best people in their best

clothes acrambling through the bushes to their motors, and my bride and me run-ning uphill for shelter. No, Aunt Daisy, it is my wedding, and will be run off in my

way."
"What is your way, young man?" the old lady demanded, snorting anger.
"This is the ideal wedding," s "One fine morning I telephone Lois, 'I'll he up around ten o'clock with the minbe up around ten o'clock with the min-ister, and let's be married.' She says, 'Make it ten-thirty; I'm doing my nails.' I say, 'O. K. Tell your family, and I'll tell mine, except that mine is in California and can't come, which makes fewer pro-So I and a minister go up to

pie. So I and a minister go up to the house; we get married; we go off on our wedding trip; and Lois' family calls up-everyone and says, What do you think? Those two were married this morning. Come on over for some bridge. Oh, no, we're not tired. We didn't even move a choir!" Von have odd ideas, young man,

said the downer

"OH, HARPER, you are n dreamer,"
said my bride-to-be. "Aunt Daisy,
it's too sweet of you, and I would just
love it, but mother has all the plans love it, but mother has all the plans made for a big church wedding, and we should talk with her."

We escaped without signing a contract, but Aunt Daisy was cross about it. She was in love with our wedding staged in her

Lois and I rode home together. "Why, said Lois, "must you keep telling every-one you don't want a soul at our wedding?

one you don't want a soul at our wedding? You sound so queer!"
"I am queer," I said. "Why, because a man and woman decide to unite their lives, should this excitement begin? The cown marry without all this fuss, as do the bees,

the insects, the fish and the worms. Open your mind to biology ——"
"I won't be lectured to," said Lois. 'Now, have you got your ushers?

"I don't want any ushers."
"But what will the people do at the ceremony?"
"They're not morons. Can't they find

seats for themselves?"
"Oh Harner." she moaned, and, stop ping the car, began to weep. "Honestly, I can't go ahead fighting every point with a madman. We'd better call it all off." Have you ever seen a pretty girl cry?
I hope not. This is the way I stopped her tears: I said, "Let me have the date tears: I said, "Let me have the date clearly in my mind, the number of ushers



Reides were honnets and hustles dresses took "sards and pards" of silk when HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM made its first appearance, 59 years ago. What a multitude of styles have come and gone since then! But through every changing whim of fashion, the women of three generations have clung to HINDS. They say it is best for prompt relief from painful soreness, chapping-for bringing lasting loveliness to red rough hands

Soothes-protects-beautifies

HINDS does more than give the hands a mere "surface finish" that soon disappears. It is a rich cream in liquid form—a fragrant, healing blend of soothing balms that penetrate deeply. HINDS relieves soreness almost instantly. It softens and enriches the skinprotects against the harsh, drying, aging effects of cold winds, steam-heated air and housework,

Rub a little HINDS on your hands after they've been in water, after exposure and always at night, You'll marvel at the comfort this simple care brings. the new softness and smoothness of your hands Get HINDS from your druggist today. Now obtainable in a new 25¢ size as well as the regular sizes. The bottles are new

and colorful, but the famous HINDS formula is unchanged.

TUNE IN on the HALL of FAME Radio Program, presenting celebrities of of FAME Radio Program, presenting celebrities of opera, stage and screen. Every Sunday evening at 10:30 E. S. T. over WEAF and associated network stations at corresponding hours in a coast-to-coa



GOOD NEWS for every woman who wants a clear, radi-ant complexion! Hinds also ant composition: frincis also makes a liquefying Cleansing Cream just like those used by expensive Beauty Salons but priced so moderately every woman can afford it. Ask your drug gist for Hinds Cleansing Cream It melts at skin temper ature; floats out dirt leaves the skin soothed refreshed,clean.404,656

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Motorists Wise SIMON17 KEEPS CARS BEAUTIFUI

you need for your audience, and I'll se-cure them. I'll be wherever you say at the appointed time, but don't mention well-ding again. I'm losing my mind."
"'Darling," she said, wiping her eyes,

"Darling," she said, wiping her eyes, and resuming her position as executive chairman of our wedding, "if you would lose it completely, and not think until after the ceremony, everything would go off so much more comfortably. It is you acting like Voltaire in our midst that is

acting like Volthire in our midst that is giving us all the jitters."

So I subsided. After many family con-sultations over the danger of insulting rich Great-aunt Daisy, it was decided to stick to the well-roofed church. A simple ceremony with a maid of honor, a matron of honor, two flower girls, six bridesmaids and trustee where was voted upon and

I don't know twelve men I can trust."

Do ushers steal things?" asked Lois. I explained that an usher was not a ian, but a force of nature out of control. "These friends of mine are normal, clean-living fellows, but separated from ordinary restraints, transported to a strange city where an accomplice of their youth is being married, their lust for excitement is ed. Six of my friends in your town.

Guard. And where are they going to live?

OIS said they could stay with her fam-LOIS said they could susy with the lord of the risk, and I suggested they be herded together at the country club. lost because Great-aunt Daisy, an ideal istic lover of young men, insisted the great barn of a house, full of objets d'art and I didn't like her anyway, I accepted insurance office, and took out a policy covering the time those ushers would be in town, resident at Aunt Daisy's hor This usher insurance was expensive, but

I felt sofer with that premium paid Time swept on toward the wedding Two thousand guests were invited to the several thousand more announcements were piled up in their boxes in the library. Every time I went to Siddles G. H. Q. I found a crisis. Who was to take the place of a bridesmaid named Evelyn Crump who had come down with the measles? What was to be done about Uncle George, who was to be done about Uncle George, who was mad because his daughter Bertha had not been asked to be a bridesmaid? What room would hold the presents? Were we or were we not going to decide about our honsymoon?

I said we were going to do a little fish I said we were going to 60 a little Hin-ing, but, as you see, we are going to Eu-rope. Lois had bought clothes for Europe. I did not concern myself, having lost my mind, as Lois advised, neither did I take much interest in the wedding presents, magnificent but repetitious. The house we d rented was already jammed with the furniture of Lois' relations; where were we going to put seventeen silver platters, nine bridge tables, six tea tables and a dozen electric clocks? However, this was not my responsibility, and they were not really my presents. No one consulted my

I HAD meanwhile engaged twelve ushers.
I saked only bachelors, not wanting the wives of my friends. These friends, of course, would come rushing into the town, freebooters and heartbreakers all, to see breepooters and neartoreasters an, to see what trouble they could stir up for local husbands. Naturally, I had to give them a dinner when they came. To reduce casualties, I had included as ushers Lois' two brothers and her brother-in-law. And the only one who didn't seem to be de-lighted about the prospect of having a good time at my expense was the aforesaid melancholy and bitter Tony.

A few nights before the wedding, I went up to Lois' house for dinner. The house presented a peculiar sight. Mr. Siddles had had it painted against the wedding,

and now this last week had elecided that dations needed strengthening six hundred wedding guests were to prance over its floors. So Mr. Siddles had sent for engineers and contractors, and now the lower floor and porches were flanked by bastions and causeways of timber, so that it was very difficult to get in. I climbed over this and that, made the ont door, and tottered into the hall where Tony sat on a settee, looking as if is was as far as he cared to penetrate

atto this family's life.

"I expect you," I said, "to dinne Tuesday night. You knew, didn't you?
"I knew. But don't expect me."
"Why not?" "I'd rather not say.

THAT'S a peculiar answer." I sat down ne matter with you, Tony? You've be getting sadder and sadder for days. Tell me what's eating you. Perhaps I can keep

you out of juil."

"It isn't crime," he said. "It's this wedding." He sank his bead into his hands. Will you tell me why women care so bout weddings?"

I did not see why our wedding should be able to depress an outsider. All Tony had to do was eat, drink and show wedding guests to their seats. I said so, and But she says if I love her, I will have

sout one says at I love her, I will have her to the wedding. She says everyone is laughing. She says she won't stand it, and she cries all the time. I'm losing my

und."
"I'm with you there," I said.
There was no one in the library at that oment, so I hauled him in and shut the at he was engaged to a girl named Luc May Taylor who worked in his bank, and that she wanted to come, as his acknowl edged fiancée, to our wedding Well, why not send her an invita-

They wouldn't." he shouted. "I asked them to, and they said they didn't know her. That they couldn't ask every strange girl I ran around with. They say they never heard of her; she lives in the wrong part of town

HE VOWED be couldn't live without her, and that if she wasn't asked to the wedding he wouldn't come himself.

I told him that I would talk to Lois that night, and that everything would be all

All through dinner Tony suiked as usual, never speaking except when Lannie or Lois said something. "Who told you that, crazy?" he would say, or "What's the use of being as stupid as you are?" lis mother looked at him with alarm, his father asked him if he didn't feel well After dinner he went out, and we had cod fee in the living room, having fun despite the constant right to onen warding pres ents. So I said out loud in front of every-

one:
"Say, why not send a wedding invitation to Tony's girl?"
"Tony's girl? Who is she now?" asked
Mrs. Siddles.

"Oh, Lucy somebody or other. She works in his bank."

works in his bank."
"I never heard of her," said Mrs. Siddles fistly. "Who is her mother?"
"You know," said Mr. Siddles, laying down his paper, "I saw Tony eating lunch with a girl. Down town."
"Why didn't you tell me, Horace?"
"Why should I tell you?"

What kind of a girl "Young and pretty. Yesterday, when I saw them again, she looked as if she was yving." Mr. Siddles appealed to his wife. crying." Mr. Siddles appealed to ms wave. "Why don't you go call on her, and end

*Call on her, and encourage my son in folly? Horace Siddles, are you

"She's cute, if you ask me," said Lan-nie. "I love her hair."
"She has u dress just like Nancy Carter's, only it (Continued on Page 66)





they could take cough drops apart and discover for themselves why Luden's relieve coughing quickest. The reason: Luden's are medicinal.

They contain an exclusive blend of eleven medicinal ingredients - the kind that doctors frequently prescribe. Luden's are pleasant-tasting too.



LUDEN'S

I can't afford

to have my cakes Fail!

Some Women may be able to waste 35¢ worth of Cake Ingredients...but not I!"

(An intimate that with Mas. David Tair Rossarson, of West Moorestown, N. J.)



ny cakes," says Mrs. Robertson, "but I've always given Royal credit for their lovely texture and flavor."



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26		2	
100			#
			1
• "Skimp as	I must I do balis	un in diving my	16

of economy.

WITH her Scotch name, you would expect Mrs. Robertson to know the meaning Feeding a family of seven on a budget of \$10 a week has taught her many lessons in thrift. "But there's one thing I don't skimp on," Mrs.

Robertson says, "and that's baking powder. "I can't understand why some women use cheep,

unreliable baking powders when Royal costs so little per cake." MRS. ROBERTSON IS PERFECTLY CORRECT!

When you stop to figure the approximate costs" of your ingredients for a cake (say, a cocoanut layer rake), like this:

134 cups sugar 2 cups pastry flour . . 1/2 cup butter 11/2 teaspoons vanilla 1/2 cup cocoanut

3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder (This is not a recipe. Frosting materials are included.) it certainly does seem foolish to deprive yourself of the best baking powder.

Only 1¢ for Royal! That's certainly a trifle to pay for perfect results every time.

You probably don't have to be told that Royal is famous for the fine-flavored cakes it makes . . . cakes of melting tenderness and fluffy lightness. And Royal cakes stay freshtheir even texture holds in moisture for days! Next time you need baking powder, remem-

ber how little Royal costs. In fact, the price is now lower than it has been for 17 years! * These costs pure, of course, according to locality,

FREE COOK BOOK-Mail coupon today for the new Royal Cook Book to use when you bake at home. Over 300 recipes, and valuable bints for baking,

ROYAL BAKING POWDER, Dept. 1 Product of Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington St., New York, N. Y. Please send me a free copy of the new Royal Cook Book.

ROYAL NOW SELLS AT THE LOWEST



SHE's only a little girl—but she knows that when Daddy is out of town on business there will be a welcome telephone call every few days. It's great fun to be able to tell him of some exciting new adventure. And it's fun for Father, too, to hear familiar voices and know that everything is all right.

Next time your husband travels, be sure to have him make telephone visits back home. It costs very little, especially during the evening and night periods. And for convenience, he can have the charges reversed if desired . . . and put on your residence telephone bill.

The rates for station-to-station calls during the night hours are about 35c for 75 miles 55c for 175 miles 89c for 300 miles

(Continued from Page 64) looks better on Lucy May because she has a better figure," said Fay.

"And just where"—Mrs. Siddles was
"have you seen this

"And just where — Ars. Sodies was aroused now—"have you seen this hussy?"

The two girls were not easily scared; they are hard bables. "Oh, everywhere, mother. Dances and things. She comes from the South, and she's living out on

from the South, and she's living out on Maple Boulevard. She and her aunt." Mrs. Siddles said Tony was too young to know what he was doing. "Sending her an invitation for an intimate affair like this wedding would constitute a recognition of a mad infatuation. I won't be told who is to be invited to my house!"

"But since twenty-six hundred people are invited already, does one more matter?" I inquired.

ter?" I inquired.
"Young man, you are interfering in a family matter —"
"But it is fifty per cent my wedding. Can't I invite her? She's Tony's friend, and I like Tony."

and I like Tony."

"Do you insimuate that I don't? Horace, take me upstairs. This is more than I can stand." So Mr. Siddles led her upstairs, where we could hear her having

nysteres.
"Harper Salisbury," said Lois, "why
did you have to make mother cry?"
"But I've invited socres of people you
don't know. Let me ask Miss Lucy May
Taylor. Tony says he won't come if we
don't. What a scandal in this city!
"Oh, you stupd, stop talking about
it," and she too went upstairs crying.
I was left with Romy and Lannie and

Fay.
"Well," said Ronny, "I feel sorry for
you. Mother will never forgive you."

LANNIE said Tony had told her he would and have said. "Let's clear out of this said dump. Come on, Salisbury, you'd better leave." I said I must wait for Lois to stop cry-

ing, and come downstairs. So they went
off, and my eye fell upon a box of white
envelopes upon the desk in the corner by
the window. Yes, they were wedding invitations. With the speed of one whose instrict for justice had been around. I adstrict for justice had been around. I
day Taylor, of the Fifth Firemen's Bank,
stole a stamp from the desk, and sealed
the envelope, just as Lois came downstairs.

"Take me out somewhere," she implored. "If anyone says another word to me about this awful wedding. I shall scratch out their eyes with my finger

So I took her to the talkies. I mailed the invitation at the theater while she was staring at posters of next week's greatest talkie. Afterward we ate peaceby in a downtown restaurant, and I left her at home, feeling that only three days of warfare intervened between me and the nicest girl in the world.

The next morning I was in my office,

The next morning I was in my office, rushing through things so that I could be free to supervise the antics of my ushers, when Tony Söddles rang up and ordered me to lunch. I met him in a café, and I could see that I was about to eat with a stick of dynamite.

"WOULD you mind telling me," he exploded, "what you said last night to my family?"
"I said I wanted your Lucy May at my

"You certainly did." He extracted five large, square, white envelopes from his pocket. "Who sent all these?" I recognized my own handwriting, and

"Lannie." he pointed out, "Fay and Ronny. How do you suppose Lucy May felt this morning?" "I should think she would feel swell. Not many girls get five invitations to the

same wedding."
"You don't understand women. On the first invitation her name was spelled

wrong, and anyway it's late. Then she picks up four others, and she goes haywire."

"It was nice of Lois and Fay and Lannie and Ronny," said I. "Just what are your fiancée's demands now? Will she come screaming down the aisle, demanding recognition?"

He did not like my light tone. "Say.

He did not like my light tone. "Say, you, she doesn't have to ask anything of the Siddleses. Her family is old Varginia aristocracy. Now she wants to break the engagement. She says now she never could bear my family after the dirty way they've treated her."

could bear my family after the dirty way they've treated he said, "why not take advantage of your opportunity to blast formal wedding? Here you have a bride who swears she'pates your relatives, and they have a bride who swears she'pates your relatives, they way they way to be the city half and marry her. I will give us large check for a wedding pecient, and the uncentred lease on my bachelor come on. Terry, lead a popular revol?!"

HEREMANED skeptical. "She want's half and they want's half and they have half and hal

HERMANNED seeptical. Sine wants to drag me back to Virginia to be married among her relatives down on her old plantation. Your idea is nice, Harper, but it certainly is not Lucy May's."

He took his dolorous way back to his office, and I returned to mine. That night may ushers came into town and, checking in at Aunt Daisy's, appeared at my flat for refreshment before the backelor diment.

busy singing songs.

About nine o'clock, when I was dimly aware that we should be moving on to dinner, the doorbell began to ring. Charlie, my darky; said there was an old lady to see me.

"Old lady jus' standin' thah, suh, in powerful tempah. She can heah all these gennelmen makin' noise." I went out, very benign, willing to buy insurance or join the church. What was

insurance or join the church. What was my surprise when she began to berate me for threatening the honor of the old South. "By whom, madam," I said, "have I the bonor of being insulted?"

She was Lucy May Taylor's aunt and only protector. She was warning me to

only protector. She was warning me to cease my propaganda for an elopement, to the scandal of Lucy May's large family connection in the South. "Madam," I said, "the happiness of these young people..."

SUIL!" the pat in, "Abril thank you not be to make Bit of the conventions of a Sea make Bit of the conventions of a Sea way. Mistah Sish-bree, the propah place foh a young lady to be mahried was her own daddy's home or some neah relative's. Ah rection when Miss Lucy May Taylah gits mahried, she Big daown South amnorg decent people, with her be worth want to mayyr any No'the'n gentleman. This is all Ah have to say to you, Mistah Sals-bree. Her uncles will

She went, and I rejoiced that I was soon putting the ocean between me and the outraged South.

outraged South.

of well as a series, or dealing a series, or dealing, and as A. M. Hoever, I was awakened by Greet-natt Delay's butler, the analysis of the series of the



"I LIKED your looks and you didn't cost much, but you were noisy and uncertain from the start. You stopped dead when you were wound too tight, or needed oil. And you made me miss my train this morning. You're through, old-timer!

And you make me mass my train this morning. You're through, old-timet!

"I have a Telechron nove! It's silent, accurate, electric. It never needs winding. It has a self-starting motor, sealed in oil, for long life. I can depend upon it."

There are Telechron models in rich variety. Better stores everywhere have them. Prices range reasonably from \$4.50 to \$17.00. The model illustrated is Consort, priced at \$4.95. WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY, ASHLAND, MASS.



Selectron

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

"These WINDOW SHADES FOR 15¢ EACH?"



"YOU'REJOKING!" He Insisted

BUT when I finally eversioned my bruthend, by wanted new Clupays for every troom. After improved Chopays are biggood shaded burgailly see Full size three shader that won't crack. Indee or globale. However and element of the nor ever before only one side to fit narrower windows. Rasily put my, too—no tacks or tools. Pilan outers and china's delegan. Seed See Sunny for every consumption of the contract delegan.

and Most Neighborhood Stores

Maternity

ANE BRYANT Matermity clother crabbe you
to dress stylishly during all
stages of materially—and

LANE BRYANT
Address Dept. 50
Fish Ave. at 39th St., New

To Miss Betty Linton who plans to be married in June ... we commend this great fourtite with husbands



Miss Berry Wright Linton, of Hanover, New Hampshire, who, after her marriage, will live in a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts,

Chocolate Cream 7



t's marvelously good, Miss Linton! (And so easy!) That's why we hope this gorgeous Chocolate Cream Pie will be one of the very first things you'll "try out" on your brand new husband. He will find it so creamy-rich and smooth under

its fluffy topping of meringue. And so generously flavored with the real chscolaty goodness all men love . . . the flavor you always get when you use genuine Baker's Chocolate.

The recipe we give you here also makes those dainty tartlets your guests will all adore. Just use it with the best pie crust recipe you have.

And the Frosted Chocolate Marble Cake below ... you'll quickly discover how very delicious it is when you send for your free copy of "Baker's Best Chocolate Recipes"-and try the recipe on page 21.

But remember, Miss Linton, you must use Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate . . . America's favorite kind for over 150 years . . . to get that real chocolate goodness you want. To get delicious flavor, moist and mellow richness in everything you make. Each familiar blue-wrapped bar comes conveniently divided in handy, one-ounce squares . . . to make it easier than ever for you to use Baker's Chocolate in all your truly fine desserts. It is a product of General Foods, and is sold by all leading grocers.

Add (becoles to milk such see in adults boller. When cheins is nutled, bear with rotury cap bester uttill bleed misses and the such sees and the sees of the sees

CHOCOLATE CREAM TARTLETS Turn chocolate cream filling into baked tart she meringue lightly on filling and beown as directed a top with whipped cream. Makes 8 tarden. (All measurement on keel)





FROSTED CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE

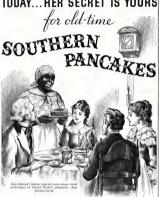
F700 GENERAL FOODS . BATTLE CREEK . MICHIGAN Please send me at once my free copy of your 60-page illustrated Recipe Buok, "Baker's Best Chocolate Recipes." L. H. J. 4-34 (Please print full name and address.) BG.F. Cop., 1934

STREET

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TODAY HER SECRET IS YOURS



Pancakes—with that delicious plantation flavor! The flavor that other cooks tried to imitate-that none but Aunt Jemima knew how to get! Today it's captured for you in readymixed Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Her own secret of mixing four flours -corn, rice, wheat and rye-in the original proportions! All you do is add milk (or water) to ready-mixed Aunt

Jemima Pancake Flour, and stir. Drop the batter on a sizzling hot griddle. Your cakes will bake up as temptingly tender-as delicately light and fluffy as any Aunt Jemima ever made. And that wonderful old-time pancake flavor! You can't get it any other way. Ask your grocer for a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour today. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago,



ntinued from Pass 66) . "Well." I said. 'I warned you against my ushers."

"Speak to him," she ordered. "I won't have a brawl at my wedding."
"Speak to him? Could you deter the

cyclone with a prayer? You could not.

Mr. Chesley will have to fight for his wife himself. I have insurance to cover the breakage in your Great-aunt Daisy's conservatory, but I am not prepared for assault and battery."
"But. Harper, Sam says he will lock her

up tomorrow, and not let her come to the

"He is a wise man. There is something about Joe Stanley's profile against stained alses windows -

gassa windows —

"Harper, you are insane," she said, gazing at me seriously, "or inhumanly crue!. You will be responsible if my bridal procession is spoiled. If he locks

her up she will di vorce him, and it will be your fault." "Perhaps they should be divorced."
"Do you want our wedding to

people's divorces Harper, did you Daisy has a trained urse? And where a Tony?" "I haven't seen him since yester-day, when I had

lunch with him. "OH, WHY didn't you tell father? Poor mother cried mother cried all night, because he didn't come home

to you at lunch?"
"He said that Lucy May got five invitations to the wedding

"Five! Oh, my heavens! Then she'll surely come, and mother will spit at her!" I told her everything, and she wanted to run and tell her mother, but I dissuaded her, because I knew her mother would race to Lucy May Taylor's aunt and attack her. I persuaded her to take Tony's absence lightly. Perhaps he had just gone off to New York to see a good play. "Oh, no," she said. "The Siddleses have

deep feelings and strong wills. He has gone somewhere and taken his life. That your fault, too, Harper, She was then diverted by my best mar

She was then diverted by my best man, and I turned to her maid of honor, who wanted to know all about one of my ushers, whom she thought terribly cute and powerfully alarming. So I gave her a minute account of this man, and after dinner she began dancing with him, while her figncé glowered

So the evening passed off happily. I was called to the telephone at twelve midwas called to the telephone at twelve mid-night by Lucy May's sunt, who said that Miss Lucy May in an ot come home, and how was I going to explain that? Would I please ank Mr. Siddles to step to the phone? I stepped away to get Mr. Siddles and, finding a good sharp lenife in the serving pantry, I cut the telephone wire. No one saw me. Mr. Siddles looked tired as it was, and he needed a good night's rest, because tomorrow the bills would begin to come in. Also perhaps the outraged male uncles of Lucy May ——

GOT to bed at four-thirty, having e 1 corted the ushers to Aunt Daisy's and locked them in their rooms. A trained nurse stood on guard in the upper hall, a special policeman guarded the conserva ories and the parrots and the objets d'art.
was awakened, nevertheless, at six by Ronny, who informed me that the fire de partment had been summoned to Great partment use the summer of the same successful to the same successfu had been saved, because, although I had locked them all in. I had gone off with the keys. The consequent battering down of walnut-paneled doors had so un nerved Great-aunt Daisy that she had

been taken to the hospital. "She can't come to the wedding," said Ronny. "Is mother wild at you!" "Listen," said I, "go ask Lois if I didn't warn her. All usher damases are didn't warn her. All usner damages are covered by usher insurance, premium paid by me." I went to sleep again until eight A.M., when Mrs. Siddles' voice crashed into my ear.

"Harper Salisbury," she said, "you are an usher short. Lois is crying here, now, because Tony hasn't come in, and who is going to walk down the aisle with Evelyn

> Hasn't she an old nurse?" I asked Harper, will "Harper, will you please not be flippant? If you knew the state things were in "Lois would have a big wed-

> > DID you ex-Dect to be married in a tele-What with detectives hired to look wanting the news papers to find out, Mr. Siddles and 1 are perfectly crazy. Can't you cooperate?

ated. I am crasy. want a companion for Evelyn Bay ley's march down the aisle, I'll get one."

"See that you do. Remember the wedding is today at twelve noon. Ronny is coming for you."
"I can get there:

"I feel safer sending Ronny."

I rang for Charlie, and he said, "Goo Lawd, boss, I don' know no ushahs." telephoned young men in my office, but they refused, some because they didn't own a cutaway, others because they hated menial labor. Finally Charlie said. "Boss. night elevatah man in dis buildin' am a college boy, workin' his way through, a right han'som' lookin' young man. Ah go git his address.

WELL, we roused that young man out of bed, and for ten dollars he agreed to appear at the flat, where Charlie dressed him in my cast-off cutaway. He was a stranger in the city, and very handsome.
"Instruct me," he said, "in the duties

'An usher," I said, "is the link between the wedding guest and the seat. Propel all guests down the aisle to the best seats available on the orchestra floor. Aim to please, but if you meet with resistance, or nreasonable criticism, turn your clients about and march them up to the organ loft. You will walk down the aisle with Miss Evelyn Bayley, whom you are to give the rush of her life. You are my second cousin from Berkeley, California, just hopped in this morning for my wedding. Don't get engaged, but treat Evelyn so that she will remember my wedding as the

that she will remember my wedning as and dream day of her life."

"O. K., boss," said the student.

"Hee, hee, hee," said Charile. "You sutterly got yo'self all jittered about dis weddin', Mistah Harpah. I look to see yo' makin' a speech from that altah

I made no speech. As soon as I saw Lois I stopped shaking, and managed to reach her side. As the minister advanced on us her arm touched mine, and I heard her mutter, "Don't be frightened, stupid," mutter, "Don't be frightened, stupid."

After that everything became celestial, soon we floated down the aisle, and I kissed her in the motor. She said. "Darling, who is that too-divine new usher? never saw anything so sweet. Where did you unearth him?"

I told her, and she giggled. Now that she had had her wedding, she was herself again. If I had told her that we had been wed by an ex-pugilist hired to impersonate the bishop, who has been arrested just before the ceremony, she would have laughed. As I relaxed, I began to feel tired. The old legs began to ache, this pain started in my temples; the big push was over, and I sank into a pit of exhaus-

For ages I stood in line between the bride and the bride's mother. Mrs. Sid bride and the bride's mother. Mrs. Sid-dles, at fifty-three years, weights one hun-dred and sixty, and when she was in col-lege, back in the nineties, did well at hammer throwing. Dazed by the onrush-ing wedding guests, with their idiotic titious congratulations, I found my mother-in-law a nice prop. I leaned and leaned, until we both swayed forty-five degrees east toward Mr. Siddles, and had to come about into the northeast to stick

to our course.
"Harper," said Mrs. Siddles, glaring 'I am ashamed. At your own wed

I then tried leaning on my bride, but she kicked me. I swayed back and forth, in crazy rhythm, saying to the guests everything that Mrs. Siddles said, mixed in with what Lois said. The guests swept by at such velocity that they did not have time to make lunacy reports to one another until they gathered in the dining

There as Fay told me later I led in a clining market. While I was thus engaged, I saw the

While I was thus engaged, I saw ure Siddles butter poking something at Mrs. Siddles, who poked it in turn at me. Open it," she gasped, 'and see if there's an answer. It may be from Uncle Bert out in Tacoma. He's very ill." I opened it, read it, and stack it in my pocket. "If's nothing." I lied to her.

congratulation from someone named Gussie."

USSIE! How Gustrange neverheard of her. Oh, dear Mrs. Courtney, how sweet of you. Yes, she was lovely And this is our dear Harper and so on, and so came the luncheon, and the speeches, and the rush upstairs, and the meeting with my bride on stairs, and the crowd into the car As we clung to

each other, as the family chauffeur raced us down the driveway. I caught a glimpse of a determined-looking old lady, escorted by two fierce-looking gentlemen with black mustachios, parading up the driveway. They were followed by a policeman, and I knew whom they were seeking. Our train left immediately for New York, and by the time Lucy May's defenders had explained to Mrs. Siddles who they were, and why, we

should be riding at sixty miles an hour to New York and an ocean liner.

On the train I showed the telegram to Lois, and she read it out loud amidst

ALSO USE OF SALISBURYS PLAT AS HE PROMISED STOP YOU WILL LOVE LUCY MAY STOP TONY

"Oh, the fresh egg," she exclaimed.
"Mother will never forgive you! She will never speak to you again. Harper, we are exited forever, and if Great-aunt, Daisy should die! Oh, boy!"

What shall we do?" "What shall we do?"
"Look." She tore it up. "Now let's
compose another." She thought for five seconds, and then screamed, "I have Give me a pencil. Look!" She wrote:

May Hopacy Strongs 27 Oak Park Road. Chelston, New York

Terribly happy. Thank you for loveliest wedding any girl ever had. Forgot to tell weedding any girl ever hind. Forgot to tea you Tony wired me he is married to that Taylor girl. Harper's cook Charlie. Isn't Harper wonderful? Love. Loes.

THAT was yesterday, and now here we are. Lois says that by the time we are back, even Great-aunt Daisy will have forgotten about those ushers. In a day or so, she says, I'll be myself. But I don't know. I'd advise you, Bill, to never give in to any girl. Look at me now.

His story was over. "Harp," Bill said, "you give me He wasn't listening. A girl was coming

toward them, a very pretty girl, in new clothes, her face alight with rapturous possession. She was tall and slender like Barbara, she had the same air of being

able to take charge of practically anything
"Harner," she called, "don't tell m u're sitting here, wasting this lovely She looked at Bill suspiciously, as Salis

bury introduced him, mumbling the name. As the bridegroom gazed at his bride, he seemed to gain ten pounds, to turn rosy-"Come," she said, "we'll "we'll walk around she said,

the deck about twenty times, and have a swim, and then one cocktail be fore our dinner. done a single one of the things I told you to, all after-

"Haven't I?" he said. "Forgive me, darling, and good-by, Bill." "Good-by, Mr. Carstairs. said, and the name was Hartfield. They whisked off leaving Bill alone them, swim with them, dine with them, or sit with them in the eve disconsolately to his stateroom. He

was a stronger man than Harper Salisbury, and a steward came in with a wireless. It read OF ALL STUPID IDIOTS, RETURN BY NEXT BOAT, AM MAILING INVITATIONS CHURCH WEDDING AND REENGAGING TWELVE USHRIES, LOVE BARBARA

He horfnoted it to the wireless operator and accepted her offer. They were married the week after he got back from France and two thousand people crammed the church. There were twelve ushers, six bridesmaids, a maid of honor, two flower and his boss became very sore at him. However, when one sees his wife, who is now in the writing room of this S. S. Tremendous writing thank-you letters, one will agree with him that she is worth the debacle of any principle.

DON'T BELIEVE IT'S **BECAUSE YOU'RE** "MIDDLE-AGED"

Chances Are It's Only "Acid Stomach" Now Easily Corrected—That You Have!



Authorities now tell us that one of the penalties of middle-age is acid stomach rebellion, of the stomach, after years

of faulty diet. Check up on any of your acquaintances who have reached middle-life. Note how a great many of them will complain of a "weak stomach," frequent headaches, nausea, sleeplessness, and afternoon fag-

Few will know schal the cause. But most will have acid stomach. Thanks to modern scientific knowledge

this condition need not be chronic. It is quickly and easily correctable, if you know the way. And it is a simple way, for all you do is this:

How To Get Rid Of It Quickly, Easily

If you have Acid Stomach, you can easily trace it. Headaches, stomach pains after cating, "gas," "upsets," nausea are the usual indications. Now-to get rid of it, all you need do

is this: TAKE-2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating.

And another before you go to bed. Try It-You Will Be Amazed

Try this and, chances are, it will make a great difference in your life. For this small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to neutralize the stomach acids that cause your distress. After-meal pains and discomfort go. You feel freedom from dull headsches. That "afternoon fag"—you think is de-

PHILLIPS MILK OF MAGNESIA



THE SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH Loss of Appetite Frequent Headaches Neuralein

Mouth Addity Sour Stomach

WHAT TO DO FOR IT

TAKE-2 Teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesis in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eat-ing. And another before you go to bed.

pletion or "nerves" disappears. You feel like another person. Everywhere people are doing this. Everywhere doctors are advocating it Get REAL Phillips

When you buy, be sure to get the REAL article—Genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of

Magnesia. Always ask for it by the name PHILLIPS—for all "milk of magnesia" is not alike in effect. So take onne to see you get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magsia—the kind doctors endorse—judge the most reliable neutralizer of







"We did have fun . . . didn't we, dear? And we found a new way to save time, work and money."

Yes, it was fun. And interesting, too! Because the women who made the Hidden Name Test were eager to solve the vexing question "Which cleanser is best?"

They knew the Hidden Name Test was fair. Each of the cleansers had an equal chance . . . because there were no brand names on any of the cans. Nothing to influence their decisions except results.

So they tried the leading cleansers equally for a week . . . on pots and pans . . . tile and enamel. Then they made their selections. And the results showed New Sunbrite Cleanser was

Are you sure the cleanser you are now using is best? Here is a way to find out. Get a supply of New Sunbrite Cleanser. Try it and see how much longer it lasts . . . how economical it is to buy. Compare its results with the cleanser you are now using. Let your own experience prove that

New SUNBRITE CLEANSER

WORKS FASTER . WON'T SCRATCH



STRINGSI

No need for firearms;

No need for firearms;

Item dom't arrive late And circle this date

Tuesday, March 13, at 6 o'clock. As the maste arrive give each one his or

her apron with the cue for the evening.

garten crayons or colored blackboard

And start a shell same, if you blease POTATOES have ever for all to see. But besled is what they'd better be.

With the exception of the meat, which

should be browned and set to simmering in advance, your guests will prepare all the ingredients of the stew. For added hilarity, let the guests play the Recipe Contest. After each plate is empty, pass out pencils and paper stips. Place in a man's hat a number of silps of paper on

man's nat a number of supe of paper on which are written the names of famous food, as New England clam chowder, chop suey, Philadelphia scrapple, and so

on. rawe each guest draw a sap of paper and proceed to write the recipe as he

thinks it ought to be. The more fantastic

the directions the more amusing the Give a prize for the "best" recipe cipe. Give a prize for the look.

The Fireplace Picnic is another party

to tie to your appen strings. Any informal

frilly lawn or muslin aprons along with

and assemble the makings on a large table—paper towels and napkins, paper

bags, gummed-paper tape and stickers

Give a Make-Your-Own-Apron Party

Go find a paper bag of PEAS

chalk Hare are a few We'll judge your merits
By the year you strate CARROTS.

MADIAN HAGEN

The a party to your apron strings—for there's lots of fun you can have in an apron. A candy pull or a fireplace picnic with your guests wearing white-organdie with your guests wearing white-orp sorous trimmed with bright calico or a stew party with the men and girls or a stew party with the men and wearing butchers' aprons made of wearing butchers aprons made of un-bleached muslin, on which is written the chore each guest is to do. Or a makechore each guest is to do. Or a make-your-own-apron party, with the guests busily working with Cellophane, crêpe naper, discarded sift wrappings, the rotopaper, discarded gift wrappings, the roto-gravure or comic sections of newspapers. An apron party is a brand-new idea for entertaining informally; indeed, you can give a series of them, each one different

we a series of them, each one different Most women want to look pretty provide them with square aprons of bright red-checked gingham or splashy cretonne. s-checked gingham or spiasny cretonne won't take you long to make these, for all you do is cut off a corner of the square, to use as a pocket, and then bind the edges with bright-colored tape. The men can be enveloped in butchers' aprons made of unbleached muslin, with a loop of tape to on around the neck, and long tapes for go around the neck, and long tapes for apron strings. Be sure the strings are long oron strings. Be sure the strings are long lough to go around your plumpest guest! wear some special costume and still ap-

on Have each guest draw a slin of nanes wear some special costume and sail ap-pear as informal as the spirit of the party dictates. Let the host wear a traditional chef's attire—snowy white cap, white neckerchief and oast or apron. The hostess can wear a gay printed-cotton apron frock Sunday-night gathering can be converted to this kind of picnic, if you pass out made in the conventional way with crossover fronts and a matching bandanna headdress. Or a maid's apron and cap in which to receive her guests

For a huge success, start off with a Stew Party, and send out this rimed in-

We're counting on you To help us wake stea:



I lost 3½ inches from my hips



"Ilost 4 inches from mine"

THE young women shown in the photograph above wanted their figures slenderized. They had found it mnossible to seem the new skin-tight dresses because, with the smaller waistlines, their hips seemed to bulse.

Our analysis of their figures showed that each had a different condition that needed correction. One had soft flabby flesh about the bins, and the other had a faulty posture which exaggerated the size of her hins.

A Spencer was individually designed for each with the joyful result shown

Spencer cornets and bandeaux are disinguished from ordinary garments beause each separate Spencer is a special reation - designed, cut and made exclusively for the woman who wears it. Have a figure analysis-free

Have you ever had a trained Spencer corsetiere make a study of your figure? At any time most convenient for you an intelligent woman, trained in the Spencer designer's methods of figure analysis, will call at your home. Do not delay

A study of your figure will cost you nothing and may save you expensive experiments with unscientifically designed corsets. Spencer prices are surprisingly low!

Send for interesting free booklet "What Figure Fault Is Yours?"

Look in your telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere" or send us the coupon below for booklet, and a free analysis of your figure. This will not obligate you in any way.

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ure fault troubles	0 6		
you, check it on	刊在	(0)	
the figure at right.	oise (
Desirer Cornet Co., Inc.,	Dalein	187	

Name			
	Name		
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Do You Want to Make Money? If you are a business woman, or would like to be one, let us train you to become a Spancer Cornetiere Check here

SPENCER

INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED

Ease Pain, Headache Now in Few Minutes



For Quick Relief Always say BAYER Aspirin When You Buy

Now comes quick, amazinaly quick, relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia. Relief often in a few minutes . . . the fastest safe relief, it is said, yet discovered.

These results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, above, tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly. This unique Bayer discovery mean



yours. Fewer lost hours from head-

When you buy, though, see that you get the GENUINE BAYER

ASPIRIN. The best way is never

ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin"

alone. But if you want Bayer

Aspirin's quick relief always to say

not harm the heart.

What it does in

this glass it does in your stomach. Hence its fast ac-

Oh. Button Your Coat!

was a fourth person present and that the caviar had been supplanted. He turned caviar had been supplanted. In caviar had been supplanted. With a morose kind of courtesy to Lacy.

"Like green-turtle soup?" he inquired. don't you ask her to dance?

'Haven't you got any sense?"

Johnnie hadn't. His gloomy face brightened; he looked inspired, and, rising im-mediately, he bore Rhoda off to the other room and there scuffled about with her to tom-toms and instrumental yowlings.
Ned Baring, dispirited, asked Lacy,

No," she said. "Better eat our soup Other couples left the restaurant for dinking undulations in the dancing-room between courses. Mr. Baring, desolate with nothing but Lacy Thomas and turtle soup to animate him, made a wilted effort

to show that of the two he preferred Lacy SEA food doesn't agree with me," he said. "I fancy it's still snowing out-He leaned back in his chair, the better to gaze through the archway and into the dancing-room. "Really, she's marvelous! Marvelous! She has that amazing some-

thing. Terrifically sensitive—like a viol that quivers to your slightest touch. Do you think I offended her by saying she always lives in the present moment: He looked at Lacy, puzzled by the flat-

tish tone in which she uttered the monosyllable: but she did not even glance up passed. He spoke of the weather again dgeted, then said ingratiatingly, "Look Since you don't care to dance, yourself, you'd be all right for a minute if I hopped out there and cut in on Ensmith a bit, wouldn't you? I'll send him back to sit with you. He'll be right here."

with you. He is be right here.

This appolagetic prophecy was not fulfilled. He departed, striding, into the
dancing-room; but Johnnie Ensmith remained there, evidently to "cut in" on his
rival in turn, and Miss Thomas was left in solitary possession of the table and four plates of turtle soup, three of which grew old while she thus sat alone. She had what is called a fine complexion, an unaided one, and gradually its color height ened as she sat there, though when the three dancers at last returned, chattering, they did not notice its rosy additions; nor did she on her part lift her downcast eves to them, an omission unnoticed also. She heard, however, what Rhoda said in quick relief from pain for you and a palpitant voice to Johnnie Ensmith "Don't! I lose my head when I dance with you!" Young Mr. Baring also heard aches, neuralgia or the pains of rheumatism. And Safe Relief-for this too significant protest, as Lacy, with GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN does out looking up, knew he was intended to hear it for the purpose of making him wilder" if that were receible

> JOHNNIE laughed a laugh foolish with happiness, and a brief side glance from under a silent girl's evelashes showed his face to be ruddy with triumph. His agree able condition was not encouraged to continue. Rhoda began to talk of a savag Baring again became excitedly analytical. cism of the analysis; and the two, and also Rhoda, carried the dinner through to coffee, arguing spiritedly about her nature. what affected it and how it was affected Lacy was by no means excluded from the onversation; Rhoda frequently seemed to

invite her to participate, crying out, per-haps, as if in protest, "Lacy! I appeal to you! Tell him I'm not like that!" or "Why, that's just the same as saying I'm fickle! Lacv, tell him I'm not fickle!" Usually, however, no responses were really expected, and the few Lacy atd were interrupted early. At intervals the gentlemen, too, appealed to her or denials concerning Rhoda, yet found little need for replies more than fragmento the unending, seemed to be that even tually Rhoda would most deeply love that man who most deeply affected her.

WHEN her love thus became the them speak, was more vivid. At moments she leaned toward Johnnie Ensmith, looked quickly into his eyes, then away, and breathed visibly, almost tumultuously; at other moments she did as much for Mr. Baring-or sometimes leaned back in her chair, let her evelashes descend and her face become immobile, with only a slight slow wriggling of the shoulders to expresthe depth of feeling some day to be evoked by the fortunate suitor.

Breathing exercises!" the girl across the table said to herself. "Chest work, shoulder-itch and eve stuff!"

Lacy's appetite, however, was imr from mental nausea; she went on eating rather heartily throughout the discussion, and after a time her meditations became more charitable toward Rhoda. Since a marriageable girl's business seemed to l to deal with imbeciles, how better could they be dealt with than by such a method as Rhoda's? They got precisely what they deserved, and, also, Rhoda's "method" wasn't a method at all; it was just a nat ural, impulsive expression of the girl's infantile egoism. But what was the stuff

that constitutes a man? Lacy didn't know Ned Baring; but she nown Johnnie Ensmith, or he was a college graduate; he was every-where esteemed as an intelligent and admirable young man-yet now where was there anything to choose between him and the apparently witless Baring? Lacy saw both of them reduced to the same condition, brought to it readily by the silliest means. That they could be stripped of sense and left only with their five senses—left senseless, yes, and helpless!— merely by Rhoda's showing them their effect upon her! Here was a new branch of education, knowledge to be acquired in this one night's climax of a parasite's ex perience—though not to be pursued at the of another such nightknowledge of the naive nature of man

LACY'S contempt because over whom ling; jealousy might be part of it, she knew, but it didn't obscure the truth. What would those have have thought of a too fat girl or a too scraggly girl who talked always of herself, wriggled, heaved and gave them deep "mysterious" glances as Rhoda did? Rhoda would be sixty years old some day; suppose her that now and putting up this same performance-imagine the insulted intelligence of those two, if indeed they could prevent themselves from laughing outright! Circe selves from laughing outright! Circe made pigs of men by means of a "magic drink"; but why did she bother to put magic in it? The answer appeared to be that she hadn't; they only told that lie afterward to excuse themselves "Magic" Eacy thought. "She wouldn't have wasted two cents' worth!"

Within her, later, as she danced with made her fear she must once have cared perhaps even as much as she now despise him! But it wasn't this Rhoda-beglamored Johnnie she'd been almost in love with; it was something else, something she'd made was someting see, someting site a mate-up in her own mind and thought of in the likeness of Johnnie. For the silly fellow dancing with her she wouldn't lift a finger, not even if by lifting it she could save him from sometime finding out every day at breakfast (Continued on Page 74)



"Once it seemed as though all my spare cash went to get a rus, sometimes I de a rus, sometimes they d go at the head or to. Then the bosiery salesgirl at a store suggested washing stockings with Lux, to save the elasticity. I took her advice, and now my stockings fit better and give at least twice as good west."

CORDELIA GURNEE

"With Lux, your stockings don't wrinkle and sag. Seam stay straighter and stockings wear bester, too."

VIRGINIA SNYDER

"If find washing my stockings in Lux makes them fit better than when I rubbed them with cake soap. And I almost neser have rum now!"

ELEANOR FRENCH

"My girl friend started me using Lux for stockings. Thank goodness she did! I used to rub them out with our buthroom soap, then wonder why they wore out so soon. My stockings last ravice as long since for been using Lux. I don't get runs nearly so often, and my stockings, don't wear through at the head so soon either."

MARJORIE HOTHORN



"We keep stockings smooth fitting this way"

"Men always notice when stockings fit badly—wrinkle and sag—when seams keep riding around," popular girls say.

"It looks so careless! And it is, for it needn't happen. We keep stockings smooth fitting always. The secret is simple ...we wash stockings each night with Lux."

Lux is especially made to preserve that precious elasticity stockings have when they're new, so after stretching they spring back into shape. Stockings given gentle Lux care always fit beautifully, seem to cling like a second skin!

Cuts down Runs, too

Best of all, Lux washing cuts down runs! It saves the elasticity so silk gives instead of breaking so often under strain.

Why not follow the easy Lux way? Avoid rubbing with cake soap—avoid soaps with harmful alkali. These useken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali—it preserves the elasticity that makes stockings fit and usear. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

_saves the *ELASTICITY* that makes stockings *fit* and <u>wear</u>

"My New 2-in-1 Casserole



Lamb Barberne Hot Riscoits Cucumber and Lettuce Salad Brownies Coffee, Tea, or Milk Rake Barbecue in the bottom, Biscuits in top

The Corning Test Kitchen has available other delicious and practical 20-30 minute menus Here's the Pyrex 2-in-1 Casserole in

its rôle as a covered baking dish. Just bake, serve, and put away food in the refrigerator, all in the same Pyrex dish!

At right, the bottom part of this versatile dish is used alone as a casserole for Escalloped Tomato and Eggs. Pyres Ware eliminates the danger of scorched or underdone foods, because you can see how food is cooking.



Take the cover off this Pyrex Casserole-turn it over-and, presto! have a handsome nie plate with handles Lemon Meringue Pie is shown at left. This pie plate will cook meats, fruits and vegetables, as well as pie

Corning Test Kitchen. Sparkling Pyres Pyrex Brand Ware can make important fuel savings for you. Lamb Barbecue. Ware makes foods look and taste more decooked in the covered Pyrex Casserole, is licious. Very reasonably priced—65 pieces are from 5t to \$1.00 apiece. The 2-in-1 Casserole is \$1.00 and \$1.25 to \$1.65, in a delicious dish—and bakes perfectly at 400° F, instead of 475° F, you would ordi-narily use. Tested and proved by the 11/2, 2, and 3 qt. sizes. Buy now!



FREE — Brautiful 12-month menu calendar 1934 — 1935. With new delicious recipes and menus that shorten kitchen hours—mare fuel, save work, save planning. Send

ou have any questions regarding the use of Pyres neware, write the Corning Test Kitchen, Corn-Glass Works, Dept. 4204, Corning, New York

(Please Print Nume) Address
These prices in effect in the United Status only (Continued from Page 72) that how he affected Rhoda—yes, and how Rhoda affected him!—might be bad for the tem-pers of both of them.

Dancing, Johnnie asked solemnly, "What's the low-down on this Baring in your own mind, Lacy? Straight out, man to man, what do you think of him?"

Johnnie laughed uneasily, "You know what I mean. Do you think she's falling for him?"

for nm "
"No; certainly not."
"Well, then "—he spoke with some timidity—"do you—do you think maybe

There's only one person in the world

she cares about," Lacy said fiercely. "Find out for yourself!"

The unperceptive young man became radiant. "Lacy, you're certainly a good friend of mine!" Go to thunder!" Lacy told him under her breath; and presently, when Ned Baring had to do his duty exchange part. ners and dance with her, she listened to an

interrogation highly similar.

"This fellow Ensmith now." Mr. Baring said. "You know him pretty well, don't you? Just between us, what sort is he?"

What sort? Not too much sense."
'Really!'' The youth was innocently de-"Really!" The youth was innocently or-lighted. "Then you don't think she ——" "No, "Lacy said. "Not in the slightest."

THUS, throughout this suffering evening her words never faltered in loyalty to her dazzling friend. The nearest Lacy came to the utterance of cries of pain was when she once or twice, in a voice plainly a little fatigued, suggested a departure for home. Rhoda wouldn't hear of such a thing she was immersed in rhapsody and restruments at two o'clock.

struments at two o'clock, "I'm living!" she said to the dressing-toom, then, "Tonight I'm living!" "That's nice," Lacy said, in the tone that had puraled Mr. Baring earlier. "Had your crisis yet?" "I's all crisis!" Rhods whitspeed rapturossly. "The whole night! Where are your eyes? It's going on all the time. It gets to be more and more a cresis every

"Yes? Ian't it coming to a head?"
"Yes? Ian't it coming to a head?"
"Yes." Isn't it coming to a head?"
"Yes." Isn't it coming to a head?"
"Yes." Isn't it isn't it isn't isn't

slippered feet in a pair of rubbers, and

JOHNNIE'S wildness on the homeward drive was flatteringly even more pro-nounced than Rhoda expected; he had supposed that she would sit beside him, as a matter of course, since she'd occupied the rear seat with his rival all the way out

"Thought you were my friend!" he rumbled to Lacy, as they turned into the long homeward road. "Why didn't you hop in behind with Baring and talk him to death and give me a chance?"
"Turn round and talk to her," Lacy suggested pleasantly. "You did that most

of the way out; the snow's only about twice as thick as it was then, and it doesn't matter what happens to the car. Why not and spend your time interrupting them Johnnie didn't answer; but her use of e word "interrupting" flipped an added drop of poison into his already sufficient inward disturbance. In his ears Rhoda's voice was softly audible, talking steadily

and rather rapidly in a caressive murmur that made her words indistinguishable; Mr. Baring's interposed rejoinders were also subdued, though even more markedly caressive in tone, and the joint effect was

that of a conversation a person of good that of a conversation a person or good taste would rather throw a stone into a jar of honey than interrupt. Johnnie bent over the wheel, breathed hard and in-

sed speed. That's right," the young lady beside him said encouragingly. "Take it out on my father and mother. They're only old

if they lose their daughter?" "I'm driving," Johnnie reminder "I don't feel like dawdling, thanks! Johnnie reminded her

CHE made no response, glanced at his Vague silhouette in profile against the dim window that seemed to sweep snowy meadows, dark trees and fences into the smoky envelopment of night be-hind it; then, in silence but with tensity, she watched the rush of the automobile's lights over the road ahead. Both lealousy anybody into so much mere machinery it Johnnie Ensmith, operated by jealousy, had no remnant either of intelligence or Nay, Johnnie wasn't driving; jealousy sat at his wheel as he at that of the car jeslousy shot this missile through the snowdrifts and the night. For it seemed indeed that she sat within a hollow missile so sharp became their speed. She sat braced, pushing hard with feet and back, and felt herself to be dangerously brittle.

The snow no longer fell. A high wind had swept bare some stretches of the road and deposited the sweepings thickly upon others: hare road and snowdrift were alike shot through sleeping villages too swiftly for a dog to bark at its sound, which upon his duty; and the Stop-and-Go lights of a larger town seemed to Lacy unpleas antly like futile gestures by a somnam bulist. Green or red they fled backward, while she pushed harder and harder with

strance. "I've noticed that on the back seat of your car one doesn't realize the speed. I don't think they even felt that last skid much; so I don't believe vou're accomplishing anything. Anyhow, 'she could go see him in the hospital if she got well first. Johnnie Iohnnie responded sterniv from the

ide of his mouth. "I'm driving. I've neve had an accident yet. Didn't I tell you I don't feel like dawdling?"

At this, there leaped within her an anger so active that it was livelier than fear. For a moment she dared again to remove her straining gaze from the road ahead and glance at the darkling figure beside her. All she saw was his almost inand a triangular grayness that was the and a triangular grayness that was the front of his white shirt; for, in the warmth produced in the inclosure by a patent "heater," he had removed the muffler from about his throat and pushed back the lapels of his overcoat. No doubt he felt an inner heat, too; but it may have been less than Lacy's.
"You utter fool!" she said: and fron

that moment neither of them spoke until

It took place, ironically, not far from home, almost within the outskirts of the town. Moreover, the impassioned John-nie had actually slackened his speed somewhat, as his intelligence, normally excellent for his age and sex, began to show flickerings of return—but even a rate of fifty-two miles an hour may ill combine with a coating of slippery snow and so minor an obstacle as a bushel or two of swerve caused by the coal seemed slight and the driver's corrective maneuver of no great moment; nevertheless,

Mercutio's wound, it was enough.

A forward wheel left the hard surface of the road, entered (Continued on Page 76)



TERRIFIC DUST STORM completely obscures sun for I hour

Story taken from actual letter written to To by Mrs. Guy Woodard, Hitchcock, S. D.



TONY WONS, radio philosopher, receives thousands of letters from housewives. • Tune in Tony's Scrap Book Tuesday and Thursday



"On Sunday, Nov. 12, South Dakota experienced a dust storm so terrible the sun was completely obscured from 11 a. m. until 12: Day turned into midnight. The dust atorm lasted 8 hours."



"We had to have all the lights lit in order to see anything. In spite of storm windows and doors, the dust seeped in, covering floors and furniture with a blanket of dirt. When the storm cleared, I learned a valuable housekeeping lesson."



"I had an awful time getting the dirt off of my furniture which had not yet been protected with Johnson's Wax. The dirt stuck so hard it had to be scrubbed off with soap and water. It left it dull and unattractive."



"But it was so easy to wipe the dust from the furniture and floors that had been polished with Johnson's Wax. It slid right off without any hard rubbing. The surface underneath was clear and bright as new."



From now on all my things are going to be shielded from dirt and wear with Johnson's Wax. I am waxing my woodwork so dirty finger marks can't stick to it. Even my window sills are waxed to protect them from moisture.

Here's an easy way to keep

furniture and floors gleaming i (Free from dirt, scratches, wear)

• Protect your tables and chairs, floors, Inoleans and woodwork with genuine Johnson's War. This remainable was worn to Indice dust or forgr unusages on its sattry serface. A Johnson wased floor stays beausiful in spite to catefuling feet. The underly polish last in wideriet, wavefuling of their, extended and wear. Stores stepens of refinishing foors and repairating light woodwork. Prolongs if for felasting code, parchament shades, of loch, tree. (Oldy no concainand ware ing is necessary). The Johnson wax processed in the process of the

ming is increased. In the formation was method saves hours of work, cuts doug and department access everywhere dusting in half, does awayer tirely with floor scrubbing.

Send the coupon for trial size.

S. C. Johnson W Son, Inc., Dept. L.J., Raine, Wi Enclosed in 10c. Please send in generous trial can o followin's Wax and very interesting booklet.

Address State

(Continued from Page 74) half-frozen mud under the snow, went deeper irrevocably; capsize was sickeningly threatened, then horribly completed. The autoenoble, after behaving like a chicken just decapitated, became motionless upside down and al-

most intact beside the road.
Sometimes list, seems to flow or one perSometimes list, seems to flow or one perpurse another with a spitchid persistence.
Thus, that this wretched might should disthe only one of the four occupants of the
carr to be really injured. Johnst or
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The year was and must caused mm.

Young Mr. Baring had the piesour or Young Mr. Baring had the piesour or Young Mr. Baring had the piesour or trophe. He opened the rear door without great difficulty, extricated himself and Rhoda, got her upon her feet; then, as the forward doors were jammed, extracted his hands severely removing broken piesour down the presence of the piesour down the presence of the piesour down the piesour do

Haring wished to help her, asked him not to touch her. She sat upon the snow

for a moment or two, noe uncertainly, adiing brendff with be eith hand, became its the present with the eith hand became its and her right shoulder, and began to sunerce the eight shoulder, and began to sunerce with a single should be and the eight should be a single should be a single should be and to his feet and isolated been instanced ber in received the man of the should be a single should be to his feet and isolated about his. A Freek to be a single should be a single should be a to be a single should be a single should be a to be a single should be a single should be a been single should be a single should be a been should be a single should be a single should be but, such, was a splering more in their of factories. Exempts a model, this witness to be a single should be a single should be a factories of the single should be a single should be for the single should be a single should be a factories of the single should be a single should be a factories of the single should be a single should be a factories of the single should be a single should be a factories of the single should be a single should be a factories of the single should be a single should be a factories of the single should be a single should be a factories of the single should be a single should be a factories of the single should be a single should be a factories of the single should be a single should be a single should be and the single should be a single should be a single should be and the single should be a single should be a single should be and the single should be a single shou

first, which was the shock of being called an utter fool.

Some people could have called him that without profound effect; but to be called an utter fool by a girl so quiet, so steady,

assually so friendly and so moderate as Lacy Thomas, was dumfounding. Nay, it was the solid side of the solid side of the two the solid side of the solid side of the most intelligent girl he knew. To be called an utter fool by a person distinguished or good sense may rouse the dreadful suspicion that the person might be right.

TME two men from the truck had come down from the road and were approaching Rhods and Baring, Johnnie turned to Lacy, "I'm sorry," heastid heavily. "I'm — I'm sorry," Then he saw that there was smoothing peculiar in her attitude: abe stood hunched over to one side, with her individual control of the same and the sam

Hot pain was shooting through her, frightening her with a fear of fainting. Crumpling, ahe sat down upon the snow again, and Johnnie, stricken by this sight, bent over her, shaking.
"Lacy!" he said. "Tell me you're not

"Lacy!" he said. "Tell me you're not hurt! I couldn't stand it to have done anything like this to you—I couldn't stand it. Can't you tell me you're you're not hurt?"

you're not hard? I bim, and, though he could be per you be full time the saw. It is could be low grow but full time the saw. It is grown to light from the saw. It is grown than herdity was in her hot vice when general sizes what and of sen this night, and the same than herdity was in her hot vice when general sizes what and sen this night with the sorn the form the start of a sen this night, which the lad of the the startes of their tunepit when the same than the same than

After driving in the overheated car, the poor utter fool stood there, bending over her, with his overcoat blowing back from him in the icy wind, inviting pneumonia.

"Oh, button your coat!" she said.

him in the key wind, inviting pneumonia.

"Oh, button your coat:" she said.

A few elderly people may still be able to recall the old chief criticism of "female higher education," that it must necessarily make the girls strong-minded and masculine. Lacy Thomas, having viciously instructed the absurd young man of her heart to button his coat, remained one moment longer (Continued on Page 78)

Of Course, You Could Use More Money!

WHAT mother couldn't?
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There are always a dozen ways to spend extra dollars! The real question is: flow to can them when you need them mos!! Hundreds of girls and women everywhere find the answer in our easy Girls Club plan! Mrs, Reich tells us in the following letter:

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Coppright, 1934, by Standard Brands Inco

rentai outcries; thus she missed her faint-ing's effect upon the young man. More than her fainting upset him, however. "Oh, button your cost!" rang in his mind like the bell of an alarm clock star-tling à dreamer's ear. Rhoda Wye would never have told anybody she despised to was alone, Johnnie Ensmith whispered now and then to himself, "Oh, button your coat!" When he was sure no one could here him he said it aloud, and even tried to imitate Lacy's voice, and, listen-ing anxiously to himself, sought to catch spoken to him.
"Oh, button your coat!"

RHODA WYE hadn't observed his per At urbation, knew nothing of the series of shocks that wrought upon him. At the moment of the accident, and just after, her preoccupation with herself naturally wasn't lessength but later, in retrospect analyzing that preoccupation, she made an exciting discovery, and of course brought the news of it to her confidants. Reclining upon a sofa downstairs and looking thin, Lacy gave her an embar-rassed welcome; but Rhoda didn't notice

the embarrassment "Lacy! I've got something to tell you

a tough siege of it, haven't you? Your mother told me you had a temperature the yet'd got a piece of rib in your lung, and almost did. I hope they've told you how often I've telephoned to ask about you.
It's great you're practically O. K. again.
What do you think I've come to tell you?"

She sat down by the sofa, leaned back in her chair and made her most characteristic gesture of extended arms with the palms gesture of extended arms with the paims of her hands outward, meaning "Behold me!" She breathed deeply and rapidly; her eyes became more brilliant, "Well, it's

setten. Now I know!"
Increasing embarrasment made Lacy a
hyporite; in a troubled voice she asked a
question of which she too well knew to
answer: "You know what, Rhoda?"
"I know which it is," Rhoda said. "Isn't
it marvelous."

"You say you TISTEN!" Rhoda half closed her eyes L and placed a delicate hand upon her chest, the better to enjoy its perceptible happy agitation. "It's been coming over me slowly ever since—until now I'm certain How am I certain? I'll tell you. When

Ned Baring got me out of the wreck I was in a state of shock. My cheek was cut and Ned put snow upon it, held his handker reed put snow upon it, need ins nanocer-chief against my face—he kissed me, Lacy! He was so agonized that I'd been hurt he was beside himself, almost crying, and he kissed me again and again. I hardly knew and get the truckman to telephone for ar ambulance and do a hundred things, and it was Ned who was with me all the time even brought me home in that truck-and he'd showed himself the man of action, much more than poor Johnnie. was Ned who did everything—and yet every day since then I've felt more and more positively that the wrecking of that car was the true crisis -oh, the crisis of the risis, Lacy! Because I've analyzed myself and found out that all the time, with self and found out that all the time, with-out knowing it, I was wishing that it'd been Johnnie, not Ned, who was saving me and plastering my cheek with snow— and kissing me!"

"What?" Lacy's voice was feeble in-

"It's Johnnie! Johnnie Ersmith! Oh, the very sound of his name stirs me, Lacy! There isn't a single thing about him doesn't give me a kick, Lacy! It's Johnnie!"

hnnie!" "Is—is it?" This was no more than a whisper; but Rhoda's rhapsody needed no

Listen to the most marvelous part of B. I acu!" she cried. "The day after the wrock I had an absolutely heartbroken note from him, denouncing himself for his crasy driving and declaring he could never crasy driving and declaring he could never look me in the face again. He could only prove his remorse, he said, by sparing me the sight of him. henceforth!" Rhoda laughted joyously. "He meant it, too, poor boy! He's kept away from me ever since." She became confidential. "What do you She became confidential. "V thing of this, Lacy? I'm so terring dramatic, I thought there'd be the biggest kick in it if I didn't write or say a word; and I haven't. I'm just waiting till we

or dance or something-and then I'll let Oh, dear!" Lacy whispered, unheard

by her excited friend.

Nothing could have been clearer than that the present scene might ere long

that the present scene might ere long poisonously take a permanent place in Rhoda's opinions as the most execrable sample of girlhood friendship's treachery in the complete and universal history of such friendships. In brief, Lacy hadn't enough cruel honesty to tell her the truth. but made hypocritical murmurs instead capable of speaking out manfully

SHE used it to summon Johnnie En-smith. He came in grumbling from the next room, where he'd been waiting behind

"I can't keep this up forever," he said.
"I can't spend the rest of my life hiding behind a tree or under a sofa. We both Lacy interrupted him with

vigor. "It's your affair; I'm not con-cerned. I tell you first and last I'm never going to be in love with anyone simply because I see I have an effect upon him, and me simply because he thinks I affect him or that he does me! That's all being in love seems to be, and I think it's disgust-

"I mean it! In the first place I don't

care for you."

"You do!" He sat down by the sofa and began to argue. "You do some, any-how, You were all smashed up, yourself; how. You were all smashed up, yourself; and yet you were afraid 17d take cold. You told me to button my coat. You said, 'Oh, button your coat!' Ddn't you say 'But-ton your coat!' Answer me!"
"I don't remember."
"What! You mean to tell me you don't

remember telling me to button my coat? Look me in the face! Didn't you say 'Oh, button your coat'?" button your coat'?"

She looked at the ceiling. "I say that to father," she said, "all winter long."

UPON this, desperate, the suitor rose to take her at her word and go; but, after a second thought, sat down again. "Do

you hate your father or-or what?" he Her hard stare at the ceiling continued;

Her hard stare at the ceiling continued; he set himself determinedly at the long and stubborn task before him.

"You told me to button my coat," he said. "You told me to button my coat to but to my coat you said."

"By the way," she interrupted. "Did was do it?"

you do it?"
"Did I do what?" And upon her response, he enjoyed a momentary but warranted prevision of ultimate triumph; though, as he intended always to be honest with her, he was forced to reply, "No, I didn't. I was too scared about you just then, Lacy dear!

UNESS

But Lines and Wrinkles come from shrinking of your Under Skin

THE APPLE SHOWS HOW WRINKLES COME









3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes

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skin with one cream only? Then just try this Two-Skin care for just a few days and see what wonderful results it brings you.

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The Ponts of the Family

"Listen," I said patiently, " "Listen," I said patiently. Tou just don't seem to know anything at all about wives or you wouldn't expect them to have any pity on a husband just because busy or doesn't want to do something she's got him let into. If you want any pity you've got to go blind or break your

or something dramatic like that You're very cynical for one so young, Jerry said, giving me an almost-respectful look. "Anyhow, it all checks. Well, as I was saying, Sylvia pulled that line about this party of the Crawford Dunns being a

social duty and I gave up the ship and asked her what the devil I was going to "She came over and kissed me and impled my hair and — Well, she said, rumpled my hair and -----I've got the most supreme thing for us,

Jerry, and it just suits you. Samson and Delilah! I've got to admit I was pleasantly sur-"I've got to admit I was pressantly sar-prised. The idea of armor warn't so hot-or, rather, it was—but it did seem as ap-propriate as anything Sylvis could have thought of. Not that I'm any strong man, but still — What are you laughing at?" "I'm not laughing." I said. "That was

JERRY looked at me with an unfriendly expression, but went on, "Well, after expression, but went on, "Well, after that I forgot about it all. I had to go to Chicago, and when I got back everybody was talking about this show, which it seems Crawford Dunn is writing himself George White and the late Florenz

Ziegfeld.
"Well, Sylvia and Jane Elson and Corn Miller are the casting committee, and that was when they came to me to get me to be the stooge. How was I to know Sylvia had already sewed me up? My Lord, even then I told them I couldn't even carry a spear. I told them that. I told them about the time I did at school and got paralyzed, and tripped and stuck the hero." Jerry squirmed as though the memory was still painful to him, though couldn't help thinking that it must have been a pretty painful experience for the

'So what with norroving about how to get out of the show I never thought of his party again until Sylvia mentioned it this morning at breakfast. She was pouring out my coffee and had on some green ng with a lot of ruffles down the front. There was something about it-Sylvia

ing said: 'Tonight's the Dunns' party, Jerry. I do hope it will be fun.' And she looked at me with that soft look in her eyes that always gets me.

"'How about the costumes?' I said feeling very mellow, 'Everything all set? "Her face clouded over, just a little."

OH, DIDN'T I tell you?" she said. "I honestly was never so annoyed in all my life, and no one can ever convince me that Cora didn't leak. The first I heard of it was when I went to Factor's to get your wig and they told me that Jane got their only long-haired one for Cameron to wear as Samson. I was so mad I could hardly wait to see Cora and tell her what told her in the strictest confidence. Of course she said she didn't, but I know she

did. Cora is a perfect sieve."
"How about my going as Samson after his haircut?" I asked. 'Don't be funny,' Sylvia said. 'I don't

like you that way."
"'All right," I said, 'but this is your party; you've got to get the costume.'
"The next I thought about it was when I went upstairs after dinner, happy as a lark. Sylvia had gone up first, remember?

looked swell. But I don't have to tell you

You saw her—and everything that hap-pened until I remembered to shut the door, I'll bet. I tried to look hurt, but I fear I only

you know how things stood when stalked into the bathroom to take a staked into the bathroom to case a shower, leaving my things on the bed. Wouldn't you have done the same in my place? Left them on the bed, I mean?" "Certainly not," I said.

HENODDED his head grimly. "You're right. When I came out Sylvia and the pants were gone. I thought, of course, that she had had the good grace to give in "Sylvia, I called maybe you heard me—'how about my pants?"
"Did you want me?' she said, coming into our room with a suspiciously sweet

"It's my pants I want, I said. Where are they?"

"'You may be wearing the pants of this family, darling, she said, still with that overripe smile, but you're not wearing overripe smile, 'but you're not wearing them tonight. I've put them away—and you never were good at finding things.' "I just stood them with a bath town!

"I just stood there with a bath towel around my middle and gawked at her, and do you know".—Jerry rapped the table.— "it was as though I had never seen her before. Positively. Did you ever realize what a jaw she has?" I had. "Then what?" I prompted, as Jerry seemed about to sink for the third

time.
"What? Oh, yes. Well, I got dressed
up in my tux. All except the pants, that is.
I guess right up to the last button I
thought Sylvia would give in and produce
the pants, but I didn't know Sylvia. Funny thing to say about your own wife that you've been married to for over a year, but the truth is a man can't ever get keep changing on you. Who would have thought on his wedding day that the time was soon to come when his loving bride ould be calling him ridiculous and say she wouldn't be seen dead with him Neither did I till she walked out on me.

HE doorbell was ringing and I guess it The doorness was supposed by the hadn't noticed it, because when I opened the door there was a very mad-looking knight. that was Davy. But I was mad, too, be-cause he was really awfully late.

Well, Lochinvar, it's about time," I "How's for answering the bell, then, if We stood and glared at each other for m nute and then his scowl began to melt

into an admiring smile, and that made me get over my mad too.
"Say," he said, "who are you?"
"Salome in her seven veils," I said and

did a twirl. 'Hot-cha-cha," he said. "When do you start taking them off?"
"Hello, Davy," Jerry said from the library, living and dining room doorway, are you taking Maudie to the party?" Davy looked past me to Jerry and I saw

Davy 100seed past me to just 3 and 1 his eyes go big, and his face took on an expression of fascinated horror.

"Sweet essence of lilac!" he said. "Sweet essence of lilac!" he said.
"You'll wow 'em, Jerry. What are you, the henpecked husband whose wife wears

the pants?"
Was Jerry's face red! "Cork up and float, Davy," I said. "I have an idea

re an idea."
"Brugging again?" Davy leered.
thought it best just to ignore him.
erry! Listen," I said. "Sylvia is the kind of a girl you can't make a dent or with anything less than a hammer, and you just heard Davy, and I thought this

BREAKFAST MENUS LACK VARIETY

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as a costume you had on too. So why don't you just nonchalantly go to this party without your pants? From what I know of Sylvia, she'll never recover from the shock when you first walk in."

"Neither would I," said Jerry, but I finally persuaded him that he wasn't

cutting a very noble or commanding figure skulking at home like he'd committed a It took all my eloquence, though, and even after Davy and I got him into the car we practically had to use force to get him out of it and into the Crawford Dunns' front hall when we got there, after which it was too late for him to turn and run. I guess we were about the last neople

to arrive, because there was an orchestra playing and the big living room with the furniture taken out was full of people in you could imagine such a horror. Well, as you could imagine such a norror. Well, as we came in, Davy and me sort of jabbing Jerry along from the rear, the music stopped and everybody started chattering the way they do between dances, until suddenly some of them saw Jerry. I just held my breath, the way you do when there is a crisis, because the people that saw him nudged the ones that didn't until there was a regular ice-cream silence Jerry had stopped the party. And you should have seen Sylvia's face. I've never seen so many expressions mixed up once_it's manufer they didn't curdle.

HEN everybody crowded round guess I ing what he was. Cameron Elson-who looked like mother's Sealyham as Samson—said he was the Spirit of NRA, and Mrs. Dunn thought he was the absentminded professor, and somebody else sug-gested that Davy and I were Faith and Hope and Jerry was Charity. And then Jerry, who honestly seemed to be enjoying nimself, said that really he symbolized the nenpecked husband whose wife wouldn't one teased her, but in her eyes was an adoring my-hero look. And for one brief

dead pan of yours we'll panic 'em." Mr. Dunn is the type that gets all wrapped up in whatever he's doing at the moment and talks that way. Like now it was being

talks that way. Like now it was being just a bit of Broadway. Well, it was tragic, but Jerry just col-lapsed—spiritually, I mean. He fought them off desperately with all the courage of a cornered rabbit. He forgot everything I'd told him and started alibiing himself about being busy and explaining about his stage fright just as though anyone be-lieved him. The first thing I knew I saw the my-hero look fading out of Sylvia's eyes, and with a jaw and voice of iron she ney could count on Jerry to do his part

W to do something to save Jerry, soft-boiled egg, or where would their I said in my most fascinatingly

confidential voice:
"You ought to be ashamed, Jerry. The
real reason Jerry is giving all those dim
excuses is he doesn't want to be just the
stooge. He wants to be the comedian."
"Oh, wouldn't he be wonderful," Jane
Elson and Cora Miller said as one voice.
Everyone was feeling sort of hysterical by now, so when someone else suggested

that he should wear the same costume in the show and be a henpecked husb mad, which was a real pleasure to see.

Well, I went into the dressing room to lere I had Sylvia practically eating out of Jerry's hand. I am usually a modest per

son, but I couldn't help thinking how grateful Jerry must be, and how it was going to cement the bond between us. Imagine my shock when Sylvia and Jerry both burst into the dressing room and fell upon me really snarling with rage. Sylvia said I had insuited Mr. Craw-ford. Dunn in his own house, and she would never be able to live it down and neither would I -as though I cared! And Jerry—if you could possibly bear it—said I was nothing but a meddlesome child me, who had saved their marriage!-and he wanted me to keep out of his affairs in Jerry said it was an outrage and they both



how grateful they ought to be to me for saving their married happiness. Then Jane Elson and Cora Miller bore down on Jerry about the show, and wouldn't take no for an answer. They wouldn't take no for an answer. They were after him to be the stooge again, and of course Sylvia backed them up and even Mr. Dunn had to put in his five cents' worth. He'd appointed himself the come-dian, and everybody was afraid to tell him

he'd be terrible.
"Come on," he said, looking like a bad dream as an Easter bunny. "With that

moment I had the pleasure of thinking stalked off, leaving me practically burned to the stake—spiritually, I mean.

I was debating whether I would throw I was debating whether I would throw myself out of the window to teach them all a lesson, when I heard a familiar sound. "At-a-girl, Dorothy Dix." It was Davy, rudely pering in the dressing room which had already been profaned by Jerry.

You're too smart for one woman. Y'ought "I ought to foam at the mouth," I said haughtily, "but it isn't becoming. All I can say is, next time their marriage looks like it's going to flop, I say, let it flop.

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will help you do it, as it is helping millions In medically supervised clinics in which 5823 men, women and children took part, tests show that Vicks Plan materially reduced





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ever passattent Corting \$25,000 to select and quisités it contains 20 per corting \$45,000 to selecte at end internationally famous recipies act. W. Fernard; John P. Gravely of the Roanoke Hotel, Roanoke Vignisia; Denne Pascon of Gorgo Entre Fifth Hotel, Paris, France, Recipies simplified in collaboration with Fifth Hotel, Paris, France, Recipies simplified in collaboration with Fifth Cortine Recipies simplified in collaboration with Fifth Cortine Recipies simplified in Colonia Control (Control and Control Try the inspiration of G. W. Ferrand-Veal and Ham Pie Try the inspiration of G. W. Ferrand—Yeal and Ham Fie shown here. The recipe—with 19 others—is given FREE inside every size sack of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour. What your husband has to say about Veal and Ham Pie will bring the roses to your cheeks. And you'll find baking this way a thrilling adventure.

Baking Greatly Simplified

By the development of a new type of flour—Gold Medal.
"Kitchen-tested" Flour—baking has been remarkably

Veel and Ham Pie (Cold Jellied Meets and Vegetables) Has Attracted Men by Thousands from all Corners of the Globe to the Dorchester Hotel, London. Look for Recipe—and 19 Others Inside Every Size Seck of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour



simplified. And the cause of most baking disappoint banished-lack of uniformity in the flour used.

GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour means flour that has been tested in an ordinary oven, just like yours, for uni-formity of results, before it goes to you. Every batch tested scientifically for baking of cakes, pies, pastries, breads. GOLD MEDAL recipes (new set every 3 months) are like-wise "Kitchen-tested."

Thus, the flour acts the same way, the recipe the same way every time you bake. No guesswork, no uncertainty. The simplest, surest, easiest way to baking success.

The first all-purpose flour accepted by the American Med-ical Association Foods Committee—you could want no better guarantee as to its quality and the truthfulness of the advertising claims made for it. Get Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour at any grocery store. Each sack contains the recipe for Veal and Ham Pie and 19 other "Foods That Enchant Men." Try them.

Note, too, please, that EACH recipe set contains a valuable coupon redemable for Wm. Rogers & Son 35-year guaranteed Silserware, in the smart, new Friendship Pattern. With these you can quickly get a full set of this internationally famous table silverware.

*If you prefer, you may obtain complete set of "Recipes For Foods That Eucknet Men," in beautifully bound book form by rending 60 cents in coin or stamps to Societé des Cuisiniers Interna-tionaux, 250 Park Acente, New York.

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

When you bake at home, by all means use GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour and follow Betty Crocker's famous recipes. Then you are sure to avoid disappointments A still easier way, however, when you want delicious cakes, pastries, rolls and bread, its or simply order them from your baker direct or through your greeer. With truly professional skill, your baker transforms wheat, our basic cereal food, from nourishing, body-building grain into tasty, appetizing, wholesome, mealtime delights. Get acquainted with your baker and his products.



NEW IDEAS FOR MAKE-IT-YOURSELF SCREENS

THE new screen stars are hard workers, and some are two-faced! But they are all pretty and do decorative, useful things to pleasant rooms. If you are in the mood for something different,

original, then decorate your own screen. You can buy a simple frame, or if there's a man about the place who's handy with a hammer, he can make n frame and cover it with wall board, ready for a number of your decorative urges. For a dining room, an interesting screen could be made of menus collected from restaurants, picked up on a cross-country automobile trip. Or pick up a se-lection of colorful maps from travel bureaus and gas stations. If you are good at patchwork, make sample books, using favorite quilt designs. Even more personal would be a photographic screen, decorated with enlarged snapshots of your home, garden, club or gang. Blue prints of the local town site or country, foreign paper money, sheets of old music or Christmas cards.

Now we should never be so rash as to advocate Now we should sever be so rasin as to according a screen for seeping the children out of sight, but one might help keep them in hand. A play-house screen, for instance, with several wings and the top shaped like a roof, the outside pointed like a house. They could twist it around to their hearts' content and have such a time playing house.

A screen is often the next best thing to an extra room, for that matter. In the most sedate of fovers a smart screen is correct, and yet behind it can lurk the daintiest of powder rooms, com-plete with mirror, lamp and cosmetic shelf. Esplete with mirror, lamp and commetic shelf. Es-pecially nice when the outside and inside of the screen are papered in the same design but in dif-ferent colors—dark shades for the outside, deli-cate tones for the inside. Or when one of the new ensembled wall papers and chintzes are used, the paper for the screen, the chintz for the dressing table petticoat or the cushion on the stool.

From these few suggestions, you will see that no matter what you want to do -soft-pedal a view of the kitchen stove or make a retreat for a guest to powder her nose—a screen is a gay deceiver And it's great fun to make it yourself. You walk as if on *Wings* over a rug cushioned with OZITE!



You won't believe what glorious softness Ozite brings to rugs! "Like walking on air!" you'll say—and you'll wish you had ordered Ozire Rug Cushions long ago for every rug in your home.

Ozite is so enjoyable you will want it the minute you try it-so economical you are wasting money if you wait. Ozite, besides bringing a marvelous softness to your rugs, DOUBLES THEIR LIFE. Thus its own low cost is soon repaid. You take no risk-Ozite is guaranteed ro sarisful

But be sure you get GENUINE Ozice. Rug pade that sews cheesper often lose their softness and do more harm than good. Ozice is for-ever soft . . . permanently MOTHFROPED ... "OZONEZED" to render it sterile and odoubless made with exclusive adhesive center con-

struction. Be sure instead of sorry—INSIST on GENUINE Ozite!



i	SEND	FOR	FREE	SAMPL	8 AND	HOOK	aun
:-		_			_	_	-
10	LINTON	CAR	ST CO	MPANY	5.6	134	

Please send me a free sample of Ox Rog Coshion, and a copy of your as bookler, "Useful Faces About the Co of Rugs and Carpets."
Rug Cushion, and a copy of your ne

Non	٠.			
Add	w			





Sixtem different products to the perfect meal stand magically ready at the nearest grows's—ready; ready for sheating, serving, enjoying. Add nothing to them, for they are made precisely as are fine older-time borne-made soups. Please read the mannes carefully, not he labels of the time. "Home-made" roops are coming back, thanks are more consistent to the labels of the time. "Home-made" roops are coming back, thanks thus find out for yourself that in the Fielms "home-made" methods lies the elastive served "home-made" flower and good ready are sufficiently and the production of the p

There's an art in choosing just the right soup to complement the meal. If the dimen, for instance, is a mutrilicularly beavy one, preface it with a brothy or of soup. For the salad luncheon, I prefer a rich cream soup, such as, for instance, He'sta Cream For the salad luncheon, I prefer a rich cream soup, such as, for instance, He'sta Cream For the salad luncheon, I prefer a rich cream soup, such as, for instance, He'sta Cream For manual. Princi proposal, and stocked lunches which the children earry to school with them are doubly sajoyable accompanied by a vacuum buttle of Heinz Cream of Mushroom, Cream of Cleamy, Cream of Ospers, Cream of Ospe



Cool evenings inevitably suggest a steaming preface to the dinner... In the group of Heinz home-recipe soups you will discover sixteen delectable varieties, each, of course, reacy to heat, server and edop, "To achieve faithfully the "home-made" flavor Heinz found it necessary to follow strictly the methods, and to use precisely the same pure, fresh ingredients used by well-taught family cooks, Pictured above, Heinz Bed Broth.

THERE'S AN ALL-STAR



but gone forever is the tedium of the old soup-kettle days

AY what you will, it is your somp that sets the tempo of your dinner or your luncheon. Your soup whispers secrets, utters promises to understanding palates, reveals the character and humor of the feast to come.

If you choose your soups discreetly, serve them in the manner due them, they will be kind indeed to your reputation as a hostess.

And now, to the gist of my story. In our midst are many thousand women who have utterly refused to discard the old-fashioned soup kettle, with its "boil and bubble, toil and trouble". Nothing less traditional than home-brewed soups has—until recently—been quite good enough for them.

We owe them undying gratitude. Because from them—these glorious gustatory die-hards—the House of Heinz has borrowed its present methods for concocting soups. It is for them—you, perhaps, included—that Heinz home-recipe soups have been created.

I wish you could see, as I have seen, the making of these delicious soups, prepared by the makers of the "57 Varieties". There are no huge vats, Merely small open kettles. From home-kitchen recipes with





Even Heinz home-recipe soup testes better when the service is correct. I have always found, and perhaps you, too, have discovered, that "right makes might of appetite." For the informal luncheon, I prefer serving it on the table. From the turner, although the turner is not absolutely necessary, don't you think it adds a confortable, "home," significance to the feast? About, Henn Crown of Founds Soup, a 'thip purse' recipies young you made add nothing, for Heinz Soupe are all ready to best and serve.

The old-fashbord soup kettle was the maintary, and source of suitoid collinary treasure in every early American kitchen II the oblete days, entire mesh issued from the family soup kettle. Meals that you and I would sincerely appliad. But who indeed wants to stand over a nateura-spering got in these englishered days of Heinz homeropies copys! Who? Weil, if the truth he known, fewer and fewer every blessed days, this involves no accritice of flavor or goodess. About, Heinz "home-regie" Noule Sun, involves no accritice of flavor or goodesse. About, Heinz "home-regie" Noule Sun,

REVIVAL OF "HOME-MADE" SOUPS

by Josephine Gibson

garden-fresh selected vegetables—the choicest ingredients obtainable
—in small batches these delectable soups are slowly simmered, then
sealed fresh and steaming into extra stout tins.

And here is the cast of the All-Star Revival Delicious Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup Exciting. Hoing Reef Broth Delectable.... Savory ... Heinz Cream of Green Pea Soup Heinz Cream of Celery Soup Appetizing Heinz Cream of Asparagus Soup Tasty Heinz Vegetable Soup
Toothsome Heinz Mock Turtle Soup Wholesome Heinz Pepper Pot Soup Distinctive Heinz Gumbo Creole Soup Heinz Scotch Back Heinz Clam Chowder Nutritious..... Tempting Heinz Clam Chowder
Enjoyable Heinz Cream of Oyster Soup Heinz Consomme Heinz Bean Soup The Scene:-Any home where only "home-made" soups will satisfy.

If you were born with that imate flair for finer flavors—and, inslead, and we all—we enties of the family appetite?—then with your eather than the flair fla

And so, without the slightest wisp of misgiving, it is possible at last
—happy thought—to put away the soup kettle, and, in awinging over
to Heinz home-recipe soups, continue winning tributes to your
culinary detress.

I say this, not from an airy desire to fill the role of prophet, but from the experiences of many women who have written me about Heinz soups. Won't you, too, please write me about your family's reception of these fine soups?

If you have a menu or recipe mut to crack, I wish you would write to ma, as thousands of others have. Or, if you haven't yet supped the possibilities of the Heiner Food Library, I shall be plad to mail you may of our three be plad to mail you may of our three man of Grand Old Parorisis*, I all of recipe for concoording ravishing dishes with oven-baked beans, 2. "57 Ways to Cheeves Spapadist", and, 5, the modern 104-page "Heine Salad Book"; Foot the Salad Book, just mail 10 cents in atamps. The other H. J. Heiner Commandation of the salad Salad Book, just of H. J. Heiner Comman, Department Sp. Heitsburgh, Paray, Paray,









THE UPTURN

BY DOROTHY COCKS

EVERYTHING is on the up and up in the world of fashion and beauty. Hats are perching on the tops of heads, instead of slithering down over one eye or one ear. And new coif fures look as though they would waft them-selves right up into the clouds at any mo-

ment now I suspect that tall women are going to have their beyday again. For all the new fashions have a tall feeling. They are regal. fashions have a tall feeling. They are regal. (Note all the tiars at evening parties and theaters.) They are splendid, commanding. (Note all the handsome feathers, irch fab-rics.) They are streamline, windswept. (Note all the backward-flowing draperies and capes.) We shall all be looking like the Winged Victory breasting the breezes at

You can imagine what that wind of fashion is doing to bangs and the hooked curls that we used to plaster against our cheeks! With the exception of Katharine theeses? With the exception of Adhasmie Hepburn's, who still wears the frizzed pom-padour bang she grew for her rôle in Little Women, there is hardly a bang in sight. In the new conflures, all the movement is

upward and back from the face. Foreheads are bare. The hair is sleek and flat and brushed back from the brow. No fluffs or brushed back from the brow. No fluffs or dips or bangs to break the suave line from your forehead to your tiarn, you see. A tiarn is too, too fussy looking if it must peep out from a bush of curls or bangs. All smooth from your forehead hair line back to where a tiara would lie. Just the way a stiff gale would blow your hair back.

Not much hair on your temples, either. Not much hair on your temples, either, Here, too, the movement is up and back. Not severely, for few women have faces beautifully symmetrical enough to be ex-posed too barely at the temples. A little softness here, a tendril of curis, a long loose flat wave, help to broaden the brow and counteract any appearance of beaviness

counteract any appearance of heaviness around the jaws.

Flat, loose waves backward and upward over your ears. The tips of the ears show, but not the whole ears, for that makes your face and neck look scrawny. And from the ears back, all the hair

sweeps upward

If it is very short, it turns up in a feathery half curl behind the ears and across the back and up the back of the head. (See the sketch in the center at the top of this page.)

If the hair is longish, it is separated into strands, and each strand rolled into a puffy curl, the mass of these building upward on the back of the head. (See sketch at upper left.) The mass of puff curls need not be regular; they may lie every which way (as in upper right sketch), but the effect will still be of an upward piling of them.

Note that there is almost no room in this fashion whirlwind for long bair, If you have it, you will be tempted this sesson, more than ever, to cut it off. For knots or buns of long hair are heavy looking. No upward lift to

hair are heavy looking. No upward lift to them. And all the new coiffures are enjoying an upturn. See that in these sketches all the hair is up off the back of the neck.

The couly thing to do with long lain if you. The couly thing to do with long lain if if you. The couly thing to do with long lain if if you be a concest of it. Either braid it, or coil it tightly in a smooth rope, and make your braid or coil circle your beat like a crown. There is no more distinguished colffure in the world than the sometime and for the new coilfures. But of course, the secret of chief and beauty is adapting that rule to the shape

and beauty is adapting that rule to the shape of your own face. How to arrange your hair in the manner most becoming to your face, whether it be short or long, round or oval, is shown in the COFFURE ANALYSIS CHART.
Ask for leaflet No. 1151, and inclose a three-

Ask for leaflet No. 1181, and inclose a three-cent stamp.
How to Make: Your Hair A HALO, an-ther important leaflet, will tell you how to ourset oldy hair, dry hair, and so on, and gives advice about permanent waving. This is No. 525, yours for a three-cent stamp, Lot on fielp about your coloring, males up. Lot on fielp about your coloring, males up. Lot on the plant your coloring, males up. 1049, and Comerasson Anaxysis Classry, No. 1128. Send three cents for each one to the Reference Library, Losses' Hosse (DORMA, Plinaledphi, Plenney)vanie.

WHAT AGE WOMEN ARE WEARING

the New Bright Cutex Nails?

SUB-DÉBUTANTE

Miss Nathalie Brown

who will make her delete mext reason, it the desighter next reason, it the desighter Refinelander Brown. She says: "When mother saw that all the girls in my set were tisting their nails, abe that all the girls in my set were tisting their nails, with let me doit; too. My feworning is Coral nails with blue or pink frocks." Cosat, sails are breely with white, pink, being, gray, bias, canner is smart with brown, come forces.



Mrs. Tilton Holmsen who divides her time gaily between Paris and Newport, aaya: "There is a Cuter shade suitable for every color gown and every age. Tim particularly fond

every color gown and every age. I'm particularly fond of black for town wear with bright Cardinal nail polish." GRBHAL contrasts exching with black, white, pastel, gray, bulgs, blue gowns. Roat is charming with pastel, green, black and brown-gowns.

GRANDMOTHER

Mrs. Courtlandt

one of New York's charming older matrons, noted
for her chic, asys: "Once
women gave up wearing
bright colors at 30. Today
ny daughters and I wear
the same colors and slove
working out clever combinations of gown and nail
tint. I like to wear white
in the evening with deep
Ruby Cutex Polish."
Rusy is such a real reaf red, you
can wear it with any frode.
RATURAL is best with height







"CORAL, CARDINAL OF RUBY

—WE WEAR THEM ALL"

Prominent grandmothers to Sub-Débutantes say

If YOU have a prim mother who thinks you're too young to wear tinted nails ... or a snooty daughter who thinks you're too old! ...

—just make her take a good look at the next 10 "nice people" you mect. She'll have to admit, if she plays fair at all, there are positively no age restric-

tions on nail tinting.

16 or 60—you're almost as conspicuous in plain nails today as if you had
on one of the short skirts of 1927!

And honestly—everybody—variety in finger nails is wonderful, just because it does suit every age and every type.

You can be daring and dashing at the Junior Prom in white satin and red Ruby nails. Or preside, suavely and elegantly, at the next Woman's Party meeting in brown velvet with delicate Rose finger nails. Or attend your grand-daughter's christening in floating gray chiffon with Coral finger tipe!

7 PERFECT, AUTHENTIC SHADES Cuter has 7 authentic shades—developed by

Cutex has 'authentic shades—developed by the World's Manicure Authority. Of course, real ladies of any age want to avoid messy, uncertain results. They won't stand for fading and streaking. That's why they're so happy with Cutex. Each Cutex shade has latting lastre and goes on smoothly, without any fussing.

The new metal-handled brush never lets any bristles come out of the brush or the brush come off the handle. Step right up to the counter you don't need to give your age—and stock up on all the lovely Catter shades so every gown in your wardrobe can have its right color accent.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Penell or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream. Norman Warren - New York - Mesteral - London - Paris

> Generous bottle of Cutes Liquid Polish and new Color Wheel giving correct shade of polish for every gown, only 10¢

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(Canada, address P. O. Box 2300, Montreal)
I cochose 105 for the new Cante Cake What Jan genesias
bottle of Catex Liquid Pulish in the sheds I have checked:
Natural • Rose • Gord • Gardinal • Rady

CUTEX Liquid Polish_only356



against the sun as we do in Turkey

and ascertained that they

were closely woven"



· Hold a big, fluffy Martex bath towel against a strong light. You will see that its underweave

is more closely woven. This is why Martex towels give extra years of long wear, even if you pay as little as 50c each.

The following unsolicited letter is from a native of Brusa, Turkey, the city where Turkish towels originated. Shewrites,"Yourtowels are the only

'American Turkish' towels that look and feel like the real thing. Of course, Martex towels are not handmade like ours but I have no doubt your towels will wear as long as my imported ones did, as I have held them against the sun, as we do in Turkey, and ascertained that they were closely woven."

Martex towels are sold by all leading department stores and linen shops. Wellington Sears Company, 65 Worth Street, New York.

bath towels

Young Doctor Heat

peritonitis may keep her life hanging by a thread, till she begins to recover, to drag herself from the threat of the grave to a

lifelong pain and misery —

The best medical and survical science as powerless to fight these various fates before Elliott's discovery of his funny lit-tle hot-water bottle. In those pre-Elliott days, when the streptococcus and his malignant midget allies sneaked from a woman's wounded womb to cause acute,

woman's wounded wome to cause acute, spreading peritoritis, many a good sur-geon tried to save his patient by opera-tion. Doctor De Lee remembers to have saved one out of twelve infected women that way; and the German Doctor Bumm, cutting into women less desperately in-fected, lost fifty out of every hundred! Now Elliott had absolutely no thought of daring to try to cure these childbed in-

It was only his aim to try to quiet the pain that brought him into his quiet the pean that brought him into his simple but portentous partnership with Young Doctor Heat. The whole business began ridiculously, by Billott's fusing with an inflated toy balloon, which gave him the hunch to try to kill pain by the heat of a newlangled hot-water bottle,

IF HEAT gives some relief when placed on the outside of these tortured women, how much more direct, more powerfully it would act if you could only get that heat would act if you could only get that near into the womb's outward passage, if you could let it do its pain-killing work close to the seat of the trouble. Other doctors smiled at this fantastic notion; rubber ex-perts hooted at Elliott's plan for an inter-

So from the day of this hunch it was even years till you see obscure Dr. Charles Robert Elliott standing in a San Francisco hospital at the bedside of a woman desinto a reservoir, from which that water flows through a tube down into his new-fangled rubber water bottle comfortably

distended inside her.

Minutes pass. She opens her eyes to
murmur, "No more pain now, doctor."

Elliott keeps pouring hotter and hotter water into that reservoir till be can'

lieve his eyes seeing a temperature of 135° Fahrenheit registered on his tall thermometer stuck in the water receptacle. The

He repeats it day after day while each He repeats it day after day while each day, much better than mere relief from pain, he sees the woman weirdly getting better and better, her fever sinking, till she walks out-strong—from that hospital. Then from 1921 till 1929 he does it over and over on pelvic inflammations, postchildbirth, post-abortion, all the way from mild infections to acute malignant spread-ing peritonitis given up to die. He loses

not one, out of hundreds. He remains obscure. He is smiled at, He remains obscure. He is smiled at, except by the women he is helping. He is a difficult man, makes enemies. He gets into scrapes. And the women endangered by childbod fever and treated with this internal hot water keep on, not dying, not

the heat does something new and power-ful. He says that hotter and hotter heat flowing through the whole region where microbes gnaw at them brings more and more good blood flowing faster and faster through this threatened part of their bodies. He believes that this healthy blood brought by this added heat tips the bal ance in this deadly battle. Elliott understands that this heat helps the endangered san's body to help itself

At Bellevue Hospital in New York City, on the gynecological service of distin-guished Dr. Frederick C. Holden, Elliott's liantly. This mild, comfortable heat has

helped hundreds of women suffering from

every stage of post-childbirth infla tion to escape futures of threatened invation to escape futures of threatened inva-liditim and to walk out of that hospital strong and well. This internal heat has even thawed out that dreadful condition called frozen pelvis. Used on many a desperately sick woman "to prepare her for operation"—it has helped her to es-cape the knife completely. It has enabled inflammation to undergo operation by the knife of Dr. Francis Sovak, and afterward

to bear healthy children.

Across America Elliott's microbe-burning Across America Billott's microbe-burning science is spreading, and Elliott himself is being dragged from his private practi-tioner's obscurity by Surgeons Graham, of Brooklyn; Gellihorn, of St. Louis; Coun-seller, of the Mayo Clinic. They've all of

them found Elliott hasn't told it too big. Elliott himself—indomitable and fanatal supporter of Young Doctor Heat-believes that this new physician may wipe out 80 per cent of all pelvic operations on women, may restore thousands from wrecked health to vigor, return many to

the hope of having children.

Will the heat of Elliott's internal hotwater bottle save mothers stricken with
the acute, desperate, childbed-fever blood

the acute, desperate, childbed-fever blood poisoning caused by streptococcus? I wouldn't wonder. I've seen charts, not yet published, from the septic ward of an Eastern maternity hospital. Here were saw-tooth fever curves of 105 and 106 and curves of pulses beating 140 to 150 per minute and over

At this ominous point on those charts ou might read "E.T."—meaning Elliott you might read "E.T."—meaning Elliott treatment started—and then you could treatment started—and then you could see those fever and pulse curves going gradually down like stair steps, with "E.T." marked on them in red initials twice daily. Till no fever. Till pulse normal. Till the notation "Discharged."

Are those coincidences? Or has Elliott completed the work of Semmelweiss at last? Elliott himself using his own inventions.

tion has never lost a case of childbed er, not one

Elliott the heat master at the head of it to see whether it would be possible absointely to wipe out childbed-fever mor-tality from m general hospital where that scourge is frequent? There would be such a test if those charged with our health

But let's not start recriminating

THE finest thing about Elliott's science is that it makes it possible for every good wide-awake family doctor to be a specialist in these tremendously prevale specians of these tremenously prevalent and tragic diseases of women; and Doctor Harry Eaton Stewart, of New Haven, Connecticut, is now making your general practitioner a successful fighter of pneu-

onis—if he wants to be. You'll say adding more heat to the alady raging fever of pneumonia would be ready raging lever of pneumonia would be carrying coals to Newcastle, and there is no doubt Stewart was medically illogical to try it. Physicians have watched pneu-monia victims get hot and sick and very bot and then die. But if their fevers broke, right afterward they've seen such lks get suddenly better. So why shouldn't

tolks get suddenly better. So why shouldn't any doctor argue that their lives had been saved because their fevers cooled? Who blames the assembled medical highbrows of all ages for just not thinking up the little left-handed opposite notion that the fever cooled because the sick man's body didn't need it any longer? In short, maybe you don't get better because your fever breaks, but your fever breaks

cause you're better.

In 1922 when Stewart began his adventure of adding heat to desperately sick sailors who were far too hot for com-fort and almost too hot for life, such an idea was absolutely unorthodox. Stewart



a song-killing Starvation Diet'

You risk your canary's song and health when you only half nourish him with ordinary bird seed. Change to French's Bird Seed and Biscuit - a balanced mixture of many varieties of clean wholesome seeds. The Biscuit rounds out the perfect diet. There's one in every package of French's Bird Seed. French's Bird Gravel gives the canary "teeth" to aid digestion.

French's BIRD SEED AND BISCUIT

GIVE A CANARY FOR COMPANIONSHIP



YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCRUB A TOILET



Sani-Flush

cleans closet bowls without scouring



stains, rust and discolorations from the toilet bowl. Keeps the porcelain glistening like a china dish. Sani-Flush eliminates all scrubbing and scouring. You your hands Sani-Flush is not like ordinary

cleansers. It is made to clean toilets. Follow directions on the can. Sani-Flush purifies the hidden toilet trap. No other method can do this. Sani-Flush removes the

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators. Sold at grocery, drug, and hardware stores, 25c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



and Ellist were each of them too absolutely obscure ever to have heard of the other. Like Elliott with his first sich women. Stewart's ambition was not cure his oneumonic, blue-faced sailors, but just to make them feel easier-maybe in

land, and while Stewart was medically re exactable in that he was M. D., vet.-in here at the Marine Hospital was a partic ularly nasty run of pneumonia cases in membant sailors brought in pneumonic at the height of their sickness, and the

at the height of their sickness, and the mortality was frightful.
"Isn't there anything in your bag of tricks to ease these boys?" Colonel Young, the commanding officer, asked Stewart.

That very day, going home on the Staten Island ferry, Stewart remembered the old country doctor who described how my chest," said that old doc. "The poul-tice killed the pain. Then I killed the

NOW the hunch flashed over Stewart outside, why not electrical heat, generated inside your sick man's chest? Exactly like Elliott, he thought only of pain-killing, never of the absurdity of adding heat to folks already too hot. Why not try through-and-through diatherm? Why not high-frequency electric current, zipping back and forth through your sick man's lungs his back at a million and some zips per second. . . . A sort of internal electrical poultice, you might call it!

It was rather lucky for Stewart that he didn't know it had actually been tried, years before, notably by Doctor De Kraft and maybe some others. Apparently it had come to nothing. Maybe dangerous:

Colonel Young, of the Marine Hospital, said yes, all right, try it, on this condition proved unavailable. All right: in the first recovery! What a hurdle for Stewart.

into a room in that Marine Hospital seen Stewart, staff doctors, nurses, bent over a sailor in the eleventh day of pneu-monia, face blue, breath coming in exlittle gasp a torture, pulse beat fast and thready and showing his heart near the nd of its tether, and family notified by telegram that -

you'd had the nerve to stay at this electrodes, one over that dying man's

Dangerous? Well, you wouldn't wa any Tom, Dick or Harry shooting 30,000 wolts through your sick lungs and heart. But then, would you care, knowing inside you the jig was up anyway, and it hurting

There were taut minutes of that num-ing. Then a just audible murmur from were taut minutes of that humsick man, punctuated by gasping:

little deeper, less gasping. "Doc

's helping me . . . get my . . . breath." That man's relatives did not have to come to take away his dead body. Now he had a flighting chance to come through, After every disthermy treatment his pain left him. His blue color changed to less He slept, to regain his c strength for the life-and-death tussle. His fever dropped, little by little, going down not suddenly but down and down like wide stair steps. Nothing miraculous, mind sitting up reading a newspaper," said

Stewart. But Stewart was, just the same Instead to twenty extremely, seriously sick monic sailors Stewart now gave his elec-

And they all felt easier; and they went to sleep as the heat soothed their pain; and the dreaded blue color left them as their hearts beat stronger; and the fewer of all of them went down gradually ...

This seemed a phenomenally low mortality, for oneumonia hitting such bed risks as these sailors, many or trem ai-coholic, and of an average age of thirty-five; and many of them, stricken while still at sea, had been brought to the Ma-rine Hospital in extensis.

And still Stewart wasn't convinced. The staff of the Marine Hospital were ent siastic. But Stewart told them, "W lence and we may have had just the luck to have had a run of mild ones." He took to manader Young that to be sure, cer-tain cases—as controls—should be left

unidout treatment by this electric heat, as Commander Young was against it, tell-Commander Young was against it, tell-ing Stewart it amounted to risking the lives of those untreated sailor boys. But in the name of truth, Stewart prevailed. He remembered, maybe, the uncontrolled cases treated with the Pneumonia Type I. serum at one famous hospital, with what seemed saving of life. But peculiarly it was only in that hospital that the serum

So that next winter, for every bunch of three seamen coming to the Marine Hosthe diathermy treatment, and without, as a check, as a maybe tragic in dicator of the new treatment's power. Almost half—nine out of twenty-one—of these mariners died. And of those given the aid of this electrical Young Doctor Heat, out of thirty-six, twenty-nine re-

Now this new science began spreading maybe life-saving science spreads among

Eleven years ago he began his lone-wolf science. He's driven the pneumonia mor monia nurses, relatives and all others Best of all, other doctors have re of Stewart. And his science can be applied any place your physician, familiar with diathermy, can plug his portable dia-thermy machine into a light socket, and

any intelligent practitioner can learn to If one of my bronchitic colds more prom monic. I'll not wait a minute for a scien tific mouse test to tell my doctor what type of pneumonia I've got. You may be sure I'll call for Young Doctor Heat in the

BUT what of desperate illnesses, where It's in such that Young Doctor Heat

got his real start, in circles scientifically re-spectable. Everybody now knows how the reat fever master, Wagner Jauregg, of Vienna, took the terrible chance of burn ing general paralysis of the insane out of folks by infecting them with malaria. It was splendid science, but for the millions cent when the sickness reached the stage (Continued on Page 91) where its victim



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There are also Vitality Health Shoes for every a
childhood and youth affering a new standard of va-youthful styles, all-leather features and lasting usear. I
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WIDTHS AAAA TO EEE





BE OUR GUEST . SEE WHY THOUSANDS ARE SAYING "OURS IS A FRIGIDAIRE '34"

If you think that electric refrigerators must be noisy or expensive to run—if you think that ice trays must stick or that defrosting is necessarily a nuisance—then you should see the Spring Showing of the Frigidaire '54. Because something has happened in electric refriger-

ation that makes inconvenient refrigerators entirely out-of-date.

In the Frigidaire '34 an automatic release slides the ice trays out at a touch of your finger. Defrosting is automatic. The sound of the motor has been reduced to a whisper. The power unit has been made so efficient that it uses amazingly little current.

In the Super and De Luce series helives are adjustable up or down. There is a cabinet of Lifetime Porcelain inside and out . . . there is greatly increased ice freezing capacity, a larger vegetable Hydrator, and a cold storage compartment.

The special Spring Showing of the Frigidaire '34 line is now going on in every Frigidaire showroom. You are invited to be our guest during this colorful display and learn the many ways in which the Frigidaire '34 is different from any other electric refrigerator. Be sure to attend.



of from Page 89) would take some

Here this hopeful science stuck, with the professors theorizing, as usual, that i

Then the first of a new tribe of death fighters came to the rescue. These fever men were engineers, mechanics. They were intelligently ignorant. They boiled it down to this: that what the bodies of these desperately sick people needed was simply-

Physicist Whitney had stumbled on the astounding fact that any beast, from mouse to man, who's placed in the powerful, concentrated field of short-wave radio gets hot. General paralysis of the insane

Whitney's radiotherm was o plicated, dangerous, and surely no tool for your ordinary obveician

Boss Kettering set his air-conditioning Kettering's radio death fighters fought to

Doctors turned themselves into engineers; and engineers became impromptu doctors. And all of them-patients, en-gineers, doctors and the marvelously devoted nurses-turned themselves into human experimental guines pigs. There was fire. There were accidents. Through a gro-tesque succession of fever machines the

fever grew slowly easier, safer. . . . A forlorn band of people—their awful illness made them volunteers for any fate!—submitted themselves to this hell of hot experiment. What kept them comsick bodies. For years they'd been treated with arsenical drugs, with mercury, with bismuth. They might as well have had so much rain water. But now this dan-gerous Young Doctor Heat endowed these nedicines with an unheard of microbekilling power. .

Those tortured with girdle pains and lightning pains were relieved of their agony. Others, paretic, on the verge of imbecility, were brought back to reason. Sight returned to a little boy blind with hereditary syphilis. None who stuck to the fever progressed to the state where the e doors opened for them.

HIS life-saving science was beautiful THIS life-saving screece was J But this fact remained: that it was yet too complicated and dangerous a weapon neer Sittler evolved an ingenious hot box that dispensed with the delicate radio ap-paratus completely. Now hot air of a certain humidity was forced over people, boosting fever as quickly, less expensively, and with less danger of burnings.

This fever booster is still experimental, and not available for doctors generally. But it's in use under scientific control at the Mayo Clinic, the Cleveland City Hospital, the Milwaukee General Hos-pital and the Henry Ford Hospital at De-troit. At these places, the physicians of those desperately needing fever treatment

Yet the sad fact remains that some ten millions of our people suffer the lurking terror of this sickness. While the drug treatment begun in early stages is bril-liantly effective in many, yet it is long and costly. And in a great number it's of no avail. Unless combined with fever.

Is there no hope of Young Doctor Heat becoming democratic? Combined with drug treatment, there's no doubt he's an drastically effective as any other remedy for any other major ill that plagues us there a safe, simple, general round with them the terrible secret of what the future - maybe - holds for them

Only last month I was studying the fight against that sleepy death known as encephalitis, and the tragedy that often follows for those sleepy ones who don't Many of these survive, only to go downhill emaciated, bent, with demented greasy faces, dripping mouths, trembling

chins, and dragging themselves along with hesitating gait. This is the consequence of A month ago it all seemed hopeless. But now comes news from the able physio-therapist, Dr. William Schmidt, of Philadelphia, that general fever, used in time, often not only checks the progress of this dreadful ailment, but has brought a num-

ber of sufferers back to health, to w This same pioneer has brought Young Doctor Heat to bear on another illness of the spinal cord and brain, known as multiple sclerosis. This is a lovely, slow multiple sciences. This is a lovely, slow murderer of men and especially young women—attacking them, usually trag-cally, in their prime. Osler's textbook of medicine gives you this hopeless news about multiple sciences: "The prognosis is unfavorable. Ultimately, the patient, if not carried off by some intercurrent affection, becomes bedridden. In two hundred cases the average duration was

NOW Doctor Schmidt has fevered man of these doomed people. He's brough many-not too far gone-to strength and work. Some are without a sign of their sickness for two years now—though careful Schmidt says it's still too early to speak of cure.

twelve years: three recovered

From Detroit comes news of the power ful healing effect of fever on chronic is fectious arthritis, and the most honeful thing about it is this: that little, grees are more healing than the hellish nperatures of 105 and over that are so far used to fight syphilis and which I've seen fail to help arthritis. And from Chicago comes report of how fever can re lax -- for a time, at least -- the air tubes in

us asthma Mind you, all this pioneering has been done with fever boosters from which this or that bug hasn't yet been licked out One may still burn you. Another may be uncomfortable. A third is delicate me-chanically. The expense of most is beyond the reach of your practitioner

But two weeks ago I took off my clothes into Engineer George H. Spencer's new vapo-therm. I've had a reasonable ex-

se gadgets gave me ese gaugets gave me. But this was different. I'm bulky, and it's been an infernally slow job for even fever. But this new vapo-therm shot me In the old gadgets when reached 103 I'd begin to gasp for breath— it was nasty. In this one I felt just the

Mind you, when you're up around 100

to 106—in the finest machine the greatest air-conditioning engineer could invent— it's no picnic. You're likely to be dopy, irritable, maybe delirious, and hot—very, But in Spencer's machine there was no chance at all for burns or blisters. There was no possibility of fire. Spencer can pull you part way out so you can move

round easily—and still hold up your fever I'm the world's most stupid mechanic Yet I'd undertake to operate the simple controls of this apparatus after brief in-struction. It takes only 1400 watts of current and you can plug it into any light socket. It weighs only 350 pounds and fits easily into a reasonably small room Every doctor has a little car that takes him round to see his patients. The cost of another little car will let him take this practical Young Doctor Heat into part-nership. So, you see, Young Doctor Heat tors want him they can have him.



Cake Flour must be sifted before the flour is measured. This first sifting . . . from package to sieve, to spoon, to cup . . . has always been the mussiest, fussiest part of the job.

Now a little sifter is built right into the side of every box of Pillsbury's Sno Sheen Cake Flour. You don't even need to cut open the box. Just pull open the sifter, insert the little crank . . . and sift your cake flour right from the package into your measuring cup. No spilled, scattered flour, no fuss and muss - no chance of mistakes in measurement. And when you're through, the sifter pushes shut and keeps your Sno Sheen Cake Flour sealed against dust and dirt and dampness.

It's convenient, It's a help, And the cake flour inside the Handy-Sifter package . . . Pillsbury's Sno Sheen Cake Flour . . . is as perfect as cake flour possibly could be. Smooth and fine revented for velvery-fine cakes Delicate and snowy pure for lightness and fine flavor. Ask your grocer today for Pillsbury's Sno Sheen Cake Flour . . . the only cake flour in the Handy-Sifter package.

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Just run your hand over this new "face". Notice how umooth and glazed it feels. That's because Bon Ami doesn't seratch, dull or mar the surface, like ordinary harsh, abrasive cleansers do. Bon Ami absorbs the dirt—"blots it" up—which is the safe, effective, easy way.

Bon Ami doesn't redden or coarsen your hands, or make your fingernails dry and brittle. In fact, many women have told us they use Bon Ami to clean their hands—it's so soft and fine and pure. Also you'll find Bon Ami odorless and white. You'll find it won't collect in or clog up the drains and pipes. You'll find it washes away easily and instantly—and leaves no gritty sediment in the bottom of your tubs and basins.

Use Bon Ami for all your household cleaning tasks. Use it on your bathtubs, kitchen sinks, enameled stoves, kitchenware, refrigerator, tiling, smooth painted woodwork and walls, windows, mirrors and metals. For Bon Ami is the one cleanser that's good for all your work.

**NEW YORK, N. Y.
**NEW YORK,

Bon Ami

TO suit your taste Bon Ami comes in a long-lasting Cake, a handy sifter-top can of Powder or in a large, handsome De Luze Package, especially designed for bathroom use.



BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS

Ir's fun to watch an author grow—on-lange—or what have you. There's a new book by Sylvia Thompson this month, BREAKFAYT IN BED, which shows a suzer touch, a more mature technic, and emerges touch, a more mature technic, and emerges touch and the surface of the state with the littchen maid emerging reluctantly from stumber, and before the day ends feels on infimate terms, and sympathetic ones, with overy member of their lives, for good or ill.

Within the formight there is another. Within the formight there is another with the surface of the

Within the fortnight there is another London take one should not miss, A FEATHER IN HER HAY, by all odds the finest book we have had from 1. A. R. Wyke, and in the character of old Mrs. Wyke, and in the character of old Mrs. Horsey of the character will treasure beside that believe the reside will treasure beside that believe the character of the missing the missi

forces in a romance of the best. Phyllis Bentley, who won her laued the with Inheritance last year, has used with Inheritance last year, has used Northern Registand—in her new novel, A Moosses Tractory. But as the title would indicate, who has put her story into modern dress. It is a traget tale of your business ethich, the story of one wrong step leading to subterfuges which in turn lead deper and deeper into the mire.

Another book that won acclaim last year was Pageant, by G. B. Lencaster, a historical novel set in Tammaria. A far cry bat seep side in the wentieth century, but such is the setting for The Wonzi is Youns. Imagine, if you can, James Giver Youns. Imagine, if you can, James Giver wide-open spaces that are not wholly inspiring, and Caracilian mountles that have left their halos behind, and girls that play mother yell each and that of the convertional

Elizabeth Corbett, too, has turned from her beloved and irresistible Mrs. Meigs to a new field. In The HOUSE ACROSS THE RIVER WE have a skillfully told story of love and blackmail and mystery and death in a Chicago subarb. Possibly she will win new readers; personally. I hope she will go back to her old vein, where she has fewer competitors.

Speaking of mysteries, there is a new Agatha Christie, MURDER IN THE CALAIS COACH, a good yarn with the always appealing setting of a cross-Continental

Finally, among the authors of stables misself, even is Pfill Storge, with a new noval, Villand, Talka, Have you even could in the tiling forgotten towns along the railroad track, the from a larger town, and being? This is the story of just such a town, and of a handful of people to whom a revival entitles the cooperation of high and cap is the main event, and for whom a revival entitles the cooperation of high and color has the cooperation of high and color has still mean diagrace, if taken before kins still mean diagrace, if taken before materiancy and in public-or after largitimate patterns.

Too Masey Boars, by Charles L. Cliff ford, is an unfoogstable story of a remote Philippine army post during the World War, of men chafing at inaction, of women depending on artificial stimulation of exceltenars, and feeding on crumbs of gosstp. of Negro troops and white officers. A novel that men will claim as their own, but that women will insist has a special meaning for them as well. Frances Remard, in RIDGEWAYS, has caught the sessence of Kentucky in a stirring detonicle of five generations, deeply coded in tradition centering around the old place. From riches to poverty and degradation and up the scale again, and weven back and forth the dominating influence of Ellen Hardison, the interloper, a character that recalls Margaret Deland's memorable "iron woman."

CINNAMON SEED, by Hamilton Basso, is a story of Louisiana today, and the conflict between traditions and modern realities, the effort of one generation to live up to what is expected of them by their elders, and yet to seize on what they want from

From England comes one of the most challenging books of the season. The Unchallenging books of the season. The Unchallenging books of the season. The Unstandard of the Committee of the Co

realistic, startlingly vivid; a love story in the foreground and in the background the tom-toms of war, shorn of the usual Civil War sentimentalities, starkly real. Now for a taste of lighter fiction. Two's Company, by Margaret Guion Herzog, is a new turn to an old tale. A triangle com-

å new turn to an old tale. A triangle composed of a mother, her somewhat youngesecond husband, lounge lizard par excellence, and her daughter. Good entertainment, and no strain on the mentality. Then there is a delectably different sort

There there as executely district the same of story. Mr. Tronserson in Time Arritic, by Anna Gordon, Keown. It's a story of an English echool, and of the different shift and the same of the same of

Finding of the works out. The other conpression of the control of the control of the conpression of the control of the conlor of the control of the control of the conlor of the control of the control of the conlor of the control of the control of the conlor of the control of

Compare SUN-MAIDS WITH ANY OTHER RAISINS YOU CAN BUY

Cleaner, fresher, richer in flavor—these are some of the advantages Sun-Maid brings to you. Patented methods exclusive to Sun-Maids, make them the world's finest raisins.



s tablespoon batter s cap unawestened seple-sauce litespoon instanton apple-sauce. Chop 3 caps of raisins. Mix together corn system water, vinega, butter, spices, and and mapleine and allies to come to the boiling point. Add chopped resists and simmer a minutes, add whole resists are remove from fire. Blend with apple sauce. Bake between two crusts in a hot oven 4core 7.6 for 20 between two cr

To save you time, to make cooking easier for you,

I sun-Maid does many extra things, takes extra
care in supplying raisins to you.
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need waste no time in washing them. And they flow freely from the carton into the measuring cup-Second, Sun-Maid Raisins are fresh, plump and rich in natural flavor. This deliciousness is fully retained and imparts a succulent fruit flavor to the dishes in which they're used.

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Even when rain pelts against the windows of your car, you'll be dry and comfortable inside if your car has Fisher No Draft Ventilation. You can open one of those smart Ventipanes just a little, and out goes the stuffy air, in comes the pure fresh air, without drafts or any splatter of raindrops. This helps to keep the inside of the windshield clear for folks in the front seat, which certainly makes driving safer. And it keeps little folks in back seats from being chilled by drafts, or getting all hot and squirmy and restless. In fact, it would be hard for anyone to get tired of riding in the smart, strong, safe new Body by Fisher. The seats are wider, deeper—the cushions more luxuriously restful—the whole interior noticeably more spacious. That's one of the first things which will impress you, when you see and examine any of the new Ceneral Motors cars.



The Home of the President's Mother

TREE PEOPLE

BY MAY CARLETON LORD

With fringy flowing sleeves:

The hemlack is a maiden aunt

With pincushions for leaves;

The poolor is a clergyman

Who lifts his arms to provi

But lilocs are the grandman Who stay at home oll day.

A hinth tree is a lady

Mrs. Roosevelt, Sr., are connected by swinging doors.

The house in which Mrs. James Roos or residence, is typical of its period.

They were both built by Mrs. Roosevelt. in 1910. In her house there is a subcellar for heating equipment, and then the floor that is just below the street level. Here, in the front, is the servants' sitting room, in the front, is the servants' sitting room, neatly furnished. At the back are a large kitchen and the larders. A woman cook and maid are employed below stairs. On the floor above is the entrance hall— really a room—the width of the house it-self, and furnished with chairs, fine old self, and furnished with chairs, fine old mirrors, pictures and the cast of a superb statue of the President as a young man of twenty-eight years—the work of Paul Troubetskoy, the Russian sculptor. The entrance hall is reached from the street by marble steps which lead likewise to the adjacent door at No. 49. These days, a New York City policeman stands on duty at the bottom of these joint steps, on the

ACK of the entrance room is another

cream-colored n semicircle. Opelevator. which Mrs. Roose velt herself spurns from one floor to another. Its func tion is most appremaking the longer sleeping quarters on the fifth floor: and by Mrs. Roose-velt's Pekingese, a

Just beyond the open stair hall is the dining room, almost square, with an open ce, and richly furnished. Above the fireplace are delicately decorated ceram lireplace are delicately decorated ceramics. Here and there throughout the house are potted plants—ferns, aglaonessas, aspidistras and poinsettias, in sesson. On the dining table there frestands a handsome old salver tankard filled with rosebuds. Back of the dining room is the butler's

pantry. Both a butler and a footman, or second man, are on the domestic staff. is situated the library, where there some times hangs an original Gilbert Stuart portrait of the President's great-great-grandfather, Isaac Roosevelt (1726-1794). It was painted in 1793. Mrs. Roosevelt likes to keep this ancestral portrait at Hyde Park, but she brought it to New York last winter for the purpose of lending it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art Loan Exhibition of New York State Fur niture, February 6 to April 29, 1934.

IN THE library at 47 East Sixty-fifth Street there also hang portraits of James Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt, the latter painted by Pierre Troubetzkoy, a brother of the sculptor who did the Presi-dent as a young man. Mrs. Roosevelt has also a number of intimate studies and photographs about the room, including a snanshot of herself and her son taken not ong ago by a little neighbor girl at Hyde and enlarged for a place of honor on

The drawing-room at the back of the second floor is pleasantly formal, with the intimate air of a French salon. It is furnished with chairs, couches and orna-ments from the period of Louis XV. There is a grand piano; wide, draped and daintily curtained windows. The prevailing colors are pastels, and the room is at once his ous and livable, an achievement in itself. At the right, as you enter, are the famous connecting doors which can make this room one with the President's drawing-mom next door On the third and fourth floors are the

hadrooms and haths EVERYWHERE throughout the living

house of Mrs. James Roosevelt's are bits of fine porcelain and glass, pictures and pottery, deep chairs and delicate ones. The es of Chinese art are especially fine for her father. Warren Delano, landowner and a leading merchant of New York, spent some years of his life in China, where incidentally, several of his children were born. Sara Delano, however, was were born. Sara Delano, however, was born at Algonac, her father's country place near Newburgh, New York, on September 21, 1854. There she was married the seventh day of October, 1880.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born two years later at Hyde Park.

Mrs. Roosevelt's mother was Catherine Robins Lyman, the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Joseph Lyman of Northampton,

> The American ixed name, Delani is directly derived from De La Nove. the name of their French ancestors ily background rs much more France. It is be-lieved that other versions of the name—Lannoy themselves deriva-tives of "Aulne-

Massachusetts.

Aune analdertree The American pronunciation is Del'ano with slightly stronger emphasis on the first syllable. The name Roosevelt is of Dutch origin; and "oo" in Dutch is pronounced as the "o" in rose—Rosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt cannot imagine why so many have taken to calling the family Roo-se-velt, after the fashion of the sound of "use" in muse.

ALTHOUGH genealogists have made a great fuss over the Delano family tree, tracing it hither and you into States finds overstressing one's progenitors
"somewhat silly." She is a staunch be-liever in the value of good blood—that is, to have sprung from people of character and fine minds—but, as she puts it, "tracand time minds—but, as she puts it, "trac-ing relationship to princely backgrounds is a foolish pastime. We all spring from Adam, it is to be supposed—or at least from Noah!"

Those friends of the family who inquire of Mrs. Roosevelt with an air of secrecy regarding her son's present state of health as a result of the infantile paralysis are as a result of the inflantic paralysis are given no mysterious answers. His health is good. His recovery, she believes, has been definitely a matter of strong think-ing—power of mind. Mrs. Roosevelt makes no bones, in intimate conversations, of her impression that "most peop opinion is that a vigorous interest in life, and reasonable meals at reasonable intervals, cover the situation for normal people. Such a life this young woman of seventy-nine years leads, and has led, filling her days with new ideas, vital reckoning w the present, and gracious and interested observance of old standards that are "cheerful, beautiful, sound" and thus worthy of perpetuation.



again and again, in the letters sent us by grateful home-

makers. Impartial laboratory tests show they are right.

And four generations have discovered Pequot's extra

But when you slip gratefully between the sheets at

night, you forget durability in the luxury of Pequot's

pure whiteness and its restful smoothness. Pequot white

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Decide now to replenish your linens with Pequots! And to carry out such a good resolution, there's no time like the present! Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

PEDUDT

Shorts and Pillow Cares

LONGER

wear in actual service on beds and in the wash!

grows as gentle as old linen.

PROVED

EFFORT toward self-

Later, as he grows men tally, he acquires other

one of these is the deceit

A baby only a fev nths old learned to

his face in order to con

it Children old enough

nisconduct elsewhere, o

to avoid punishment by

agination begins to agination begins to develop, adding greatly to the child's en-joyment of play. The little girl busies her-self chatting to the imaginary guests at her tea party; the little boy never once for the whole day steps out of his rôle of a rabbit. The uses of imagination are too ob-vious to mention. Without it man would never have accomplished anything in the realment of wiseen, invention or the various.

realms of science, invention or the various

Imagination becomes dangerous only when it does not lead to action, when it

deceives its possessor into preferring a dream world to a real one. The child,

then, must be encouraged to realize his dreams. The boy Shelley, who lay on his back in a boat fascinated by the rolling

cloud shapes above him, became the man

who expressed for all time their fleeting

but misuse occurs only if the child

Like all gifts, imagination may be n

pent-up emotion or desire. Usually by the

PUTTING IMAGINATION TO WORK

Is the child having more pleasure in his

The child who has no playmate may come

to rely so much on the imaginary brother and sister that he talks to them in prefer-ence to the real children he meets after he

seek it by making up absurdities. Again, has the stern unbelief which confronted the child when he confided his imaginings

to his parents made his fantasies seem of more importance than would have been

the case had they been taken at their face

ngs than in his real surroundings

we must look for an explanation.

has already become shy Many children tell tall tales simply to get attention. In such cases it is up to us find out how to give them the right kind

misdeeds. At two or three, im

"Oh my! Oh my! Oh my! but JUNKET IS NICE"



and it makes milk digest* TWICE AS FAST

brought up on milk made into dainty junket desserts. Mothers who were raised on junket now make it for their youngsters. Doctors recommend it. Leading food authorities en-dorse this favorite dessert which is always tempting, always the perfect climax to a

Now after two years of research, scientists in one of our great universities have discov-ered why junket is so good for folks. Reports show that junket

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Increases milk consumption Only junket gives these amazing benefits. Be-cause junket is the only food which contains the enzyme which performs the first step in digestion of milk.

Money Back Guarantee

Serve your family junket desserts for four weeks.
We guarantee that it will encourage appetites
and increase milk consumption, or you can return the empty Junket packages and we will
refund your money.

Make junket with either Junket Powder or Junket Tablets. Junket Powder is sweetened

Junket Tablets, not sweetened or flavored Add sugar and flavor to taste.

The Junket Secret—to make the firmest, most delicious junket, warm milk barely lukescerns—the temperature of a baby's bottle.

*As shown by "in vivo" tests of gastric digestion





Junket is the first ed this famous real.



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The Junket Polks Counds, address cover stalling cost	Dept. 24, Lis Torusco, Out. Send me Tris	ttle Palle,) Enctor al Packag	N. V. (ed is Je e of Junk
Powder Recipes for Junks	t Deserts and	war) and d Ice Cres	book of

LITTLE LIARS



AND HOW THE SPIRIT OF TRUTHFULNESS MAY BE IMPLANTED IN CHILDREN

BY MARION L. FAEGRE

value? The child whose parents are so

afraid of developing untruthfulness that they do not enter into his imaginative play misses much, but he does not miss so nuch as do his parents. The child who is encouraged to drama

tize the stories he hears or reads is being offered a means of self-expression. The one who is given tools so that he may play is at the same time being given an

age of five or six children are learning to distinguish between fact and fancy, be-To make a boat that will sail, a dres that will fit a doll, to draw a recognizable ween the real world and that of their picture or make a good pudding-all these help the child to realize that not by dreams. When this does not come about ends, but by closely consorting with the facts, and learning the conditions involved in making these things come into being. He learns his limitations, and at the same time is exhilarated to find that

> Just as the imagination of children who have natural and desirable outlets for their play does not run riot, so children brought up under wise disciplinary meth-ods do not develop the habit of lying. A very large proportion of the lies children tell are actuated by fear of punishment, a finding that leads us to suspect that se-vere punishment for lying will only in-

crease the probability of future lying.

Many a mother asks, "Shall I punish Many a mother asks, "Shall I punist my child when he has confessed to an un-truth?" Does not the confession itsel mount to a punishment to the child? If effort required has probably meant as much as would any emotion less arbitrary punish ment. Of course, if the someone else, something the child ters right; must bear the burden of

KEEPING TRUST

But we should remen courageous and straight forward will grow only as we lead him to have confidence in his ability to do right. Punishment may unduly emphasize the wrongdoing, give the child a feeling of guilt

child a feeling of guilt and badness.

Of supreme importance, it goes without saying, is the existence attitude of openness and frankness. The little child delights us with his confidences. his naive outpourings. One who has be-come secretive and withdrawn may have become so because his confidences were not respected, were laughed at or scorned. A child whose ideas have been made the subject of mirth does not easily recapture

s earlier free attitude.

The value of retaining children's confi dence is brought out strikingly when an in-stance of lying occurs. When a child has been found out in a lie, we must use exreme care not to make him feel that our belief in him is in any way impaired Many a child has been profoundly dis-couraged from efforts at truth telling because he has been made to feel that whatever he says, he is looked at askance, and his word questioned. This attitude of dis belief is likely to be found in the very conscientious parent, who fears that lying may become a habit.

What should interest us, of course, is ot the negative side, not the preventi of lying, but the positive aspect-that of building up a habit of truthfulness. When a lie has been told, the child must afterward be made to feel that the thing is over and done with, and that we are as ready to believe him as before.

Truthfulness or the opposite is a habit,

just like all our other learned behavior.
Which will be in the ascendant depends Which will be in the ascendant depends upon the associations set up in connection with either kind of conduct. Thus, if a child learns successfully to seape all man-ner of unpleasantness by lying, it will be-come an ingrained habit. If it is made pleasant to him to tell the truth, if the emotions he associates with this behavior are enjoyable, he will have reason to re-

peat it.
Truthfulness is much more a matter of emotions and attitudes than of formal training in morality. If we succeed in making the child want to tell the truth, if we can make it (Continued on Page 136)



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smoke-blackened cooking utensils.

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• "Conducts what a day Puo had! And now imagine_got to take off my own sooks and shoes! Work work work! ... Lucky I'm always in the



• "Now-let's see-do I pull or nush? Pull I muss Yeaveho! . . . None - didn't work! Guess Fd better pull in the other direction. Oh. dear-Pm getting hot and cross! . . . Cat woods with that Johnson's Raby Poseder, Mom!"



· "Oons! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot, And then - oh, boy!my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . . "





• "Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty -but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it! And it hasn't any sinc-stearate in it, nor orris-root. My doctor said so!"

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JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

(H:4 -- 1 D ...

(Continued from Base 33)

had had and an included and a second had just motored a nungred have to up in favor for her father's secretary. Lett feelings were different; she had simply never thought of Dick's possessing a life of his own outside his work in her lather's office. She had thought of him as children office. She had thought of him as children think of a toy—something that really ceases to exist when they put it back in its box. Now to find that he had not only a wise, dignified mother, a delightful old boxes.

dignified mother, a delightful old house but worst of all, a good-looking cousin, was for reconstate did not uncourse outcomely er. 'It seems." "It seems," said Mrs. Slater, "that

driving a motor -I had a letter from him last night "

"I had a letter said Mary.
"This happened only this morning."
"This happened only this morning."
"The Her feeling was that it was

ing on a correspondence with a girl be ng on a correspondence with a girl ne The very civel inchesore The dreadful thing about it is " Mrs. "The dreadful thing about it is, Date." Slater went on, as if Mary had a right to stater went on, as it mary had a ri

they accuse him of driving on with stopping and leaving an old man dving by the roadside."
"That's abourd." said Mary.

LETTY, whose heart had softened at his found comething among and incolent in Mary's assumption that the facts were " she answered "You see he has

"Could there be anyone that he is shielding?" asked Mrs. Slater.

Letty was aware that Mary turned a quick, and slightly malignant, glance upon her at this and she answered steroly There really isn't Mrs. Slater

"Of course, anyone may have an acci-dent," said Mary, "but it isn't possible that Dick would drive away without finding out if anyone was injured."

Letty was surprised to find herself quoting the sergeant: "You'd be surprised, Miss Saunders, what people will do when they are terrified, and think that no one

has seen them Mrs. Slater interrupted her with a smile "I know my son better than you can," she and you must just take my that that is something he could not have

"Not possibly." said Mary, and the t vomen exchanged a quiet nod that made women exchanged a quiet nod that made. Letty feel a complete outsider. She thought, "Well, after all, I do know something about him. He held me in his arms—be kissed me. I wonder what you'd think about that if you knew it, my proud beauty." She stood up. "I think I must be going back. I have quite a house party on my hands." She hoped they'd gather.

these two, how impersonal her deed of kindness had been. "Are you going back with Miss Osmond, Cousin Jane?"

ERTAINLY not, my dear. I haven't CERTAINLY not, my use...

been Dick's mother for twenty-eight years to go rushing to his assistance un-less he wants me. If he does want me years to go rushing to his assistence— less he wants me. If he does want me, he'll send for me. You see, his message was that he'd be free tonight. Miss Osmond will take him my regular Sunday letter." "I think I'll send him a line," said

Do-it will cheer him up." "I hope it won't be very long," said tty, "because I must be off." She was Letty, "because I must be oft." She was thinking. "Pretty cool, to make me trans-mit her love letter for her. How does she know I won't read it on the way? I do wonder what's in it. "Darling, darling, to think you are in trouble when I can't be with you ____." Aff. the time Miss with you — "All the time Miss Saunders' pen was gently scratching, Letty was composing a love letter such as

she would have written in the same cir-

she would have written in the same cir-cumstances—if Ralph had been in trouble. But then she wouldn't have written, she would have rushed to him. "It's very kind of you, I'm sure," said Mary, handing her the letter with the

"Not at all," said Letty, apolying the tip of her tongue to the flap. She was not

tip of her tongue to the hap. Size was not nptation. As she drove nome sne thought envi-

ously that it must be nice to have anyone as sure of you as Mrs. Slater was of Dick. But not all mothers were like that—not all than quiet ladies living in a New England

T WAS after agrees a blood, when the met She expected some criticism. sensorally from Poloh who might think is especially from Raiph, who might think it an exaggerated kindness to another man for her to have driven two hundred muses on the first day of their engagement—the day he was to speak to her father. But she ne was to speak to ner father. But she could manage that—she would say, "Oh, I way his mother. Palmb, and a heavy I saw his mother, Raiph, and a heavy beauty who looked as if she ought to sing beauty who looked as if she ought to sing the bad black villainess in a Wagner opera—his girl, I suppose."

fore dinner—they must brown left almosty Mr. and Mrs. Van Baar have gone miss. They took the other mentleman

them. Mr. Osmond has gone to New 'My father? To New York?" reind

Letty.
"Ves. miss, and Mr. Semmes is with "Yes, miss, and Mr. Semmes is with Miss Osmond in the drawing-room." "Poor Ralph," thought Letty; he was not fond of Aunt Julia. She felt u pang of selfarenrach; he must have been tersell-reproach; he must have been ter-ribly bored while she was motoring across country. She thought, "I ought not to have gone at all. I wonder why I did go. It seemed the right thing to do then, I now --- She hurried to the drawing-room, and on opening the door saw, to her surprise, that the Mr. Semmes engaged in conversation with her aunt was not Ralph, but his father

THE elder Semmes was an alarming by the same London tailor for thirty years; he had the heavy mustache that had been the fashion of his youth, a pair of the property and head the same London of his youth, a pair of the pai old blue eyes, and a perfectly bald head. He thought highly of himself, his family, his son, his daughter—the duchess—and of the great Semmes fortune which had come sliding down the years to him, generation after generation.

Letty had known, without thinking it made much difference, that he wouldn't

made much difference, that he wouldn't think her an ideal daughter-in-law—not really quite up to the Semmes standards of in-laws. Why was he there? To object to the engagement? Something severe. to the engagement? Something s discontented, strained in his whole ing made her sure he was not pleased. She came forward with her best mannerthe manner of a very good little girl.

Aunt Julia broke off in the midst of a

"Where have you been, Letty happening—that secretary of your father, running over harmless old farmers in the village, and your father called away to

Why did father go to town "He got word a warehouse where the firm's records are stored was burning down. He went straight from the gold club without even coming home to change his clothes. So annoying—not (Continued on Page 100) What!

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(Continued from Page 98) Mr. Semmes is being most kind and beinful, and has even

being most kind and helpful, and has even sent for his own lawyer."
"Where is Ralph?" said Letty.
"I'm sorry to say," answered Mr. Semmes, "that my son is upstairs overscehis packing."

"He's going away?"
"He has been sent for. His mother is ill—desperately ill, I'm afraid—in Paris."
For some reason his tose did not carry conviction. Letty did not believe that be had been sent for—did not believe that his mother was ill. She thought, "They his mother was iii. She thought, "They are just taking him away from me, and he's willing to go. I knew he wasn't a strong character, but I never thought he was as weak as that." She fell hitter and

humiliated—yet not hearthroken. mont instant ske ake keel heen un

Rising, Mr. Semmes anrough mustache.

him to go just at this moment, my dear. I congratu dear. 1 con gratumost nappy ve agreed He counted to feel that it was un nat it was un-Sammas to do more than sketch in his approval When does he

esil? Very early to

"Oh, I can't bear it," she said. Her when they were so happy! Tears came to "Now, Letty, don't make a scene," said her aunt. "It's just one of those things—very hard, of course, but it won't

be for long. You mustn't make it harder for Ralph. He feels badly at going, of No.

"You must make it easier for him, my dear," said Mr. Semmes. She thought, "What do they know about how Ralph and I feel at his going— two old people like them?" Aloud she said, "I think I'll go and find Ralph." She remembered penitently that he and she had not parted on the best of terms the night before—that she had left the McNeils' party without waiting for him.

CHE met him on the stairs. He looked, in his business suit and stiff collar, ter-ribly ready for a journey; paler and more rably ready for a yourney; pater and more tense than she had ever seen him.

"Oh, Ralph darling!" she cried. She clung to him. "I'm so sorry."

"Int' it notten back?" he answered

hitterly What shall we do?

"What is there to do?"

She drew back. She had heard of this before—the alienating effect of a great grief. Of course she ought not to expect m to comfort her when his whole heart was with his sick mother, yet she couldn't wanting comfort "Your poor mother, Ralph. Is she—is she very iil?"

"Yes, I'm afraid she is." He spoke rather curtly—almost as if he did not want her to trespass on such sacred ground. there's anything I can do,

Ralph --- "
"There really isn't. I know you'd do everything you could."
"I feel so dreadfully I was away all the It would have been the last straw if I

had had to go without saying good-by to you."
"You'd have gone without seeing me?"

He seemed surprised at her protect but courteous as ever, he answered, "I shouldn't have wanted to, but my old man is in such a rush." He did not even man is in such a rush.

You're not angry at me, are you. Ralph?"

He turned his face to her, and she thought it was like a mask—the mask of m total stranger. "Angry at you, Let? Why should I be?"

She was standing a sten below him and she was summing a step below him, and she made one more effort to break the wall between them. She classed her arms she made one more effort to break the way between them. She clasped her arm

she said she said.

She felt that a slight tremor ran
through him. His hand stroked her
shoulder. "Will you come with me?"

She drew away.
"Oh, if I only
could!"

You can We could be married ing-or on the

SHE felt slightly shocked at the it at the realization t at the realization that she did not want to be marri like that that he ing engaged and being married were two very differ-ent, two almost unrelated ideas? "Oh, I couldn't do that, she said.

He almost shrugged his haps you're

right," he said.

They were interrupted by the opening of the drawing-room door. Mr. Semmes came out quickly, "I thought I heard a car," he said. "I hoped it was Banner-

man."
"Oh, Mr. Semmes," said Letty, "I think it is so kind of you to take all this rouble—to send for your own lawyer
"Not merely kindness my d Ralph and I feel a certain resoor It was Balph's car you know and those It was Kalph's car, you know; and though the insurance company will take care of the financial phase, I should wish, in any case, to be represented by my own

Letty wasn't listening. She said, "But hy was Mr. Slater driving your car. It was not Rainh but his father who

I think we had better not go into that my dear. Ralph is going to say that he lent the car. Nowadays, I believe, young men borrow each other's cars very often

men borrow each other's cars very orten without getting formal permission." Letty stared at him. "But it doesn't sound a bit like Mr. Slater," she began, when Ralph interrupted. Oh, for heaven's sake, Letty," he said.

don't tease me with questions. I have had never spoken to her like this before ... nor to anyone else in her hearing. She felt hurt and shaken out of all proportion; then she remembered that Semmeses were doing everything to help Dick in the absence of her father, and that she herself had been away all day. It must sound ungracious for her to be ques-

oning their conduct. I'm so sorry I wasn't here," she said Yes, and where have you been?" said inh. "No one seemed to know any-

hing about you except that you would be ack by six back by six."

The moment had come for a confession.

Letty swallowed hard and said, "I ran up
to Mr. Slater's house in Vermont—his
mother's house. He asked me to telephone his mother about the accident, and when I found the wires were down



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"One moment, my dear," said Mr. emmes. "Do I understand that you have

"One moment, my dear," said Nir. Semmes. "Do I understand that you have seen Mr. Slater since the accident?"
"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Letty. "I went down to the police station as soon as I heard of it. Father was at the club, or I thought he was, and some member of the was terribly clear that the two men disporoved thoroughly of her conduct They had exchanged a long, horrified look, and now they stood frowning at her.
"And what did he tell you?" asked Mr.

"He wouldn't tell me anything," an-ered Letty. "He was very strange, Mr. Semmes; I did not like his manner. I did not understand it. He and I have been great friends, but he wouldn't tell me anywaiting for my father—relying on his in-fluence to get him off."

ALL the ice had disappeared from Mr. Semmes' manner. He smiled most benevolently upon his future daughter-inlaw. "Well, perhaps he was -- and perhaps he was right." he said. "We'll see what can Bannerman, my lawyer, is supfluence in this county."

Letty thought, "Oh, dear, that's prob-

ably crooked, and vet how comforting crookedness is when you're sure it's work-ing for you." Aloud she said, "I'm afraid you must think that Mr. Slater is in a bad way, if you thought it necessary to send for a great lawyer like Mr. Bannerman. "It will be serious if Tuttle dies."

A servant came hurrying through the hall to open the front door. Bannerman had arrived

He was a thin, small man, bright-eyed, a high forehead between bushes of crisp hair, a long upper lip drawn down in the center, and the softest, sweetest, most flexible voice Letty had ever heard. He was introduced to her briefly, and then Mr. Semmes drew him away to the study. Letty turned eagerly to Ralph. A few min-utes more together, she thought—but no, his father was firm. Ralph's presence in

the conference was essential.

Letty sighed and went upstairs. A sort of hopelessness had come over her. Ralph

"AND LIFT BE

LIFTED UP --- "

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

through lonely night; Somow and loss befall us, storms

What shall we do but turn be-

Shines out undimmed by ages,

wildered eyes lack to a clear, inexplicable Light hot, gathering long aga beneath

Earth, weary star, moves on

going away, and Dick not at all she had imagined him. Life seemed to be endured not lived. Ralph not quite as she had imagined him, in some cloud of coldness or mys-tery. Was it her ing been annoyed

ning before; or for having been away all day on another man's business; for having been averse to his idea of a runaway marriage? Or was it poign-ant grief at the illness of his mother? He had never talked much of his mother but she knew that divorces of parents

sometimes set up desperate emotional strains in the children. She dressed in a hurry and came down-stairs, to find that the study door was still shut, and the conference still going on. Her aunt, immaculate as ever, was sitting bolt upright in the drawing-room, reading through a lorgnette, which she considered ing than spectacles.

Is Mr. Bannerman staying for din-Letty asked. "He's staying for the night," answered Miss Osmond. "The least we could do, when the Semmeses have been so very kind, Really—that young Slater, I never liked or trusted that man, Letty. Very

crude and ignorant and above his job, my opinion. Do you know that he had never heard of the Duke of Brent? -- and seemed pleased with himself that he hadn't. I can't bear that type of Amer-

ican who thinks it's unpatriotic to get foreign titles right Aunt Julia, what was he doing in the village at all?"
"What, indeed? What, indeed? No

body has touched on that point. Not even Ralph, who has been simply wonderful about his car being injured-stolen, I about his car being injured—stolen, I think, though Raiph kept insisting that he lent Slater the car. Why should he? Why should he lend his car to the secretary "Didn't Ralph say why?

No, no, indeed, not a word, Ralph is so well bred. But I know there are a num-ber of low places in the village. You'll probably find Mr. Slater isn't any better

than people who appear less prim."

"He isn't prim, Aunt Julia."

"Hypocritical, I call it—dashing down to the village at half-past five——"

"Was that the time it happened?"
"At five minutes before six, I believe."
Letty grew thoughtful. What was the pur at which she had been talking to It must have been about that t le must have taken the car as soon as Ralph came in, or perhaps he had gone out to meet him—had found the car empty at the McNeils' and was driving it home. She wished she had some way of fixing the time of her own talk with him.

time of her own talk with him. She made an effort to read, but she found it impossible to keep her eyes on the shiny pages of her magazine. Her mind kept darting from Ralph sailing the next morning, to Dick in the local jail. She had loved them both—no, she had loved one and trusted the other—and now both seemed to have abandoned her.

SHE must know the whole story. She couldn't be shut up. She sprang up and crossed the hall toward the study door. The door was still closed, and voices low and indistinguishable came from behind Dared she interrupt? As she stood sitating, with her hand on the knob, the little clock on the mantelpiece inside struck eight. It struck with sharp, clear, musical little strokes, and suddenly it

came to her-the last time she had heard it strike. Of course, it had struck six that very morning just as she turned to go. She remembered when she heard it.

morning talk. She opened the door and went in. The conference ing. Mr. Semmes and Bannerman were already on their feet; Ralph

radiant still

Around a leafless tree on an old

Hill. sat with his elbows hands—the picture of despair. Her heart went out to him. How he was suffering—his mother must be very ill; worse than he would admit. She stood an instant in silence, and heard the end of Mr. Semmes' sen-

tence: ". . . money is no object—you understand that." The words pleased her. Ralph was de-termined to make his father help Dick out. That was kind—that was like him. She came fully into the room.

Mr. Semmes turned and saw hor. What is it, Letty? We have not quite 'Mr. Semmes, at what hour did the accident happen

accident happen?"

He frowned alarmingly and then attempted humor. "Very early in the morning, before young ladies like you have ever been awake." (Continued on Page 103)



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and from Page 1017 Mr. Bannerman, who never antagonized the humblest creature if he could avoid it, said in his tone of honey, "Ah, come in, Miss Os-mond. We had just finished. You will be skull; a severe concussion-but no frac-

Mr. Bannerman, at what hour was

the accident?"
"At three minutes before six."
"Then Mr. Slater couldn't have done
it. He was here in this room talking to
me at that moment. I heard the clock
strike six as I went away."
"While he had been a six of the country of the six of t

"What were you doing talking to that fellow at six in the morning?" asked Ralph, raising his haggard face.

"I was worrying about you," answered Letty. "I was asking him to find out where you were and why you hadn't come home at six in the morning." I'm afraid that clock is not a very d timekeeper." said Bannerman. " good timekeeper.

They are so pretty, those French clocks, but the fact is — "
"Mr. Bannerman," said Letty, sure there is some mistake about all this. I am sure Mr. Slater did not do this."

"My dear young lady, he admits that I don't care what he admits. It isn't

like him-to injure a poor old man and drive away. He wouldn't do that. No ecent person would do it, would they, I realize that you don't kno Dick as well as I do, but no one would do a thing like that, would they? CHE had appealed to him as a friend-a

O contemporary—and had expected an instant response, but he only continued to stare at her with a sort of blankness that she did not understand. It was his father who came to her and, taking her by the d her to the door.

Will you be so good, my dear, said in a tone of the coldest hatred, "to go away and leave us to arrange this matter as best we can. We have not much time, and if you forgive my saying so,

your interruptions are not very helpful His suppressed contemptuous irritation terrified her. She found herself in the hall, and the door again shut behind her. Had she made a fool of herself? Was the it importance? Was the study clock wrong She glanced at her wrist watch. The two timepieces still agreed, as they had agreed that morning-yet she had no reason to feel much confidence in her watch, which she often forgot to wind for days at a time. Aunt Julia was right, she thought there was something mysterious in the

Dinner was not an agreeable meal. Ralph, as white as paper, hardly spoke. Letty tried once or twice to get him to talk to her, but he showed plainly that he wanted to be let alone. Mr. Bannerman delighted Aunt Julia with anecdotes of all the personalities most in the public eye,

ASSOON as dinner was over, Mr. Semmer was ready to go. No use in Letty's clinging to Ralph's arm, no use in wailing "Oh, to think we were so happy yeste day." The bags were brought down and put into Mr. Semmes' pompous black imousine. The chauffeur holding the door open, a whispered word or two between Bannerman and Mr. Semmes; Letty flung her arms about Ralph and he held her close for a moment. Then he tore himself away, the door slammed-and they were

Letty did not go back to the drawin room; she sent the chauffeur down to the iail with the letters she had brought from Center Hadley, and went up to her room She sank down on the window seat and pulled up the blind. The same moon that had shone on her and Dick that evening on the piazza was now almost a full circle Dick couldn't have done this thing, but

Ralph could-Ralph was out with his car at that very minute. Was Dick shielding someone, as his mother said—shielding Ralph? Her heart gave a sickening drop. run away and leave another man to suffer No one whom she had ever known would do a thing like that-least of all Ralph.

Then with the flash of an inspirati perfect explanation came to her. Ralph had done it - but the news that his moth was dying had come—and Dick was tak ing his place just long enough to let him get away. That was it. Everything fitted in: Dick's calm, his message to his mother to go into it all; even his father's

that he was not in any real danger; Ralph' manner to her -of course he did not want about money - Ralph would stand the ex-pense of any legal action - naturally; Mr emmes' anger as she approached the explanation of the mystery. Everything fitted in. Everything was all right. Both men were given back to her again. remembered how lightly she and Ralph had asked for Dick's help. He had re-sponded superbly. How would they ever be able to repay him

SHE felt extraordinarily stimulated and clated by the mere contemplation of such nobility. He had done this for her— for her—and she had been thinking of him as callous, arrogant. Tears rose to her eyes and dripped down her cheeks at the sens of her own unworthiness. Yet she was not at all unhappy.

She felt tenderly toward the whole model amon to Mr Bannarman but especially to poor Ralph, crossing through ory behind him, and the ravaging anxiety about his mother ahead. She wished nov mother. She might telephone him—but he'd just be asleep, poor boy. Then she had a more daring idea—she might telephone Paris.

It was midnight. She thought hard bout the difference in time. Five hours but which way? Was it seven o'clock in the evening in Paris, or five o'clock in the morning? This was the sort of question she never thought out for herself—she asked someone like Dick. But now there was no one to ask. She sat leaning her chin in her hand, thinking about the sun. It rose in the East-coming up over Rus-sia, over Austria, over France; noon was earlier and earlier as you went east, the sun came there sooner; so time was later and later; how very confusing—at this minute perhaps the sun was rising over Paris, and she really couldn't telephone Mrs. Semmes at sunrise.

SHE slept very fitfully, and was awake SHE slept very infully, and was awake by six o'chock. She thought that if she heard that Mrs. Semmes was better she might have time to telephone Ralph be-fore he sailed, at least to radio the good news to his ship. Of course, if the news

She could hear the local operator's sur She could hear the local operator's sur-prise when she said she wanted to speak to Paris—no, not Paris, New York; Paris, France. Mrs. Gorham Semmes, at Neuilly, near Paris. No, not a person-to-person call—just her house. She waited impatiently. No one would hear the call in the sleeping bouse—six

'clock here, but eleven o'clock in Paris Then at last it came, a high, sharp voice:
"Yes, this is Mrs. Semmes—who is it?"
Letty answered, "I want to know how Mrs. Semmes is

Never better, thank you. I'm very . Who is this? They said New York well was calling

I heard you were ill, Mrs. Semmes." Is this Sylvia, or Grace?" You're not ill?"

"You're not till?"
A laugh. "I never was better in my life.
Is this n joke of some kind? Who is calling? They said ——"
Letty did something not often done with a transatlantic call—she hung up. So the whole thing was a lie.

A few minutes later Mr. Bannerma

breakfasting early, for he had a great deal



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Plan were to keep the youth in that smile to ward off double chin, sagging face muscles and other tell-tale signs of age. How? By giving the muscles of the face and neck the regular exercise which nature planned for them . . . the kind of exercise that they get when you chen vigor-

excle-on food which must be chemed. They're probably not getting such ex-ercise now—surely not, if you're eating mostly "Spoon Foods," But there's a way to make sure that you chew as you should - and without giving up those luscious cakes, pies, puddings, salads, souffles and other soft foods, either: just add something that will really make you chew.

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—plump kernels, full shells—your full money's worth-every time



below, and mail, for bookiet of selectifie facts, "What Vigorous Chewing Means to testion, found Teeth and Lasting Beauty," With It we also send our free recipe by Dept. K-25, California Wilmer Growers Association, Los Angeles, California

to do and wented to get healt to his office to do and wanted to get back to his office in New York, was surprised to see the dining-room door open and Letty enter. She looked pale and wide-eyed, and though she had stopped to brush her hair, she was wrapped in a frilled garment. sne was wrapped in a frilled garment, ampler than a dressing gown and less

formal than a tea gown.

"Mr. Bannerman," said Letty, "Mrs. Sammer ion't ill mes isn't ill." Sit down, Miss Osmond," replied Ran-

nerman, "and let me give you a cup of this excellent coffee. I am clad I did not trus excellent coffee. I am glad I did not live in the days when mulled wine was the only breakfast drink."

only breakfast drink."
"I have just telephoned to Paris. Mrs.
Semmes did not send for her son, and
neaver felt better in her life."

Bannerman put down his coffee cup Bannerman put down his conee cup, leaned his elbows on the table and looked leaned his elbows on the table and looked her straight in the eyes. "Miss Osmond," he said, "you are a very brilliant young id, "you are a very brilliant young To most people of your age I should not feel I could speak frankly. To you l can. I see you have inherited all your father's ability, with a little touch of femi-nine intuition. You can look at the situa-tion rationally. If this accident were tion rationally. If this accident were pinned on Ralph Semmes, he would never recover from it: he would be discraced recover from it; he would be disgraced for life—drunk and leaving m man dying: Multimillionaire's Son Hit-and-Run Driver. It would be in the headlines of

every paper in the country. He would never live it down."
"And will Mr. Slater?" "And will Mr. Slater?"
"Certainly he will. No newspaper will
feature it in his case—they may not even
mention it. The worst that could honore mention it. The worst that could happen to an obscure person like Slater would be to an obscure person like Slater would be to lose his job. Well, he won't do that. Mr. Semmes can, I think, make your father see that Slater's job is permanent. In fact, it may really be a blessing in dis-guise for him. Mr. Semmes and your guise for him. Mr. Semmes and your father are two powerful men to back a "Do you mean to tell me that Ralph

"Not easily, I assure you. He yielded only because his father and I insisted. Assa Osmond, may I speak to you frankly, as an older man who has seen II great deal of the world? These decisions are ter-rible—just the agonies from which we try to shield young people; compromises; doing evil that good may come. But ma-turity means having the courage to take such a decision as this—looking beyond the rule of thumb, and seeing the larger a crue thing to do, but it you think i ound financial future and best of all it

preserves your happiness."
"My happiness?" said Letty.
"I need not tell you that if you took
any step against Ralph, Mr. Semmes
would never forgive you. The old gentleman is a little spoiled, perhaps, like many man is a attie spoued, pernaps, like many people who have never been obliged to men break their hearts for. Let me advise men break their hearts for. Let me advise you. Forget this—let it alone. Slater has admitted that he did it. He told the policeman he had been driving the ear. Even if we wanted to sacrifice young Semmes, I'm not at all sure it would be possible to clear Slater. But we can get him off with a fine—that I know. The whole thing will be forgotten in ten days properties, except for the Semmes' grati-

Letty stood silent. If growing up was Bannerman said the ability to take

decision, then ane certainly aging rapidly. "No, Mr. Bannerman," she said, "I won't stand for this. And my father won't stand for this. And my father wouldn't either." This Osmond, you can't do any good, and you will only make yourself very unhappy."

uniappy."
"I'm going to make myself very un-happy, then," said Letty, and went up-stairs to telephone to her father.

(To be Comeluded)

The Old Correspondent

"My name's Goodman-Don Goodman. I've wanted to know you for a long time. I've read your pieces in the Granby paper ever since I could spell my letters." Grandma looked at him with her fixed glance, but inwardly she felt something of

"I've always remembered those pieces you wrote about Thomas, the trout, who used to live in your spring. And I liked the way you proved that Thomas was a democrat, even if he didn't have Jefferson for a M'm." thought grandma,

seating herself at the end of the table. The back kitchen door opened and Lem came in, his shoes still wet with the arsenate of lead with which he had been feeding the potato bugs. He seated himself noncommittally by the side of the wood box and pretended to be looking for a little stick to stir the spray. But grandma knew right well why he was there. The stair door opened and Lizzie made her way toward, the double cupboard, her dark. brooding eyes intent upon some mysteri-ous errand. And grandma knew why

"THIS is Mr. Wilcox," she said, one arm waving toward the wood box and the other toward the cupboard. "This is Miss other toward the cupboard. "This is Miss Reynolds, the lady who lives with me. . . . And this is Don Goodman," she said to the other two, "a young man who's dropped in for no other reason than to tell me that he likes my pieces in the paper
"Feels like a family reunion," said ti young man, earnestly shaking hands around. "I've read about you all so often that I seem to know you. And when I read

that item in this morning's Spring Hill news—how Mrs. Wilcox wished she had some pretty new dishes—I felt I simply had to come and see you." Lem and Lizzie each gave grandma a quick, shrewd glance. She pretended to be unconscious of their attention, but she

knew right well why they were looking at her so.
"Now here are some of my leading pat-"Now here are some of my leading patterns," he continued, opening his sample case. "Plain white with coin-gold bandy our initial in gold right here in the your initial in gold right here in the aren't those parrots beautie? . . Fruit-aren't those parrots beautie? . . Fruit-and-flower design; copied from a famous old tapestry. . . But here's the one that I particularly want to show you. It's called Old Colonial. I homestly believe will be respected as heirlooms, to say noth-will be respected as heirlooms, to say noth-

ing of reminding us meanwhile of the early HE HELD up a plate and began point-ing to its details with a pencil—no longer a salesman, but an earnest young

longer a salesman, but an earniest young protessor at a blackboard. "The arrangement was probably sug-gested by the willow pattern," he began. "But instead of being in blue, this is in soft, beautiful colors. Here you see the Maytlower. And here is Mount Vernon. A stagecoach with four horses is crossing the bridge. An early settler in a cornfield is bridge. An early settler in a cornfield is shaking hands with an Indian who is of-fering him a pipe of peace. A Pligrim aim-ing at a turkey. Paul Revere. Frankin flying his kite. Betsy Ross. Oxen plow-ing. And over here, George Washington bowing to a lady, presumably his wife, in a flower garden.

Lem scratched his chin, which in some (Continued on Page 106)



My koy did fine until first solid food time.
Then trouble started. We tried one type food after
another, but shoy is little stances (couldn't handle
them. He lost weigh terribly! It got to I dreaded
to pick him up, he seemed to thin and fragile.
The neighbors were sure I'd never raise my hoy"



"But the very day baby was six months old, I took him to a specialist in another city. He weighed just 9 pounds and 6 owners then! A mighty sick bay, the doctor said. And he recommended for him a feeding routine that included Cream of Wheat every day"



"From the first feeding, Cream of Whoss agreed perfectly with our little one. And non, at 10 months old, he weight a full 20 pounds! He's always good natured and happy. I'll never stop thanking Cream of Wheas for bringing my bady safely through such a hazardous time"

Mother, take care! Digestive disturbances at first solid food time can be dangerous!

The EVIDENCE is written into the infant records for all to read. It shows that upsets are closely connected with half the diseases to which a child is susceptible in his first year.

That's why it is so vital, mother, to choose for your baby a first solid food that is right . . . one that will agree with him.

The choice isn't difficult. For a recent survey shows there is one first solid food endorsed by more physicians than any other... Cream of Wheat! Cream of Wheat, simple, smooth, is as easy for the tiny, untried digestive system to handle as

milk itself. In making it, all harsh parts of the grain are removed. Then it is cleaned, purified.

rain are removed. Then it is cleaned, purified.

And Cream of Wheat keeps its special purity

and goodness always. For it is packed in boxes that are triple-scaled for perfect cleanliness.

Cream of Wheat for 38 years has proved itself a builder of rugged constitutions. It increases resistance, speeds weight gains. It gives the rich, quick energy a little chap needs to stretch and kick his way into happy, healthy childhood. Doesn't your haby deserve the safe, sure start

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You will feel safer when you have in your own home the powerful anti-septic that great modern hospitals use! An antiseptic that bears the Seal of Acceptance of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association-Hexylresorcinol Solution

This antiseptic has a germ-destroying power greater than carbolic acid in any usable solution. Yet a small child can swallow it accidentally without harm.

Even when poured full strength into open wounds, it does not sting or burn. And it spreads more rapidly and penetrates more deeply than many other antisentics into the crevices of wound tissue. Use it at once for cuts, scratches, open

ounds-and teach your children to use it freely. In case of serious injury, of course, consult your physician.

And you'll be glad to know it's eco-nomical to buy. The 50s bottle is now a whole % bigger than before. And you get the large size for only \$1.00 instead of \$1.25. Prices are slightly higher in Canada. Buy a bottle today at your druggist.

Among the prominent hospitals using Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 are:

The Woman's Hospital of Baltimore Washington, D. C., Emergency Hospital New England Medical Center, Boston New York Infirmary for Women and Children

Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, Washington, D. C. The Pittsburgh Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa. Grace Hospital, Detroit

Grace Hospital, New Haven, Conn.

"I'll take it and give you a credit for what I can sell it for as old iron." "There may be something in the attic," suggested Lizzie.

Again grandma looked toward the door which led upstairs, this time a touch of

(Continued from Page 104) seemed to give off a dull buzzing sound of hostile criti-

"Seems to me, young man," he said, "that if that's the Mayflower it's pretty close to Franklin's kite—both in point of time and point of distance. The young man gave the old one a of earnest admiration

"It didn't take you long to realize that the whole picture is purely allegorical, Mr. Wilcox," he said. "And this is worth no-ticing too: How the flowers just seem to spread out of this garden as whole rim of the plate. And Mrs. Wilrow will tell you that every flower is a real old fashioned flower, in its natural colors, such as grew in Colonial gardens. Now I want to show you what a beautiful table

BEFORE they could stop him he was hurrying out to his truck. He soon returned, carrying a heavy wooden crate The ease and strength with which he leaned over and placed this box on the floor didn't escape grandma's watchful

you can set with these dishes

. "Just a moment," she said. "I'll put these pies in the oven. . . . Now, young

From his sample case he had drawn a hite-paper tablecloth; and first placing this in position he proceeded to lay the table with the Old Colonial design. And indeed the dishes looked attractive with their delicate pastel colors-the stage coach gayly speeding here and there gallant father of his country never failing

gallant lather of no country never faining to make his courtly bow. "Of course," said Lem, speaking this time in measured, solemn tones, "you realize, young man, that you're only show-ing this set of dishes. What I mean is, nobody's buying it."

ing this set of dithes. What I mean is neckedy abung in the Wood, puts a mean charge it is a way to be a mean of the work of the mean of the work of t

brought up on a farm; and nobody knows better than I do that money doesn't grow on walnut trees. To leave a set of dishes, a cash payment of one-third is required. But the way I work, I'm willing to take that payment out in trade. I'm here to sell something, and I'm just as willing to buy something. That's fair enough, isn't it?" "Not a bad line of argument," said Lem iudicially

Now here's a catalogue showing de signs, prices and three-payment terms. But instead of taking cash for that first payment, I'll take eggs, broilers, cord-wood, old furniture, burlap bags, brokendown mowing machines, junk you have that you don't want and I can sell for cash. Because it's always seemed to me that trading with farmers ought to mean just that. If you want to sell something to a farmer, buy something at the same time if you can. Show him you're a real trader!"

RANDMA was apparently studying Grandma was apparently strong the Colonial design, but to herself she was thinking, "Sue's picked herself a good one. He's going to get on—fast." With a glance of expectancy she looked toward the door which led upstairs, and said, What are you giving for broilers?"
"I noticed yours as I came in, Mrs.

Wilcox. They're beauties. I'll give you twenty-two cents a pound, dressed, exactly what I can sell them for in Granby." "I've got an old mowing machine," said Lem, obviously consulting the files of

impatience mixed in her glance of ex-

pectancy.
"You'd be surprised," said Don, "at 've taken in trade. was over to Hetrick's on Rockville Green was over to Hetrick's on Kockvine Green yesterday morning, and for part payment I took an iron dog that used to stand out on the lawn. Sold it yesterday afternoon to Abe Morowitz, the antique dealer." Somewhere perhaps in the mysterious depths of Grandma Wilcox's consciousness, the yeast of inspiration began its leavening work. At any rate, she said in a thoughtful voice, "I know where there's

Where?" "Over in Leffingwell's carriage house. Been there for years. We used to saddle it when I was a girl, and throw hoops on its horns. Sabra Leffingwell's getting on she's a year and three weeks younger than I am-but she'll probably remember how we used to call the deer Cassar because he had a Roman nose. And if she'll let you have it for part payment on a set 'I'll be glad to take it, if it's in good

shape."
Then you go over and see her. She s in the house next door to the Spring Hill church. I'll telephone her you're

ing; and if you can get an order and bring the deer back with you-well, I wouldn't be surprised if you can get an order here too." And in a louder voice, "So I think you'd better get going now, Mr. Good And then at last the thing happer

which she had been long expecting. The door which led upstairs quietly opened and Sue appeared. It didn't escape grandma's watchful eye that her favorite grandchild had changed her dress to one which she had ironed the previous after-noon. She advanced slowly and shyly into the room; and grandma noticed, too, that Don looked at her as if listening to music so sad and yet so sweet that a few notes more and he wouldn't be able to stand it.
"Sue!" he exclaimed in a voice which the others had not heard before
"Hello, Don."

You seem to know my granddaughter, young man To which

To which he could only reply with a more or less incoherent gesture.

"Then why not take her with you over to Miss Leffingwell's? She's hardly been out of the house since she came here year.

"The will do her good." which he could only reply with a terday morning. The air will do her good

THE pies had been out of the oven more than half an hour when Grandma Wil-cox drew her pencil out of the nutmeg can and started her news items for the Granby

Ross Kitchell was in Hoxsie Wednesday. rading.

Mrs. Lemuel Wilcox's sister at Coventry and a poor spell Wednesday, and still doesn't

feel as well as she ought.

Miss Lizzie Reynolds, the lady who lives MISS LERIE REYNOODS, the lady who lives with Mrs. Wilcox, Killed a mosquito Wednes-day night, which she thought was the first of the sesson. Tuesday night, Mrs. Wil-cox was in bed and she heard one, but she didn't tell of it till Lizzie killed the one on the idn't tell of it till Lizzte kilsen the one on a aper is the kitchen. Then she told of it. Otis Button's garden was practically ruined whear the other night. Otis is well over

by deer the other night. Otis is well over seventy and the loss of his garden is no slight matter to him. Charles Corwin has a bad arm. Something

The rattling of a truck over the elmtree roots caused the old correspondent to look quickly through the window. Don and Sue were returning from Miss Leffing-well's; and in the back of the truck, riding with stately immobility, was Casar of the Roman nose. Grandma Wilcox swiftly returned to her writing:

The deer are growing more hardened every afternoon just as the sun goes down. The damage caused by deer each year is past all to protect them! (Continued on Page 109)

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That's why women are thrilled about this new face cream that does such unusual things

A SCIENTIST thought of it.—thought of is for months before he faulty ured it.
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This scientist purified the natural skin-enriching substance and named it sebisel. It was so scarce that we had to search the world to find a sufficient supply. Sebisol is vital to every living cell. It is a natural substance skin creates to keep itself soft, smooth, and pliant. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Why skin grows softer, smoother, exquisitedy appealing in a fornilly Whether sobist alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we know by women's statements: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

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Try Pepsodent Junis Cream, at our expense. We believe you'll be delighted

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........

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Is it any wonder that feet become sore, tired and painful; that life is made utterlymiserable for the woman who wears the wrong shoes . . . shoes that are not correctly designed

to protect the vital outer arches? Selby Arch Preserver Shoes enable you to enjoy the thrill of every scivity in which comfortable feet and shoes of becoming appearance are essential.

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This was the great lesson at the Bridge—an exclusive patented fea-"Fair." It has centered nationuide interest upon Selby Arch Preview of the second feature. The preserver Shoe. It supports the vital

quently fail; where chronic pains and aches begin. Yet if in no way interferes with the stylist's design. This firm support, together with a perfectly flat inner sole, gives the foot a natural tread-base. You walk as if barefoot—with the comfort nature intended—and in shoes that reflect feabing is latest trends.

Forget all previous impressions of so-called "comfort" shoes. You can now have both comfort and fashion. Visit your Selby shop or leading department store. The beautiful Selby models for spring will delight you. But note this: It is the S-E-L-B-Y—the only genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for women that offers such a wonderful combination of comfort

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See that it bears this trade-mark on the sole.
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new oxford, using two materials and novel lattice effect to form the cyclets.

Prices \$9 to \$12.50 (Slightly higher west of the Rockies)



Continued from Page 106) "There!" she thought, sealing the letter. "Now I must borrow that iron deer for a few days. And I wouldn't be surprised if Sue's young man will help get him down in the huckleberry patch—but he mustn't know what for.

FI

THE grim-faced ostrich and the nervous ryoung setter had seen another day crossed off Kane Brothers' calendar. The clock above the couch pointed to five sutes to six. Lizzie Reynolds was put ting the finishing touches to the supper Colonial dishes.

It was a display which would have delighted an earnest student of the old Amerione orone. There was a plate of cliced have one of roast beef, and a platter containi the disjointed members of two young cock-erels who had never learned to crow. There erels who had never learned to crow. There was a dish of piccalilli, one of chow-chow, and a pint jar of pickled onions gleaming through the glass like dreamy mootstones. There was also a bowl of cucumber and onions, white bread, brown ead, an unbroken ingot of golden butter wild-grape jelly, peach conserve, plain cake, solid chocolate cake, and side dishes for anyone who wanted beans. An empty skillet was on the stove and by the side of it a mound of cold mashed potatoes was waiting to mingle its fragrance with that of the coffee-pot as soon as the proper moment of the evening ritual had arrived
"He won't be long now," thou thought grandma, unsteadily emerging from

pantry and glancing through the kitchen windows at the setting sun. From the front room floated the sound of a piano and two voices—one bass the of a pano and two voxes—one bass, the other treble—rendering a potent balled which bore the name of Sue's mother on the cover. "And now to think her own baby's singing it," thought grandma, and blew her nose, a resonant blast, to keep

ner eyes clear for the important busine before her.

Don Goodman had been invited to supper that evening, and his was the bass which

was now supporting Sue's reedy soprano. CAR come down the mad from the four

ACAR came down the road from the four corners. Grandma's eyes were waiting for it when it rolled into sight past the corner of the barn.
"Yes; he's come," she thought, frown-ing as the looked at Gus Albard at the wheel—a dark, lean-faced figure who kept his eyes straight on the road ahead, "And he doesn't even look at the house. tell he was mad when I phoned him yes-terday afternoon that Sue was staying with me for a while." She stood at the window a moment or two after the car had passed. "Yes; he's come," she thought again, "just as I knew he would. And yet, the piece that I put in the paper? But oh no; and I wouldn't be surprised if that? no, and I woman to be surprised it can be the reason, right there, why be never got along with Sue, or with anybody else, for that matter. He can always see his own purpose, but he can never make allow-

ances for anybody else's. She steadied herself against the side of the window, her glance reflective, a shrewd sparkle of humor glinting now and then from under her fine brows. Lem, she knew, was hidden behind the southeast corner of the wall which separated the garden from the huckleberry patch—a corner where he sometimes waited for woodchucks in the spring. And Cæsar, too, was ready to do is part, standing there, a noble antlered figure of nervous inquiry, among the bushes of the pasture.

"Gus will go through the woodlot and ne in back of the swamp," she thought. "Won't take him long. It's time I got that young man started."

A minute later, her stick in her hand, she was laboriously making her way through the orchard. Don Goodman by her side. The young man was carrying a shotgun, grandma's hand was a small box camera

which Lizzie had given her on her last

"She's always at me because I've never used it." explained grandma, "So now I'm "So now I'm going to practice on you. I want you to go down to that barway where we took the doer through yesterday. You can see him from there. And when you get to the bar-way, I want you to stop till I give you a signal. Then, while you're shooting toward the deer I'll take your picture. I want to set the whole setting if I can, so it'll be a picture of the farm as well as a picture of the brow of the hill, and you so down to the barway.

Won't the shot hurt the deer if I hit ?" asked Don.
No: Lem says there's nothing but bird shot in those cartridges. They'll hardly carry fifty feet. Now I'll stay here, but down you go, and wait till I wave my hand

She had stopped on a gentle rise of the orchard, which overlooked the fields below. Screening herself behind a dwarf apple, she kept watch of the brush below the woodlot on the other side of the pasture. There was no breeze, no breath of air, that evening. Yet presently she saw a young birch gently waving in the brush, then another, and a third

"HE'S coming, crouching sow, thought grandma, her pulse beginning to throb with an excitement which, even at 'S coming, crouching low," thought that moment, she knew she would nay for on the morrow—that throb of excitement which hunters know when the game draws near "He's back of the nin oak now. He can see the deer from there—can see Don

can see the oest mean term.

Still screened by the crab from the watchful eyes of the warden, she pointed the camera and waved her hand. Don Goodman raised his gun and squinted shrewdly along the barrel. The next model of the watchful eyes and the warden was the warden was the warden was the warden was the warden warden was the warden ment the echoing crack of a shot broke the stillness of the sunset and Cæsar went crashing over on his side among the bushes. Grandma made her way to the arway as fast as her knees would let her.

barway as fast as her knees would let her. But Gus was there first.

"So it's you," he was saying; and as grandma told herself before she went to sleep that night, "I know I'm an old fool, but for just a moment I felt real sorry for him, but then I remembered how ornery he'd been to Sue, and I began to feel good

"Of course you know you're under ar-rest," continued Gus.
"What for?" asked Don, beginning to

'Oh shooting deer out of season"this in a large, casual manner—"hunting without a license -

Don was about to protest when he caught sight of grandma's vehement ges-tures over the warden's shoulder. So he waited until she reached the barway. ited until she reached the barway. 'What's going on down here?'' she

"Nothing," said Gus, his manner larger and more casual than before. "Just caught this man shooting a deer. He's under arrest and he's going with me. That's all
"Shooting a deer!" scoffed grandm
"I know he wasn't shooting a deer!"

WELL, well!" exclaimed Gus with sportive irony, "Then I must have W sportive irony. "Then I must have been dreaming when I watched him shoot it—and heard him shoot it—and saw the

Saw it fall where?" snapped grandma, pretending to be angry.
"Right over there in the bushes! Not a hundred vards from where we're standing By this time Lem had joined the roup-Lem, who had coiled up the length of fence wire with which, both feet braced against the garden wall, he had been the ause of Casar's crashing fall, one end of the tip of a horn. But Lem, treasuring his speech, made mention of none of these things. He stood there, a patient, owlish little figure, watching grandma over the top of his horn-rimmed spectacles, watch-

ing her with an (Continued on Page 111)

The well-dressed Tlg
by PHOENIX

 Debutantes are walking these "Doggys" this Spring



There's a bite in this one, Collie, Spaniel Greybound and Setter are not really dogs at all. They're the names of Phoenis "Doggy" Hosiery colors, new for Spring! Soaniel is a rich beige, with a lot of personality. Setter is lighter, but with a little more warmth. Collie is a lovable light beige. And Greyhound is a dependable. faithful neutral, that likes everybody. All these Phoenix "Doggys" are very friendly with all the new Spring costume colorsreds, greens, blues and black. Pick your favorite "Doggy" in Phoenix Hosiery-85c to \$1.95. Try "Everyday" sheers for walking, No. 705, \$1.

Advice to Pedallers



Bicycling, roller skating and walking are still favored by the Fun-Loving Leisure Class for exercise. The latter like Phoenix for almost any kind of sport because it's reinforced where wear is hardest. Yet it always manages to look becomingly frail and feminine! "Tipt-toe and "Duo-heel" are the names of these little wear-for-ever devices that make Phoenix Hosiery so sturdy. (And so popular with gentler sportswomen who don't feel like ladies unless they're wearing silk.) This "long mileage" foot distinguishes even the sheerest of Phoenix Hosiery. Try Phoenix "Standby," one of the service sheers. No. 772, \$1.25 the pair.

 Ring - ground - the - hose - v no longer smart



Here, at last, is the clear, even-textured stocking that women have been waiting for-Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery. Not a ring in sight! You can buy Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery for \$1.25 to \$1.95 the pair. Ask to see "Fluff," No. 779, \$1,25.

 Satin forecast... sleek and shiny!



Very pretty-but hazardous. In these ntour-revealing Satins of Spring, you'll look terribly bumptious if you're not careful about your stocking tops. Phoenix Custom-Fit Top fits like the skin, whether you're tall, short, plump, slim, or just average. Its two-way stretch fabric moves east and west, or north and south, or both, according to your need! You'll enjoy perfect comfort, enviable grooming, when you wear Custom-Fit Top. It comes only in Phoenix Hosiery. Ask to see "Mist" super-sheer Shadowless suede for evening, No. 796, \$1.95.

PHOENIX HOSIERY with CUSTOM-FIT TOP



. . . . "only 9:30 and it's already in apple pie' order . . . dishes washed, dusting done, and the floor as clean as a table top. Every day I am more and more thankful that I began my decoration with an Armstrong Floor "

A beautiful kitchen simply must begin with a beautiful floor. And nowhere will you find a floor more soul-satisfying in color and design than one of Armstrong's Linoleum.

Nowhere will you find a floor with

a better sense of duty, either! Years of wear will not dim its cheerful colors. The things that even good cooks spill will wipe right off. Daily dusting and occasional waxing (with Armstrong's Linogloss) is all the care it needs to keep it sparkling.

Before you complete your plans for "sprucing up" the kitchen, see the smart new designs in Armstrong's Linoleum Floors at your local merchant's. Let him tell you exactly how little they cost, cemented over lining felt - installed for years of service.



REAUTIFUL POOMS BY THE BOOKFUL! "Floor Beauty for New Homes and Old" shows how well Amstrong Floors serve as the deconstrict basis for every type of room. Full color: 32 pages, in-cludes specification sheet for above kitchen. Just steed 169 (36 in Canada) to Armstrong Cock Company, Photo Division, 376 Mary Street, Lancaster, Ph. (Makers of cock produces since 1860)



and inexpensive Linowall is durable and washable-its bright beauty never grows old. Linowall is soil-proof

and stain-proof, ideal for kitchens, bathrooms, and playrooms. Ask for Armstrong's Linowall at your linoleum dealer's.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors



(Continued from Page 109) which even fifty years of married life had not entirely destroyed.

"All right" she snapped again. "If

you're so sure you saw the deer fall, let's see it."
"You're sure you'll believe it when you'll believe it?" asked Gus; and striding over

see it?" asked Gus; and striding over the written large upon him But when they reached the side of the

fallen Casar, it was grandma's turn to enjoy herself.
"If you mean this," she shortly laughed

"we just put this thing here so I could take a picture of Don pretending to shoot it. And you come rushing over like a wild man to arrest him!

thought Lem. watching the swift change of expression on Gus's dark face, "he ain't feeling nearly as good as he

"A NICE story for the Granby paper!"

A continued grandma, more in sorrow now than scorn. "'Warden Protects Iron Deer.' Why, folks round here will never stop laughing at you, Gus. They'll clip the story out and mail it to the game commiser as sure as we're standing here. And what a crowd you're going to see when the trial comes off!"

There won't be any trial," said Gus. "There won't be any trial," said Gus, speaking at last in a lower voice. "But you arrested him," said grandma. "You told me so."

"That's all right," Gus replied. "I'm letting him go now. I'm making no charge

Lem cleared his throat, and when grandma saw that he was also teetering solemnly backward and forward on h toes and heels, she knew that he was wind-ing up to free himself of some of his hidden

stores of speech.

"Afraid you can't do that, Gus," he said, regretfully shaking his head. "You know, I haven't been justice of the peace here at Spring Hill for the last forty years without picking up considerable knowledge of the law.

You arrested this young man, published said arrest by saying you'd done so in the presence of witnesses. Well, you can't just let him go now, and think that

that, Gus? Only way to clear the record is a public trial. In other words, if you don't stand by your charges against this young man, his only recourse is to bring

harges against you. ille. I remember well, back in Judge Brown's time, and a better judge or a

wound up like that he could easily keep them there by the side of Casar till the moon came up, suddenly raised her voice and almost shouted, "Of course, so far as I'm concerned. I'm willing to do what I an to keep it out of the paper—Gus being one of the family, so to speak. And I've to keep his mouth buttoned tighter than any man that ever lived. And Gus," she dryly added, "isn't likely to go around talking about protecting iron deer. So the why he and Gus can't just snake hands and make up their minds to like each other

om now on ——"

Don was the first to put out his hand, ut Sue's father wasn't far behind him in the gesture.
"Of course you'll stay for supper, Gus

said grandma as they started back to the house. Gus thoughtfully supporting her on one side and Don on the other. "I think Lem's got a bottle of grape wine some-where down cellar. And I want you to see our new dishes.

AGAIN the clock above the couch pointed A to half-past eleven, and again Grandma Wilcox was writing her piece for the Granby paper—a task which she had sel-dom omitted in well over fifty years. But on the morning at which we have now arrived—the morning after Casar went crashing down among the huckleberry bushes—Mrs. Wilcox's hand moved slowly over the paper, as if some of the spring had more out of her knuckles as well as her

Fred Mott went to Beech Pond yesterday, siting his sister, Mrs. Ella Whipple.
Timothy Shea has bought the hay on the



ends it. Only a court can let him go now, and that after due trial and hearing. In other words, you can't act as warden, ourt and jury too. Don't you see the justice of that, Gus?"

"THIS young man's been publicly ar-rested. Question of humiliation enters in. Question of false arrest enters in. Question of damage to his reputation enters in. Seems to me that this is one of those Seems to me that this is one of those stories that's bound to leak out sooner or later—probably sooner. Some folks will get one angle of the story. Some will get another. And all that some folks may re-member is that this young man was arrested for shooting deer.

"Now—don't you see, Gus?—a story like that is certain sure to harm him. This like that is certain sure to harm him. This young man does business with farmers. But if they think he's a deer hunter, they won't want him around. They might even write to his employers, and his employers might discharge him. Question for damages there-don't you see the justice of

Your old correspondent is quite feeble this Your old correspondent is quite seede tims morning. She guessees the did too much yes-terday. She had a look at her log-cable quitt his morning, but she put it away again. Last night I watched the golden moon as it salied in the deep blue sky and thought of the things that I would see if I was up on high. The little towns and the villages, the cities large and small, and all the things that If I were there on high. Up in the deep blue

y. Lemuel Wilcox is quite lame this morning.

And saving the best till the last:

Gus Albard announces the engagement of is daughter Susan to Don Goodman, of Rockville Center. Susan Albard is Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Wilcox's oldest granddaughter. She is visiting her grandparents for a few days, but your correspondent has grown so her. Still, she does the best she can, but now and then it makes her mad that she can't do as much as she used to do when she was younger and had more spring in her knees. IGNORANCE WAS ANYTHING BUT BLISS . . .

for she proclaimed a condition

ABHORRENT o all her Friends*



ENTRUST YOUR Charm to NOTHING LESS SURE THAN ODO-RO-NO

WHAT a shock to any nice girl to discover that her presence, because of underarm perspiration, is repulsive to every man and woman

she meets. And what a tragedy that those who most often offend can rarely detect their own offense. Shame... humiliation . . . and social defeat. For perspiration moisture in the confined armpit forms an acid that

ruins dresses and turns friends against you. And your daily bath is no help after the first few minutes. But Odorono, a doctor's prescription, protects you so completely that your mind is free of all fear of offending. And by checking, completely, all underarm moisture, it saves dresses from ruinous stains.

ODO-RO-NO IS SURE

For quickest, most convenient use. choose Instant Odorono. Used daily or every other day, it gives complete, continuous protection. For longest protection or special need, use Odorono Regular twice a week. Both have the original sanitary applicator, 35c and 60c sizes.



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Gorgeous Lemon Rie without cooking!





life of household devices. As it lubricates it cleans and prevents rust. Get some today!

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ELSIE JENKINS SYMINGTON

SUGGESTS ANOTHER GARDEN-CLUB PROJECT FOR SPRINGTIME

FLOWER MARKETS

A SPLENDID project for garden clubs every-where in the spring of the year is the flower market. Held on some sunny street corner, accessible to the public at large, such an informal sale offers plants, seed-lines and ethors this control of the party of the lings and other things used in gardens, and though the purpose is, of course, to raise money, there are also many other advan-

tages.

The flower market offers opportunities to city dwellers to examine and buy on the plants for their yards and window boxes. It also admits of much profitable conver-sation "over the counter." Trusting the sation "over the counter." Trusting the greater experience of the garden-club mem-ber who is selling, the purchaser asks ad-vice about the planting and care of her plants and is introduced to many varieties entirely new to her.

A small flower market can be organized at short notice. Arrangements may be

ing and the market held on the day scheduled for the next meet-ing. If there are a few club members who raise their own plants surplus will probably provide a sufficient stock of seedlings, and so

on, for one day's sale. If not, contributions may be near-by no plants, set out on tables in a front community on warm day in early

spring, should sell well. A poster announcing the sale put up in the yard a week or two beforehand will probably help. Flower markets today range in size all the way from such informal little ones to the large ones held in Philadelphia, Balti-

As far as we know, Baltimore was the market she had seen in France. She began market she had seen in France. She began murmering about the charm of such a market if it might be held in her own city around the base of it. Washington Monu-very buy streets. Those who first heard her laughed at the idea. She continued the murmer until she finally persuaded her-self that it could be done. Her vision en-listed the cooperation of the mayor, the park board, the highway eigenner, the street-cleaning department and the police. The growth of the undertaking has proved

the need of the participation of each one.
The first market consisted of only a few tables set up at the monument's base day gay booths stand close together end to n a great circle, while others straggl out in four directions at right angles to the main ring. The colors of these latter mingle delightfully with the trees and shrubs planted in areas laid out years ago to pro-

ride perspective for the monument's shaft For sale now in the market can be found many things which do not grow in the ground—something for every age and for almost every taste. There are ponies to ride, kites to fly, besides balloons, it grab bag and it Punch-and-Judy show. Pretty lemonade, cake and sandwiches or a full-sized lunch.

Of course, all things which have ever been known to be used in a garden are offered for sale—kneeling custions, flower offered for sale—kneeling custions, flower stakes, plant protectors, anything that has to do with birds, cat and squirrel traps, garden smocks, hats and gloves, tools, flower vases and watering cans. There are two eminently important fac-

tors in a large flower market's success: n clear day and an efficient general chair-man. The first just happens, or doesn't, as the case may be; the second develops

through experience.

When the market grows to city-wide proportions, as the Baltimore one has

zation is very used by an army before an offen-Everything must be ready at zero hour, which, By that time ourchasers have al-ready begun to arrive at what yesterday was an empty street and

done, its organi

the day before a traffic iam. market is being run by all the local garden clubs jointly, the president of the

will probably become the market's general chairman. If this is not practical, she should appoint someone to serve in her place. We will call the one occupying this position the general. Her busy time begins when from among garden-club mem each one the job which she thinks she is best fitted to do. She will depend enor-mously on these women, who, after some instructions from her, will probably be held entirely responsible for the division of which they are in charge.

plans are definitely made.

In Baltimore the divisions of work are as follows: Program and Publicity; Deco-rations; Construction; Lunch; Drinks; Booths; and such features as Toys, Pony Rides, and so on, each feature with a chairman of its own. Cooperating with this efficient organisation now are the public schools, the Junior League, societies of artists and the Baltimore Dairy Council. The first step necessary in planning a large flower market will be a visit to cer-

tain of your city's officials. Probably wisest for this purpose is a small commit-tee appointed from the clubs which first decided to promote the affair. The permit hold the market will come from the police commissioner; the order for divert-ing traffic from the highway engineer. While in most cases these officials will have the power to arrange things for you, it (Continued on Page 114) might save

PLANT EARLY BY MARION STURGES-JONES

I'm sure there never was a spring When garden lovers did not wring Their hands, and talk about the

And say the seedlings would be lost Unless we had more sun, less rain-Orelse less sun; it's all the same. When weather's grand for you and

It's just too bad for plant and tree

In April, gardeners all look dour; Meantime, their gardens quietly

"My husband has found a lovelier wife_

it's Me!"

"MY LUCKY NIGHT, I call it—that night when my husband held another woman close in his arms, his lips whispering...

"'You're ravishing—that flashing smile.'
"Lucky? Yes. For I, dancing close behind,

"Lucky? Yes. For I, dancing close behind, overheard. And while it stung—it stung me into thinking. He used to say that to me. "Then it came to me in a fleah. My teeth

"Then it came to me in a flash. My teeth that used to be so beautiful . . . they had become dull and dingy.

"I was terribly unhappy—but suddenly a ray of hope came. I remembered reading about the 7 different kinds of stains that food and drink leave on the teeth.

"And how these stains accumulate, little by little . . . insidiously building up, discoloring teeth. I remembered reading that most toothpastes didn't remove them all. That Colgate's did—completely.

"Well, I used Colgate's—faithfully. And in a few days the dinginess disappeared...my teeth became again beautifully white and lustrous...

"And before long, Jim was saying to me . . . 'you've got the old gorgeous smile back again, honey. Gee, you look swell!"

Don't let the 7 stains mar the beauty of your teeth,

Most toothpastes have only one cleansing action. All stains on teeth cannot be removed by any one action. But Colgate's has TWO. An emulsive action, that removes some of the 7 kinds of stains. And a polishing action, that gently removes the others.

So, where most toothpastes fail—Colgate's completely removes the 7 stains. Makes your teeth heastifully, lustrously white. Leaves your breath sweet, too. Your mouth refreshed! And Colgate's is the most economical of all good toothpastes. Now the large-size tube is only 20te everywhere, every day. Try it! See the difference Colgate's makes in your teeth—your smile.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has the TWO cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices.



Many a woman has had her beauty marred by the 7 stains on teeth... and has seen that beauty emerge again as she removed the 7 stains with Colgate's.

LARGE TUBE
NOW
20c
GIANT TUBE 35c

mont permission



Is STRAINED spinach the signal for weeping and wailing at your house? Does beby turn up his nose at his fruits and vegetables—and cereals too, perhaps?

Then, Mother—here's a practical



Banus who refuse home-cooked vegetables take Clapp's like little angels! For babies like the taste of Clapp's! And these smoother, better baby foods are rich in vital elements. The fine selected vegetables and fruits used are cooked in glass-lined kettles—airtight to protect vitamins and mineral

salts.

Ask your doctor about Clapp's. Then, at a druggist's or grocer's near you—get some for your baby!





BABY SOUP

Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce, Beef Broth and Wheatheart Cereal.

Send for FREE BOOK!

Hames H. Clarp, Inc.
Dept. 22, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me your free book, "Before Your
Baby Goo Ro Vegetables."

Baby Goes On Vegetables."

Name...

Street and Number...

City State

(Continued from Page 112) trouble to make sure that the mayor is on your side. The heads of both of these departments are directly responsible to him, and unless they feel fairly sure that he will approve the undertables they might heritate to

george permission.

To equip a flower booth it is first necessary to decide on a color scheme for its decorations. If this is to be blue and green, for instance, ageratum might prevail against a background of ferns and green-oilcloth-covered shelves. This decision must be reported as early as possible of the property of the property

critish must be reported as early as possible to the booth major. Next in order come the promises of those things which club members will contribute to the booth, such as seedlings, small plants, cut flowers, or money with which to buy these things. If such promiess are made at an early garden-club meeting, it will be the better part of wisdom to make two lists of the litems them

onered, one to be sept by the chamman and one by the contributing member. In an and one by the contributing member is be made to those florists with whom club members deal. Often they will either contribute or sell to good customen at cost plants as greaniums, rosebushes and begonise-things which members do not contribute unless they loads a greenhouse. Most salable at the Baltimore Flower Maniet as the following plants. Zumanna Maniet are the following plants. Zumanna for the contribute unless they loads a greenhouse most plant of the contribute of the contribute unless the plant of the following plants. Zumanna for the contribute of the contribute of

my booth did a big business in myrtie plants which someone, grobably, trimming back a patch of it, cleverly sent in, the market to those who are members of garden clubs. As soon as the general and major have made all preliminary plans, they enlist the help of anyone in the city who has energy and ability. In order that a large market shall be a success it must

Artists should be encouraged to show their work and to allow the market to sell it on commission. In some cases they might manage a booth for this purpose themselves. Many young people should with the children's features. All seedsnen—in fact, any tradesman carrying agries supplies—will gladly cooperate, either allowing the sale of his starf on comributing certain, articles or selline them

tributing certain articles of beiling them at cost to a booth chairman he knows.
For the chairmen and lieutenants in charge of flowers, the day of the market charge of flowers, the day of the market cook of the cost of the

is necessary to set their wares out on the lightly canopied shelves waiting to receive them; but if the morning is balmy and smells of sunlight I know nothing more intriguing than to make ready and invite people to buy what you are sure holds out

nanghenis to them.

and the second of the second of the second of the second of seclings on the new parassing experience. The stanneh little plants look so willings to do their best, the purchaser alwillings to the second of t

Give me two dozen, postace.

Our bear two dozen, postace.

Our dozen postace.

Our dozen postace dozen postace dozen postace dozen d

is selling to a customer not only satisfied but enthusiastic over what she has bough? Probably experienced gardeners should be given the job of labeling all plants. Then they might be saved the horror of phytose an inglish, blue photos as forget-menots. My mental pictures of some of the window boxes for which mismated plants have been carried home often baunt me on June overlage when I am enjoying the

quate charge of my own houses. Set of a curancy in the Nowlhouse of flowers of excurancy in the Wood of a silenamentalty; it is a
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THE NEW ANNUALS

The two by far most successful recort "billet" among amusia are the version of the billet "among amusia are the version of the billet among amon

A brand-new calenduls, Chrysentha (Sumshine), bols fair to mark as great an advancement toward a more artistic form in this splendid annual. The gracefully arranged, incurving petals maske it entirely distinct from all other calendulss, and in color it is a pleasing light golden yellow, being the color of the property of the propert

this new form, calendulas are offered in a number of new top pasted colors—called by the catalogue makers "art shades." The line between annuals and percupantition of the color of the color of the becoming less marked. A few years sites we had the "annual" bollyhore, and last year the annual Canterbury bell. the latter variable this season in two "fined" colors—Angelias Bell, a deley now, and Liberty Bell, a videe blue, in machinas Dies Bired Bell, a videe blue, in machinas Dies Bired to the sannual garden.

caracserice, from the American tropics, blooms in five months from seed, and in form, foliage and its glorious burnt-orange color closely resembles our native permissibutterflywed, Assighus tuberous.

The popular coneflower, or rudbeckis, is usually thought of as a perennial, but

is usually thought of as a perennial, but there is an annual form: the new varieties My Joy, orange yellow, and Kelvedon Star, deep orange, with flowers four to five inches across, are far superior to anything herotofore available. Hibicase trionium, with cup-thaped sulphur-yellow flowers three to four inches across, blooms in less than four months from seed.

We have had annual scabiosas, but the new variety, Loveliness, surpasses any of its predecessors, and in addition to its beautiful salmon-rose color has extra long, strong stems and a delicious fragrance to

recommend in as cus flower.

A member statement in the statement of the long time required to get them into an extension of the long time required to get them into all the long time into the long time required to get them into all the long time into the long t









BURPEE'S DOUBLE HYBRID NASTURTIUMS

BY F. F. ROCKWELL

favorite Sweet-William-Bowers the finst season from seed sown in the open.

Though not strictly annuals, among the most satisfactory of all flowers to grow from seed are the ministure, dwarf seed as the seed are the ministure, of the seed of the

Asters highly resistant to the dreaded wilt have been developed. Both the Crego and the Giant-branching types, in a wide range of colors, can now be obtained, and work is proceeding with other types. New colors and new forms of many old

Other winners and rumers up in the All-American schedules include the new All-American schedules include the new first water of the water Stevens from the water Stevens from the water Stevens from the water Stevens from the American Stevens from the Am

type and several new French ones, intuiling the circuming single Josephine and the brilliant Fire Cross, are offered, to the control of the circum for the circum forter of the circum for the circum forse new departure in this popular flower. One of the most gergeously colored of all the never annuals in the Mexican sumsmall garden, as it grows some eight feet tall, making a good background or serven. The three to lose in the flowers are orangescarlet, surrounding a raised disk of public starting, it makes an excellent cut flower.

The several charming disaylise flowers from Africa confine to gain in popular-from Africa confine to gain in popular-from Africa confine to gain in popular-from Africa confine to gain added. Veridam fastnesses — Monarch of the Volde-has corange flowers with black foot plants with soft gray-green follows: Defining analysis—flowed of the Volge-from cann low be lad, in the new hybrids, in a number of stades. Engually charming is number of stades. Engually charming is cannot be found to the property of the control of the property of the

Just a drink but—what a drink.

And so today ice-cold, refreshing
Coca-Cola is served as a beverage in
leading hospitals. It fills a need.

There's wholesome buoyancy in its
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troubles you may have—or how painful or long-standing they may be—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you joyful relief in ONE MINUTE! All you need do is apply one of these thin, dainty, soothing, healing, protective pads to an aching corn, painful callous, tender joint, sore toe, throbbing bunion, irritated instep or chafed heel—and foot comfort is yours!

THEY STOP THE CAUSE AT ONCE

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the cause of these foot troubles-shoe friction and pressure-by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. They soothe irritated perves and inflamed tissues and prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and abrasions. "Breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes is avoided, enabling you to walk, dance or golf with complete comfort.



QUICKLY REMOVE CORNS AND CALLOUSES

NOW, to quickly and safely remove corns and callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks included in every box for

that purpose. One or two applications and the hard, dead skin can be lifted right out painlessly! Don't cut vour corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. Avoid harsh and caustic preparations—they can cause acid burn. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are absolutely safe. They are made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to

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the feet Get this double-acting, double-value treatment today. Sold everywhere. Accept no substitute!



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for hammer teas, very large joints and thick come and colleges In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads "THICK" for removing pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where the regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give complete relief. Ask for them by number.



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SUIDLEY DOODLES

THE GAY AND GORGEOUS

BY LOUISE BUSH-BROWN

Few flowers offer such a wide range in Faw flowers offer such a wide range in both form and coloring as do the various members of the poppy family, and they are amazing in their adaptability. There is a poppy for every clime and every gar-den, and a succession of bloom can be had from early spring until late autumn. The piquant and dainty Alpine poppies, used in many a rock garden, are the first to come into flower, and the lovely Iceland and Spanish poppies soon follow, adding their share of bloom and beauty to the spring. June is resplendent with the gorgeous June is respondent with the gorgeous, brilliant flowers of the Oriental poppies. vias bloom until cut down by heavy frosts

Below

pies—are among the gayest of our summer-flowering annuals. The flowers vary in flowering annuals. The flowers vary in color from cream through yellow to a golden orange. Many of the varieties which we have today are, however, hybrid forms and offer a much wider range of color, being obtainable in shades of ivory, delicate pink, rose, scarlet, crimson and deep burnt-orange. The plants of Orange Prince reach a height of nearly two feet, and the flowers, which measure nearly five inches across, are borne in great profusion. Ruby King is a deep, rich, ruby red, and Flame is a gorgeous orange-scarlet, while Gaiety is a brilliant red on the outer side of the petals and a pure white within. Among the more delicate shades we have Queen of the Buffs, a lovely clear apricot-buff in color; Rosy Queen, a deep rose on the outer side of th petals and a lighter shade within; while Enchantress is a double variety of soft, rosy carmine. The variety known as Minit is delightful when used as an edging

plant or in the rock garden. The Eschscholtzias are of very easy culture. Although they love a light, sandy soil they will thrive remarkably well in soil of almost any type, and they will give an abundance of bloom provided they are planted in full sun. The seed may be sown in early spring or in autumn-preferably

The Hunnemannia, or Mexican tulin ony, is found growing wild throughout Mexico and Central America, and while it is perennial in its native home it will not survive our Northern winters and is or foliage, which is finely cut, is a soft gra green in color and the plants are upright and rather bushy in habit of growth. The ers are distinctly cup-sh ped in form and are a clear, buttercup yellow.

The Shirley poppies are a distinct strain genus P. rhoess, and among them we find The plants are very branching in he

of growth, reaching a height of about two feet and bearing a profusion of flowers. The various types vary considerably form and coloring, some being single while others are very double, and the colors range from pure white through salmonpink, apricot and rose to the deeper shades of red. The single varieties are far more beautiful than the double forms. Indeed, there are few flowers more exquisite than

there are few flowers more exquisite than the single Shirley poppy.

The Shirley poppies are not exacting regarding soil or location, although they thrive best in a light, sandy loam in full san, and they like a free circulation of air. The flowers are borne on long, slender stems, and the buds droop until just shortly when it is ready, the petals become crushed and crumpled and eventually rot. This is more apt to happen during damp The seed may be sown either in the early

spring or in the autumn, and the young seedlings should be carefully thinned. The seed of both the Eschscholtsias and the Shirley poppies may be sown over tulio bulbs in the autumn; and in late May, when the foliage of the tulips is beginning to die down, the poppies will be ready to spread their gay color over the beds.

The Alpine poppy—P. alpinum—

dainty and delightful little thing and is particularly well suited to the rock garden. It reaches a height of hardly more than four inches, and many of the blooms are almost stemless. The plants are very hardy, being natives of the high Swiss Alps. They must, however be given good drainage, and they prefer a gritty soil. The exquisite little flowers can be had in a variety of colorings-white, salmon-pink, pricot, yellow, orange and scarlet.

The Iceland poppies—P. nudicaule— re true perennials, but in many sections the second year, and frequently die out entirely. If planted early in the season they will give some bloom the first year, and the following spring they are fairly profi-gate with their flowers.

gate with their flowers.

The soft, gray-green leaves form a ro-settelike growth just above the ground,

Mothers

m1 1 111 111 111 byeakage from Heat or Cold





the incide with a based based been and 8-oz., with narrow neck or wide mouth, 25¢; 4-oz., with narrow neck, 15¢. So resistant to breakage that six bottles generally last for entire nursing period.

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All garments made up to government standards; popularly priced. Look for the Nazareth label when you buy.



and the flowers which are slightly fragrant, are borne on long, slender, leafless stems. The plants vary in neight from twelve to twenty inches, and as many as fifty blooms are sometimes produced on a single plant. The flowers are very lovely in form, being cup-shaped with delicately crinkled petals. They can be had in a wrone variety of colorings, ranging from pure white to salmon rink hale valley and white to salmon-pink, pale yellow and deep orange. The Sunbeam strain produces large flowers in orange and yellow tones, and come of the named varieties of tones, and some of the named varieties of the Iceland poppies are very beautiful. Tannarina heavy flowers of a class, rich rangerine bears nowers of a deep, ric scarlet; and Gibson's Giant Orange is one of the finest. The flowers of Coopers Pink vary in color from a delicate shall pink to

tion with the blue flav in with the blue hax. In the Iceland popular can be transplanted very readily. The seeds may be sown carry in the spring under class, or they may be onum in frames later in the season

sown in frames later in the season—a light, mellow, sandy loam being used for the seed bed. The young seedlings should he reicked out before they become in the least crowded The Orienta _is a native of oany fine hybrid varieties have been developed. It is a

neveropeu. 1t is a ditions the plants veges. In June the ears. In june the blooms are borne the rough, hairy varying in height from two to three equal the Oriental

The old-fashvarieties varied from pure scarlet to deepred, but many of the newer hybrids offer flowers of more

delicate and more pleasing coloring. Mrs. Perry is a deep salmon-apricot, and is par ticularly striking when grown in combina vigorous grower. Princess Victoria Louise is a delicate salmon-pink; Silver Queen is a pure white, and E. A. Bowles a delightful stiell pink in tone. Among the new vari-eties of more brilliant coloring we have Oriental King, which bears scarlet flowers of marvelous size and substance; Beauty
of Livermore, a deep, rich red in color: and Goliath, a vivid orange-scarlet

and Gosath, a vivid orange-scarlet.

As the Oriental poppies reseed readily it
is important to see that the flower stalks Oriental poppies should be propagated either by the division of old clumps or by root cuttings. After the blooming period is

thing Mrs. Parry, Johnson Sara Bate. by Olabiati String Pappy Seria Agricus Ballarina

over the plants die down entirely and remain practically dormant for a month or or just after the new growth begins. Root or just after the new growth negins. Root and are very easily handled. The roots inches long, each piece containing at least or soil either in a flat or in a cold frame, being laid in a horizontal position. A light covering of gand or candy loans should be covering of sand or sandy loam should be appeared over them to a depth of about half an inch, and the bed should be kept well watered and partially shaded until action erouth has started

The Oriental poppies have a large nessy taproot and are consequently very difficult to transplant except during the dormant season. They may, however, be lifted and moved in early spring if the

The Spanish poppy P tilanu not so well known as some of the other members of the family, but it is a very lovely thing and should be more widely drifts along the

height from fifteen on tall slender stems above a roinches across but they are very lovely. The plants are perennial in The Mecononsia is a genus which contains several interesting types The Welsh poppy probably the hest

known of the

being barrily more than a foot in height, and the flowers are a good, clear yellow. M. integrifolia comes to us. from China, and is a thing of great in height. One of the most recent introso ago in the high mountain regions of Tibet by Major Bailey, and the seed was Tibet by Major Bailey, and the seed was first brought to England in 1913 by Capt. Kingdon Ward. The large, nodding flowers are a clear and most entrancing blue, with a cluster of brilliant golden anthers at the heart. The leaves are a bluish green. It is, unfortunately, decidedly temperamental, and as yet few gardeners in this country have met with any degree of

cess in growing it.

ARRIES she first FAILED (6 ATTRACT

Natural Lins win ... Paint repelled

SHE almost missed out on happiness! For when she sought to make herself attractive by using a lipstick that pained her mouth she only made herself misundersood, Men are attracted by besutiful lips, but only

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There it a way to give your lips the youth-ful glow that men admire, without risking that painted look. This way is to use Tangee Lip-stick. Tangee is not paint, Instead, it contains a magic color-thange principle that enables it to intensify natural coloring, restore to lips the kissable glow of healthy youth.

LOOKE ORANGE - ACTE BOLE

Try Tangee yourself. Notice how it changes color on your lips. Tangee looks orange in the stick, but when applied it takes on the shade stick, but when applied it takes on the shade of rose most becoming to your. Tangee is longer lasting than ordinary lipstick, for it becomes a very part of you, and not a greaty conting. Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base, at this it stoches and softens ligo while it radds to their alliene. No drying, creak-ing or thapping when you use Tangee. Also in Theorica!; a veryer shade for pur-cessional use. (See coupon offer below.)

UNTOUCHED-Line left a couched are apt to have a fader look...make the face seem older PAINTED - Don't risk the painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it. TANGEE - torrosifies of







Rush Minute Make-Up Set containing ministure Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, I enclose 10¢

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Folks tell us we've captured the rich and royal colorings and feelings of the past in these gorgeous Bigelow rugs and carpets. A King of France, or a Shah of Persia, or a Spanish grandee, might have walked on some of the very designs from which you make your choice. Others are modern versions of tried old, beautiful old, American resultions.

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LOWLY PRICES

This mark labels BIGELOW RUGS and CARPETS

Impersonation of a Lady

(Continued from Page 19)

When Louise Strange let me in. at her comfortable little flat, she exclaimed, "Why, Irène, you look exhausted! I've never seen you like this! What's hap-

ed?'
I'll tell you after you've given me your
rs." I tossed my hat and furs into a chair, and leaned back against the cush-ions of the day bed. How queer it was, I reflected, that this effortless companion-ship, which I had never savored more fully, should have owed its inception to the antipathy we both shared.

Three years ago, shortly after Louise had graduated from Bryn Mawr, her father, a well-known surgeon in Chicago had been in an automobile accident which had resulted in the tragic paralysis of his right arm and hand. Hence Louise had been forced to give up the leisurely year of foreign travel which they had planned as a prelude to the serious fiction writing for which she had marked talent. At the suggestion of one of her former instructors in English, she had decided to come to a in English, she had decided to come to a small town, both in order to fulfill the new necessity to earn her living, and to observe her fellow men at more microscopio range than a city permitted.

CHE had obtained a job on the conservasibly as a society reporter, but actually, she found, to act as publicity agent for Mrs. Wyckoff, who controlled most of its stock. Her function had been to put into columns whatever this uncrowned her columns whatever this uncrowned ruler dictated, and, more repugnant, to leave out whatever was blue-perciled. Economic pressure kept her at this dis-tastful task, however, until it conflicted too violently with her self-respect. One New Year's Eve she was requested

to go to the famous ball so as to describe it accurately. She canceled the party she t eleven-thirty, to be told by the butler: You will kindly not mingle with the guests, miss. If you wish supper, you may

go to the housekeeper's room. Whereupon, in her own words, she "blew up." Her resignation was in source and she had joined her own friends, before

OT long afterward she had secured her Nor long afterward of a participally present position in the less sedate aftersyndicated chain, and under no compunction to cater to the whims of any particular Wycktonian. In fact, Louise's ironic references to "the czarina and her cour-tiers" had increased its circulation. As I had honed her tidings this after-

As I had hoped, her tidings this after-noon related to this mutual enemy.

"Mrs. Wyckoff," she said, "is the chief patroness of a huge, very dull pageant, to be given at the Opera House December thirty-first, for the benefit of the hospital. We got an advance notice at the office to-day, together with a lot of tripe they want us to release in Friday's issue. Now listen Individual orchestra carefully, Irène. Individual orchestra seats are ten dollars apiece, and boxes a hundred! The cards, that are to be mailed Saturday, state that all reservaes and accompanying checks positively

"The catch to it is this: Mrs. Wyckoff never sends the invitations to her ball until Christmas Day. So all the poor goops who think they have any chance at all of being asked will take lots of tickets. They'll think that if their checks are big enough, she'll surely ask them to her house after the pageant. It's what's nown, in my home town, as a racket."

I sat up, "New Year's Eve might be an auspicious date for the opening of my

Louise smiled approvingly. "I thought you might figure it that way."

I gasped. "I forgot! I can't build it!"
Once more I related the story. But this time I found an ally who staunchly refused to be downed. Louise

pushed her unruly brown hair back over her ears; a signal, I recognized, of earnest-

Thank goodness," she began, "I have no inhibitions. I'm willing to use may-hem-whatever that is-blackmail or anything else against a person who starts hitting below the belt. With which pre-. I shall now tell you something I would not otherwise mention. Properly used, it will solve your problem." She said impressively, "Ruth Wyckoff goes alone to Desmond McLean's apartment almost every day!"

I could not credit this, "Perhaps it's

cted with The Amateurs? "Amateurs, my eye! You know they searse at the hotel. Besides, she slips in. Furtively is the mol juste. She does everything but wear a thick veil. Anyway, does it matter why she goes? It's certain her mother doesn't know it. It's equally certain she'd do anything in the world to prevent other people knowing it." She leaned nearer. "Irène, think what a fool it would make of Mrs. Wyckoff! She won't initesimal rumor of any breach of 'correct behavior for the jenne fille' is all she needs. And her idea of 'correct behavior' dates right back to the late dear Queen, Vicbroke off. She said with astonishment 'But you don't seem to care for my

"I can't explain it," I told Louise, "but it's not for me."

"ALL right." With the sensibility which was one of her many engaging qual-ities, she accepted this verdict as final. With the courage which was another, she added, "Let's find some more ethical point of vulnerability. I'll bet we can, no matter what the lawyers say

We tried to view the matter from every possible angle. Suddenly a clear picture of the Heights flashed into my mind. I have a photographic memory, and I had paid particular attention to this section. pretending it was enemy territory I must

'I may have got hold of something," I sounced. "If I could see a detailed map announced. "If I could to fithe town, I'd be sure

"There's one at the office. Come on!"
Within fifteen minutes, I had the evidence I wanted. At least half of the other property owners had built as close as I, to

Stimulated by this fortuitous disco ery, Louise searched the back files of the newspaper and found that for the past eleven summers Mrs. Wyckoff had opened the grounds of the château for a

THUS fortified, she telephoned the head THUS fortified, sne tesepassas League of the Women's Nonpartisan League --- Batter Government. "Suppose," she "you were convinced that a judge in Wyckton granted an unfair injunction simply because he was afraid of not being reappointed if he didn't, Would you look into the matter?" A prompt affirmative ensued.

Well, as a possible preliminary ise continued, "how about letting me run your organization is planning a thorough investigation of the present city adminis-tration? It will show you're active, and maybe avoid the injustice I'm speaking of . . . I may? Fine! . . . No, I'll write it now. I've got to go out of town in the morning. (Continued on Page 123)

Kroehler Construction WINS ENDURANCE TEST



Withstands 1.755.000 blows by 80-pound sandbarr *torture machine" . . . Test ran 117 days-10 hours daily-25 times

the World's Fair.

Thousands of eye witnesses saw the test . . . saw a large derrick automatically dropping an 80-pound sandbag down

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after only 60,000 blows. But not Kroehler! Day after day for 117 DAYS it stood up under the almost unbelievable punishment. Multiply 117 days by 10 hours, by 60 minutes, by 25 blows per minute. You'll get the staggering total of 1,755,000 jarring,

crushing blows-equal to many lifetimes of wear. That is what Kroehler furniture withstood without apparent injury to its famous flexible steel-web underconstruction. Or its exclusive spring-filled cushion construction. Or its bila-dried non-warping hardwood frame.

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READ the amazing results of this This is the Kroehler Furniture being thrilling endurance test put on at offered everywhere at popular prices you will welcome. It is furniture you will prize for its beauty and comfort-and praise for its economy. See it at your nearest Kroehler dealer's store. Write for handsome booklet and name of Kroehler dealer nearest you.

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WITH a Kelvinator in the kitchen, you can stay out of the kitchen and enjoy your party as much as any of your guests.

The 20th Anniversary Kelvinator, "4 refrigerators in 1," makes entertaining easy—and less expensive. And this is true, not only of entertaining, but of the daily conduct of your home.

The four illustrations above show why you need all four of the refrigeration services which you get in a Kelvinator. It is like having four separate refrigerators, each designed for a different purpose and each fully automatic in its operation. But, with a Kelvinator, you get all four in the one cabinet-at the price of one.

In addition to this exclusive "4 in 1" principle, the 20th

Anniversary Kelvinator presents a long array of unusual and exclusive "features." For instance, the Food File, which includes the Crisper for vegetables and salad which includes the Crisper for vegetables and saisa greens, the Dairy Section for butter, eggs and cheese, and the Thrift Tray with its attractive containers for left-overs. Here you "file" foods, under ideal conditions, just as letters or receipts are filed for safe keeping and ready reference. You will also want to see the new Water Cooler and the new refrigerated Pastry Set.



and from Page 121) (Continued from Page 121) I'll drop by with it for you to see before eight this evening... No. I'm sorry I can't dine with you. I'm going to Mrs. Carr's... Yes, she would be a grand member. I'll ask her Goodba." I'll dron by her Good by

r. Good-by. She hung up. "Something else for you join, Irène, but worth it." Now I called Lincoln Clark. I told him Now I called Lincoln Clark. I told him of the many precedents for my infringe-ment of the building clause. Also, the ex-cellent precedent for nonobservation of the restriction against "piaces of amuse-ment." On eleven separate occasions Mrs. Wyckoff had even charged admis-sion for hers, whereas my audiences were son for ners, whereas my audiences were to be invited, and not, of course, to pay. Did he, I inquired, think these arguments would carry weight?

He replied regretfully, "I doubt it. As He replied regretfully, "I doubt it. As I told you, it's not a matter of justice,"
"Then what about this?" I asked quickly. "The noopartisan Heague of women voters will investigate any judge who issues the writ." Louise passed over a slip of paper on which she had been writing. I read it verbatin, "The Eventing writing, the property of the product of the property of the product of the prod

isn't big enough to prevent their printing

THAT," said the lawyer, "might do the trick! I'll get in touch with Judge Keller right away and suggest that he convey your message to his client. . . . And may I say that I certainly admire

I felt however, anything but plucky. I felt enervated; the excitement with which I had pursued my cause had drained away, leaving me as lifeless as a sick person from whom the stimulation of high fever has suddenly departed. As if from a long way off, I heard Louise call the hairdresser and break her appointment. I protested vaguely, "It's all my

no one will look at me! At the entrance to her apartment build-ng, she nudged me. "Here's Ruth Wyck-

off now! I glanced out of the window just in time to see the girl hurry out of the lobby her neck, her head down, revealing by every movement her disinclination to be

recognized.
"I feel guilty," I told Louise, as she prepared to get out, "at putting you to all this trouble simply because I couldn't

hring myself to use—that!"
"Nonsense! Let me tell you one thing,
Irène Morrell Carr—I'm the one who's under obligation to you. You've recalled to me something I've been in danger of forgetting lately." She stood on the curb, and looked in at me, ready for flight when she had finished her unwonted sentimenshe had finished her unwonted sentimen-rality. "You've shown me today that there are still a few fine people in this world of wolves. So there!" She slammed the car door defantly. All the way home I relished this tribute.

I must, I vowed, endeavor to deserve it

always! IX FAILED the first test which presented itself. Don confronted me in the hall.
Where in the world have you been all

Gay,"
I did not want to bring up a controver-sial subject when I was tired and longing to rest. I answered, "Oh, I saw Helen Young, and just now I've been with Young, and j You certainly have catholic tastes. I

can't understand your liking that Strange girl so much. She's so messy looking." She's ten times as intelligent as Helen," I retorted, starting up the stairs.

Don followed me. "Well, at least Helen's

intelligent enough not to have her hair scraggling." "Because she has plenty of time and money. Louise works like a dog." I felt

a sharp qualm as I realized that tonight it would be her work for me which would prevent her neatness

Close behind me, Don entered my room. Close behind me, Don entered my room. He asked Maggie to leave until I rang. When we were alone, he said formally, "I find that I was mistaken, Irène, in what I said this morning. I spologise. We will have to stop building the theater. It was very careless of me not to have looked into the matter thoroughly before we started

My resentment of the enisode at the club kindled anew, but I forced myself to say, "Let's not discuss lie down before I dress 'Let's not discuss it now. I want to He moved toward the door. With his

"You see fit to grant me so little of your time, that I trust you will pardon

THE sudden comprehension that I had hurt him assuaged my own wound. I ran over and pulled him back to a place beside me on the chaise longue. I felt almost me on the chaise longue. I felt almost maternal as I assured him that no other person meant anything to me in compari-son with him. I yearned to say, "All that I am doing, my dear, is for you! So that you'll be proud of me! So you won't think 'm a failure in the world you care about But I kept quiet; never could I attain th end, if I disclosed the strategy by which I

was endeavoring to reach it.

Involuntarily, I yawned. Don kissed
me. then got up. "You'd better take a me, then got up. "You'd better take a nap. And I'll bathe first, so you can have a clear field for all your powders and per He even remembered to ring for

We smiled happily at each other. As I heard the water running, I thought, "It's wonderful how when you love someone little things like that, just because they're thoughtful, can make up for differences of opinion about big things."

Maggie switched off the lights and opened the windows. "It's like old times,

Miss Irène, when you used to sleep for an our between a matinée and an evening After she'd gone away, I thought, this life is far more bectic than that !

eathed deeply of the cool, fresh air awoke refreshed when she knocked on the door to say it was half-past seven. the door to say it was hall-past seven. As she slipped over my head an unusu-ally satisfactory dress of pale tea-rose satin, which had just arrived from my New York dressmaker, I thought unessily of Louise, hurrying, unasided, into her one evening dress, which was bound to look shabby in this company.

"MAGGIE, get out that yellow brocade.
The one with the long, full skirt and
the square bodice," I said. "I've never worn it."
"Oh, Miss Irène, it's very handsome,

but it doesn't suit you. "I'm not going to change. I'm going to see what you and I can do in the way of costuming. Tell Pierre to send Miss Strange

straight up here before she takes off her wraps."
When Louise came in, I explained: "I'm

ving to get some practice for making up Obediently, she took off the lavend beaded frock, and sat down in front of the beaded irock, and sat down in front of the fressing table, a towel over her bare shoul-ders and another tightly around her hair. I removed the too-light powder and the too-dark lightick from her face, and re-placed them with others which harmonized with the delicated waven become out seen rith the delicately warm bronze and rose

of her skin. Maggie then sprayed brillianne on her hair, and brushed assid until it was transformed from a dull brown to a lively chestnut. She shaped it with hot iron, then skillfully curied the ends Arrayed in the yellow dress, which looked as if it had been designed for her, Louise stared into the full-length mirror, an expression akin to awe in her leaf-

brown eves "Can that vision be me? I feel like Cinderella!" She glanced down at her slippers, which luckily happened to be



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gold, and tried to laugh. "I must remem-ber to lose one when I leave." "Come on," I said. "We're late. All the

Prince Charmings are waiting I expected to have Don at least raise his eyebrows at me in acknowledgment of but as we advanced into the drawing room, where everyone but the Youngs had terested courtesy he always accorded her, and deliberately failed to respond to my

smile of understanding.
"What." I wondered, "has gone wrong

FRANCIS WYCKOFF was the last of the guests to whom I spoke. "Who is she?" he asked, nodding toward Louise. She's wonderful looking Knowing that the surest way to crystal-

his interest was through his sympathy. I sketched her background

"You certainly have a genius for find-ing attractive people." he said. "Here I've lived in Wyckton all my life and never "Better make up for lost time and go over and talk to her now." I suggested. "She doesn't know anyone else here but Desmond."

He moved off, willingly, and Carl joined me. Making sure he could not be over-heard, he said, "I'm afraid I've made a gaffe. I was the first person here, and when Don started talking about the theater. I took for granted he knew you'd seen

That's no saffe." I prevaricated. "I simply haven't had a moment yet to tell

m about it.

I was disturbed, not alone by this un fortunate presentation of the incident, which Don was now bound to resent doubly, but I was almost more agitated by the suspicion that Carl might not have acted in good faith. I knew too well how possible he was less like the great Medici he fancied he resembled, than like Lorenzo's compatriot, Machiavelli

STILL undecided about his motives, went forward to welcome Fred and Helen. She looked radiant; she wore the Helen. She looked radiant; she wore the green frock, and had added in necklace and wide earnings of jade and seed pearls. The difficult ordeal of introductions was at hand. I had worked out a technic which tonight I needed to follow most carefully. Capitalizing my position as a newcomer. I pretended to be unaware of the nuances which separated one Wyck-tonian from another. Therefore I did not tonian from another. Therefore I di assume the Youngs knew Francis

Everyone was talking animatedly when Pierre gravely announced, "Madame est

Louise, standing near me, whispered, "He really is priceless! "I wish we had him." Francis had overheard. "Our man speaks pure cock-

Don't I know it?"

I had seated them next each other at the round candle-lighted table; now, as I talked to Fred Young, on my right, I caught enough snatches of his conversation to know that Louise was relating, without rancor, but, instead, with full emphasis on its humor, her one experience at the Wyckoff house.

He laughed heartily, but even after partners had shifted, and he was pre-sumably conversing with me, he could not stop turning to look at Louise, from time to time, as if unable to believe that such m charming creature could have undergone

Dessert was being served, when Pierre nformed me sotto roce that a Monsieur Clark had so urgent a desire to speak to me on the telephone.

I excused myself and hurried to the

'It's been quashed! Settled out of he announced jubilantly Keller just rang me up from Mrs. Wyckin tota and you can go right ahead with in toto and you can go ages a constitution of the theater. Congratulations, Mrs. Carr. If ever a Portia came to judgment

I wanted to shout with joy. Nor could I refuse, when he said his wife wished to

Mrs. Clark, with comp asked if I would not up Sir Arthur Scofield. the noted English author, whom the Cur-rent Events Club had engaged to lecture on December thirtieth. "You've traveled so much more than any of us, and-it sounds snobbish, doesn't it?-you have u butler. So we thought he'd enjoy staying with you more than anywhere else I said I would be glad to have him. When I had returned to the dining room, I men-

tioned this part of the message. I thought we were going to entertain a," Francis said. "I mean, we did the last time he was here.

DESMOND, two places away, cried, "Irène! It's the hand of Fate! We'll do his curtain raiser before my play.

cacket."
"I'll give you a good write-up," Louise
promised. "I'll make Sir Arthur criticize
your play favorably, and then send the
interview to our New York paper."
"When is all of this to happen?" Helen
Young saked. "I wouldn't miss it for

I spoke distinctly, "We've decided that the best time will be New Year rose afraid that Donaldson might voice objection which I We're not going to be conventional," I aid. "We'll all have coffee together in the library. After that, you men can go to

filled the fragile cups, and told Desmond to take one over to Louise, and then arrange with her for a story in tomorrow's paper. I made a place beside me for Francis. My exaltation at the vic-I had won gave me courage to essay

Choosing my words with care, I began, "I'm afraid we'll never be able to have those tennis tournaments this spring; I went to the Heights Club today wasn't allowed in He stared at me incredulously. "You

mean old Frozen Face dared to keep your I nodded, "She said memberships were individual

"THAT'S true, but good heavens!" He 1 sat up straighter. "It so happens that I'm the chairman of the admissions committee—about the only position of any weight I ever did hold—and by ten o'clock tomorrow morning you'll either be a member in your own right, or there won't be any club!"

I sighed with deep contentment. "Then," I said, as if it had been my sole purpose for wishing to join, "we shall have our tennis, after all!" Miss Strange looks as if she played,

too." His nice hazel eyes glanced irre-sistibly toward her. "She's pretty as a picture, and the most amusing girl I'm ever seen. To think of her checked himself, but it was plain he was recalling her treatment at his mother's

His next remark followed logically this inspoken reference. "Look, Irène; I didn't want to go into it in front of everyone, but mother sent a wireless vesterday to Sir Arthur Scofield's boat, asking him to stay with us, and she's already invited a lot of old fogies to dinner on the thirtleth

"Oh, no. She didn't belong to the last club that got him here. She didn't even at our house." (Continued on Page 126,

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(Continued from Page 124) I bit my lip. I could not allow this to happen! In view of my statement at dinner, it would make me ridiculous. Far more vital, it would destroy the dazzling effect of my rival New Year's Eve party

The men followed Don into his sanctum, and as the women gathered in front of the fire, I turned over in my mind every possible means of securing the author as my guest. I must have a third triumph to round out the auspicious series.

I was amused to observe that Kitty alone did not fall victim to Louise's magnetism. Helen and Marie, who had always led sheltered lives, might have been expected to regard her as a bread-winning alien. But, on the contrary, they both said they envied her prodigiously; that her occupation must be infinitely more ex-As I saw Kitty's half-contemptuous,

speculative smile, my amusement van-ished. I realized that by precipitating Francis' interest in another girl, whose plight was destined to appeal to his chiveven more than Kitty's, I had awakened her original dislike of me. Two fered, had sufficed to undo my weeks of missionary seal. That I had made a place for her in The Amateurs, that I had painstakingly included her with the people she had always wanted to know, would not count, I saw clearly. I had been the agency through which Wyckoff's attentiveness had been diverted to another channel, and for this she would never for-

AT THE time, however, this seemed but a minor error. Focusing on what I considered a major point, I seized the men's return as an opportunity to slip upstairs and telephone Mrs. Hastings in

"Irène, you traitor!" she greeted me. "How dare you hide yourself way out there in the wilds? What are you doing with unuself Je m' amuse. Although you'd never

guess how strangely I amuse myself. Just now I'm lion hunting. . . . No, not lit-erally. I want Sir Arthur Scofield to stop with us when he lectures here."
"But, dear child, he would be flattered! Just write and ask him. He landed this morning. I'm going to somebody's luncheon for him tomorrow."

I sketched my predicament with a light touch, for it was Mrs. Hastings who had once derided my neighbor as a woman who "says she's to Wyckton what Mrs. Astor used to be to New York—only more ex-

When I had made the situation clear, Mrs. Hastings laughed heartily. "I think it's delicious to picture you as the young matron of the provinces! You must be studying for a new rôle. Oh, Irène, we shall be glad when you're back with us again! However, if, in the meantime, you want Sir Arthur, you shall have him. I'll "Bless you!" I said. "And thank you a thousand times."

"I'M GOING to California for Christ-mas," she ended, "and on the way back, I'll drop off and take a look at you. I'll send you a wire. Good-by, Irène. Good luck."

"Good luck," thought I exuberantly,

putting a little powder on my face, "is what I've had plenty of this day!" In the lower hall I encountered Judge

"You are just the person I wanted to see," he said. "No doubt you've heard 'it was a famous victory.' . . And I too have had one." Then I perceived that although his body

Then I perceived that although his body seemed to have shrunk; in physical weariness, his eyes were no longer harassed. They held new tranquality.

"It's finished!" he declared. "All over! I am no longer the attorney for the Wyckoff plant, for Mrs. Wyckoff, or, in point of fact, for anyone! Tomorrow I take in my shingle."

"B-but," I stammered, "is that what you want?"

"Of course I do! I knew it the mo-ment it had happened. My soul's my own again-a poor thing, maybe, but I shall be glad to renew its acquaintance

"Come in and join us." I urged.
"Some other time. I feel too battered
ust now. Tell Marie I'll send the car back for her. . . . If you don't mind, I'd like to have a word with Donaldson, I promised him long ago that if I ever retired, I'd give him first chance at my

"But he couldn't take it. It centers chiefly around Mrs. Wyckoff, doesn't it?" "Oh, yes. But she threatened this evening to turn over all her legal work to him. whether I quit or not. She said she wanted a younger man, and Donaldson was the ablest one she knew."

MY HAND flew to my heart, to still its violent pounding. I was terrified. Compared to the menace of this move, her previous attempts to vanquish me paled into insignificance.

paled into insignificance.

Perhaps because he was worn out,
Judge Keller dismissed my theory that Judge Keller dismissed my theory that her reasons must lie in an iron determina-tion to interfere in our lives, as she had in-terfered in the lives of all other people associated with her.

"No, no," be said. "She's always liked Donaldson. He used to be over at her house a lot with Francis and Ruth. She

says she'd be glad to see him there again. There's nothing sinister about it. She says she'd rather trust her private affairs to someone she's always known, instead of to a stranger. I'm sure that's all there Certain that he was completely wrong.

nevertheless summoned Donaldson, and after the two men had retired to another room, I went back to the library, feeling that participation in the cheerful incon-sequential chatter of my guests would be as futile as attending a Punch and Judy show in the hope of taking one's mind off terrible tragedy just witnessed in real

IT WAS a relief to find Desmond the center of absorbed interest. He was an Lenter of absorbed interest. He was an inimitable mimic, and he possessed the even rarer attribute of never telling the same story more than once. To these pople, who had no first-band experience of the thester backstage, but had keen curiosity about the persons they had viewed across the footlights, his imitations of famous actors in their off moments

They would not let him stop. I was raguely glad that I had overruled Don's protest against asking him with the Youngs, for their whole-hearted enjoy-'But what does that count?" I thought

For I was certain of Don's decision even before he came in, like a young blond emperor fresh from dizzying conquests. His blue eyes shone; he seemed taller, his shoulders broader; his chin was tilted at a self-confident angle which made him seem to me, a stranger. His spirits were so high that the tempo of the room became

In the increased volume of sound, Carl nanaged to say to me, "You've won out, haven't you "What?" He nodded toward Francis. "About the

injunction."
"Oh, yen." I laughed, almost hysteri-cally. Now I knew the meaning of the school-learned phrase, "Pyrrisic victory." Donaldson astonished me by insisting that I relate an incident with which he had once heard me win applause at Mrs. Hast-ings.' I complied solely to avoid protesta-But after I had started, the audience

vanished from my consciousness, and nothing seemed real save the story. It concerned the dilemma in which I had found myself ten years before, when, at seventeen, I had (Continued on Page 128)





















Mothers! Here's How Ovaltine Curbs Child's Nervousness While Adding Weight A Pound A Week Or More Boys and Girls!

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was given.

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Owner Can to Abblication to an

(Continued from Page 126) scure member of a third-rate stock comnany, traveling in day coaches during the serie hours of early dawn from one hamlet

in Tonnesson to enother By dint of ceaseless economies I had By dnnt of cesseless economies I had managed to save a small sum from my meager salary. Then I had been racked by indecision. Should I use these savings to purchase a railroad ticket for New York, or buy with them a suitable costume, or sale at a bargain, in which, if I could ever reach Broadway, I should be able to impress a producer? I had naïvely discussed this burning question with every ther member of the cast. The result was

denly ran short, the manager naid everyone else but me Let this be a lesson to you spend thrifts." he had lectured them virtuously Here is Miss Morrell.

so she's got enough money of her own to get along on!" WITH a sensa-tion akin to coming out from fying than ap-

hasn't made half as much as some

had the sense not

to waste it. And

you, but she's

at least sixty sec-onds. I saw Maris cheeks. Don said "Heavens, I supposed to be

ember, before, that everyone roared He was right, but then I had been the He was right, but then I said been the star of the most popular play of the season; by contrast, the episode had seemed ludicrous to me too. Tonight, as I had told it, I had been filled with com-passion for this defenseless girl, who

passion for this detensies gir, who seemed fated never to reach security. "I didn't dream," Louise said huskily, "that you'd ever known what hardships were. I'd supposed all you'd had to do was to appear on the stage, and knock them cold."

Desmond answered for me. Desmond answered for me. "I wish you'd seen Irine when she finally did get to New York. She was thin as a rail—not alender, as ahe is now, mee enfants—but, to be frank, skinny. She didn't know the first thing about handling herself. Her voice was pitched wrong. She wasn't even considered pretty."

BUT then how did she do it?" Marie inquired eagerly, quite as if I were not there.
"By sheer force of will, the way ever

other great person ever reaches the top! I could have embraced him. This was a umpet call of which I stood in sore need If I could do it then, I can do it now!

I vowed.

It was after one o'clock when Louise got up. "I hate to go, but I've an early appointment in the morning. May I ring for a tax; Irène?"

for a taxt, frene?"
Francis intercepted her gesture toward
the telephone. "I've got my car here."
"No, I'll take her," Desmond said.
"We're neighbors." "But you promised to stop at my house and nick up those sketches." Kitty ob-

ted.
"Clever!" I thought, "She's covering "Clever!" I thought. "She's covering Francis' desertion admirably." Carl and Marie left separately; it was too bad, I reflected, as I told them all good night, that Marie was too modern. the Old World snlendor with which Carl had surrounded himself.

But I could lose no time in idle match-

making. I had to brace myself to hear, calmly. Donaldson's cry, the moment we were alone, "My ship's come in! I'm going to buy Judge Keller's law prac-

I straightened cushions and moved chairs into place. Don caught my shoulders. "Irène! Dearest! Congratulate me! I've got what I've wanted ever since I was ten years old!"

SIMULATED judiciousness. "Have A you thought it over carefully? Are you sure you went to do it?"
"'Want to do it?' I'm wild to do it!"
"But Don," I said, "most of the "But Don," I said, "moss or work will be for Mrs. Wyckoff," "Why not?

I've always got along with her." spoke more quickly, can you say that: When she's been When she trumped up that ridiculous charge against the theater, just out of spite!" out of spite!"
"Now you're
being melodramatic again. We
did violate the
rules. I think it was

very nice of her to drop the matter.' tion overboard. sane on the sub-ject of Mrs. Wyc-

"It's you who are not sane about her! You attribbase motives which are entirely foreign to

her nature."
"Then how do you explain her not call ing on me? Her not asking us to parties where she has all your old crowd? She can't have any real reason against being nice to me. It's no disgrace to be an

"Of course it's no disgrace, Irène. Nor does she pretend it is. She just happens to have old-fashioned standards about it. And she isn't the only one. But the point and see said the only one. But the point of this discussion is whether I am going to give up the ambition of a lifetime because of some little squabble my sife is involved in. And the answer is. "No!" Hestretched this arms. "Oh, but I shall be glad to be in harness again! Lord, how tired I am of losefiest!"

You seemed to be enjoying it enough this morning!" I snapped He surveyed me coldly.

enjoyed lunching alone with Carl Riessler, too, didn't you?"
"I had to get someone to help me! You ouinn c: "And I suppose you enjoy your frequent inferences with the handsome matinée

idol?"
"I don't see Desmond half so often as your friend Miss Wyckoff does!"
"What do you mean?"
"What do you mean?"

"I mean that she goes alone to his apartment almost every day."
His lips curled. "More backstairs gossip, I suppose.

"IT'S nothing of the sort! I saw her my-self this very afternoon coming out of his apartment house." I suppose no one else lives in it? I rêne, I'm ashamed of thought that you would sink

you! I never thought that you would sink to such pettiness as to malign a young girl

I stumbled against a table as I made my way out; only by holding on to the banis-ter could I climb (Continued on Page 130)

The "Morning Clore" 4 Mountain Mist Onill Desira

It's Easy and Simple to Fill Your Own Quilts with

MOUNTAIN MIST

OUILTING COTTON ALREADY spread, uniform in thickness, and in one piece, full quilt site, it's as simple to use Mountain Mist Quilting Cocton as shaking out a piece of Bannel. Glazene finish. No lint. No pulling, No bunching, Result: perfect smoothness, even puffiness, casy washing. Needle-easy too, because of the soft, lacy web of the Glazene. An extra quality but that costs no more. All dry goods

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Enclosed is 20 cents (coins preferred) for which sent me the "Morning Glory" Mountain Mist Pattern.

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KNITTING WOOL NEW NOVELTY 400 Samples FREE.—Prompt Mail Service COLONIAL YARN HOUSE, 1233-R CherrySt., Phila., Pa.



no extra cost. Each ready-measured envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes a delicious salad or dessert serving six people, and

there are recipes in every package that will bring praise from your family and guests. Why not phone your grocer for a package and send the

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KNOX GELATINE, 24 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y. Pesse send me FREE the new Knox Kirchen Libeary: "Deasers, Salads, Candies and Frozen Diabes", and "Food Ec	2

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MIRACUL WAX CO., 1310 Dolman St., St. Louis, Mc



The noted PROF. DR. JULES MONGES, of Marseilles, says:—

She was Nerwous, Run-down _ 9 advised yeast

"Her Elimination became Regular... Energy returned... Headaches were a thing of the past," he reports



"THIS GASE," Dr. Monges reports, "was a young girl-nervous, run-down, frequent headsches-always tired-losing weight constantly. Examination showed her trouble was caused by constipation . . .



"THE X-RAY and fluoroscope showed her colon (large intestine) was clogged. She had aggravated her condition with large doses of enhartics and laxatives . . . My recommendation was yeast . . .



"HER ELIMINATIONS became regular. Energy returned. Headaches stopped. She has had no indigestion or constipation since." (X-ray shows typical

Will Fleischmann's Yeast help YOU get rid of that Tired Feeling — Indigestion—Pimples—Boils— Loss of Pep? Yes...very probably!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food with certain astonishing "corrective" properties:—

in the body, strengthens the muscles that clear it away. Elimination becomes regular.

INDIGESTION. All the way from stomach through the colon it stimulates—increasing the flow of digestive juices. Appetite sharpens. Food digesta better and you get "more good out of it."

TONIC ACTION. Your whole system

is "energized." (Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest of all foods in the group of 3 indispensable vitamins—B, D and G—in which our diet is so often deficient. These vitamins are essential to bealth.)

You do feel better—the minute your system starts functioning smoothly and naturally, carrying off its daily impurities!

And as yeast "tones" and nourishes, your strength returns amazingly. Colds, headaches, often stop entirely. Your skin takes on new life ... quickly rids itself of disagreeable pimples, boils and blemishes. You look so well!

Will you give up tonics, pills-and

eat Fleischmann's Yeast—for just 30 days, as a test? Simply eat 3 cakes daily—plain

or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, you know.

Won't you start eating Fleisch mann's Yeast now . . . today?

"LAST WINTER I falt pretty run-down," writer Miss Dahlia Upchurch, (at right), of Richesterd, Va. "Had headaches--and pimples... One of my friends said Flistch mann's Yeast Mad cleared her skin. I decided to eat it ... After a few weeks, no more headaches. My skin cleared up. I falt so well!" Copplex 148. Standard Interport





Mother and daughter... alike in complexion loveliness

J EARS apart in age, yet the Barbars Gould home treatments keep mother's complexion as amouth an experiment of the property of

If you are thirty or more, try this delightfully effective treatment: first, a thorough cleansing with Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream, then apply Barbara Gould Tissue Cream, patting it into your face and throat. Leave a bit of this fine, rich cream on overnight to nourish your skin while you sleep. If you have reached forty, use Barbara Gould Circulation Cream a few times each week to stimulate and revitalize your skin. Always leave it on for fifteen minutes.

Remember—one cream cannot perform all these functions—that is why there are Four Barbara Gould Creams, and they are no more expensive to use than trying to make one do the work of all.

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4 Barbara Gould Perfumes

One of these exquisite new perfumes is ideal for you. Four fragrances for the four ages of beauty. Priced from 55# to \$5.50. Barbara Gould - Creams, perfumes and other preparations are sold by leading department and drug stores.

Write for the beauty handbook "Any Weman Can Look Lovelier." . . . BARBARA GOULD, 35 West 34th Street, New York.

Barbara Gould .

(Continued from Page 128) the steps. The scarlet-leather bindings of my volumes of press clippings caught my attention. The third book was half empty. . . . Well, I could return to the stage. I could, if I

could return to the stage. I could, if I worked hard enough, merit other enthusiastic notices with which to complete it. Life would go on—part of life, at any rate. I heard myself crying, I wept with the abandon with which, a decade ago, I had mourned the apparent death of my hope

of ever owning m decent dress, of ever buying m ticket to New York. "But you did get them both, finally!" an inner voice chided. "You've got the

"But you did get them both, finally!" an inner voice chided. "You've got the proof right in front of you!" I turned to the most convincing of these proofs—an article by a notably

these proofs—an article by a notably captious London journalist. His sentences which had always gratified me most deeply related to my "incomparable portrawal" of "that most difficult of rolles—a lady. Miss Morrell was a very great lady indeed—glamorous, witty.

I clapped the book shot, Those were the

I clapped the book shut. Those were the qualities I had evoked for my stage self. Would anyone who had overheard my scene with Don say I deserved them? Resolutely I bathed my face and obliterated as best I could the signs of grief. I hung up my gown and put on a trailing white negligee; I looked wan, but not, I trusted, unbeautiful.

When I heard Donaldson's knock, my heart leaped. "No matter what he says," I swore, "my answer will be 'glamorous and witty." I let him in.

His tone was frigid, "Is it too great a favor to ask that you please stop locking my door into the bathroom?" I laughed uncontrollably. These peals of laughter purged my soul of rancor. "What is it?" he asked. "Irene!

"What is it?" he asked. "Irène! Aren't you well?" "No!" I answered. I put my arms around his neck. "I've got an incurable

"No!" I answered. I put my arms around his neck. "I've got an incurable disease! I love you to distraction!" He held me close. "I adore you. I can't bear it when we quarre!!" After a while, he stood away from me.

After a while, he stood away from me. He no longer looked like an emperor; he resembled a small boy promising he will never be bad any more. He said, "Irêne, I won't buy Judge Keller's practic, you don't want me to!" I was overwhelmed, Every fiber of my

being which related to my own welfare clamored for my acceptance of this magnanimity. But I could not bring myself or frustrate a wish he had cherished for so long n time. I, too, must be generous.

Instruct a wish he had cherished for so long a time. I, too, must be generous. "Of course you must take it!" I said. "I think it's a wonderful opportunity." "You really don't mind?" His face lightened in wonderment. "You won't object if I have to go over to the Wyckoffs' sometimes? Promise?"

object if I have to go over to the Wyckotls' sometimes? "Promise?"
"I promise!"
His arms went tightly around me. I thought, "Oh, what 'a taingled web' I'm weaving!" Then as his lips touched my cheek, I thought, "But it's well worth it!"

(To be Continued)

Russia Now Laughs

(Continued from Page 9)

was fresh and pleasant to watch, like the fun of boarding-school children released for a party.

Ruins edges close to the world-our world. Still strange, besidering and survey. Still strange world. Still strange, besidering and survey. Still strange for the strange for the strange for the strange for a flammary food was an intrastood. More strange for a flammary food was a flammary food was not still strange for a flammary food was stranged for the strange for strange for strange for strange for the strange for the strange for strange for the strange for the strange for strange for the strange for th

government policy.

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submissiveness of yesterday.

I went freely enough, after I had tired of the delays in getting permits, and started off on my own, without authority.

Thus approached insisted on slowing too much, more than I had time to see. They were always eager and friendly. And always only my continued and my concubic beyond

any people I have ever met getting something—not money so much as more food, more clothes, more room, more knowledge. I felt the pressure of a universal acquisitiveness as insistent as a bargain sale.

The formands were suggestive. A white collection with the band form; the worlder sold collection with the band form; the worlder band of the collection of the collection of the collection of the collection of the materials at hand. At the balance of the materials at hand, at the balance of the materials at hand, at the balance of the materials at hand, at the balance of the collection of the materials at hand, at the balance of the materials at hand, and the state of the collection of the materials at hand, and the state of the stat

eration would be like when it grew up. Well, this is the Soviet generation, I suppose. The young people from eighteen to twenty-five who dominate the scene have been brought up from preschool to technicum in Commania schools on Comnicum in Commania schools on Communist slogans. Can it be they who are creating this faintly bourgoois atmosphere, this ever so slight suggestion of an 1890 Main Street?

There is no suggestion of Main Street about Alla Petrovo, however. She is the type of [et] you have to come to Swelet Regist to meet. All is most of 600 young frees to meet. All is most of 600 young the construction on the new Monous subsequent and the series of the construction of the new Monous subsequent and the series of the series

Alla was determined to show me where the workerd. In a pix of musdey overalls, the workerd was pix of musdey overalls, dees, slid through a mile of dark treech, crawled flat over pix of slippsyry stones, and the slippsy stones was supported by the slippsy stones. Alla days and pushes loaded carts through those underground galleries sits hours a should say, the feels as important as Atha should say, the feels as important as Atha should say, the feels as important as Atha machine, the slippsy stones which is supported to the same pix of the sits of the same muscle such posterior seem to these young self me overcome, not by fattgage but Jy and a sit of the same pix of the same pi

ALLA lives like a soldier, in a Comsomol berrack. Twenty-two, hard as nails and husky as a stevedore, she is a type of millions of womens, young and old, for whom "equality" in Russia means laying bricks, showeling snow, tending engines, coing everything men do in foundries and

There are nearly as many girls as boys in the shock brigades, nearly as many women as men among the students coming up to Moscow from mines and farms to learn to be engineers. The heavy-industry truth has built a vast quadrangular "students' city" for such recruits. In the bassement refectory I shared their heavy dinner with agroup of Georgians, workers of thirty.

"How do the women engineers compare with the men?" I asked. "They're better," answered the men

"They're better," answered the men matter-of-factly. Next day at a ksikhoz, or collective farm, I was shown the labor chart. The names

of the workers are grouped under symbols, from an airplane down to a snall, indicating their speed and productivity.
"How about the women members?" I inquired again.

The director pointed to the list of names under the airplane and the automobile. "The majority of those are women," he

They are not romantic figures, these soviet somen. All Petrova has about as much feminine allure as the Rock of Gibrattar. In their barrack life the Consomnia have not much time or use for centiment. pair of they are expected to be serious; they are expected to marry. There are no figures to confirm it, but everyone agrees that divorce is disminsible and that the habes or turbe yours of the revolution.

A WISE old dector in a factory dispensary, explaining why the divorce lawyer in this industrial community of 50,000 persons was practically unemployed, and it was the effect of experience and improveand divorcing ad libilus turned out to be more boring than sticking to a permanent partner," he smiled, and added that legalized abortion, once crush we see no only for grave reasons of health.

said shortun, once common, was now only only or give reason of health.

In the limity disintegration? Certainly the company of the company of

their heavy wrappings, are a husky lot, apparently unaffected by shortages or congestion, as yet happily unaware of the class war to which they are born.

That state of inconcence does not hat long. Take the broad boy. By, boutnets, both the both t

principal described it, are in straking contrast to the weight forms of self-government and the "revolutionary rudeness" of a few years back.

IN ONE respect, however, there is no Indiange. On the three landings of the main stairway the wall score is filled with

IN ONE respect, however, there is no change. On the three landings of the main stairway the wall space is filled with immense pictures of the Soviet trinity, Marx, Lenin and Stalin. The bust of Lenin appears in every classroom, often adorned with offerings of flowers, and red banners on every wall repeat the monotonous reminders that the children of the workers are the hose of the world revolution.

are the sope of the works revolution com-Mischa and Ilya begin to study gramma. They study history not as a chronicle of individual hereose but as a record of mass movements. Ilya uses the longest words and has the most atsorishing line of talk of any fourteen-year-old you ever met. He studies English to learn that "the children of workers in England and America login work all day and have often very little to

work all day and have often very little to cat. Their rooms are dark and cold. a "The Boy Scouts," he learns, "is a bourgoois organisation" which "helps the police" and "during strikes helps the boses." Mirschas says if he met a south he work with the says of the says of the says of "anti-God sliphabet" which amuses them very much; they try it out on the old lady in the next room, who keeps an ioon in one orner and a portrait of Stalin in the other.

From the time they can see and hear, these children are brought up on such ideas. They watch the class struggle endised watch the class struggle endised by absorated in the movies. They can't talkst gibes from the clown. I was taken one day to visit the remarkable circus soo of Russia's super-clown, seventy-year-old Vandimir Durolf, who lives in a strange and milling humans, on top of a real jungle of wild beasts.

DIROFF hould be immortalized in a Double-Price with the size that price of that rich tragi-controlly which is Russia. We hould be price with tragi-controlly which is Russia. We have been a price of the price of th

To Ilya, so brought up, I cannot describe American life in terms he would understand. I find a similar difficulty in describing Russian living standards to Americans. I can recort, for instance, that



So that you may try these exquisite beauty aids

In order to give you an opportunity to try three lovely EVENING IN PARIS beauty accessories, to really know their supreme quality and individuality, Bourjois now presents the most amazing offer of its kind ever conceived.

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Opportunities like this are rare so be sure to take full advantage of this one. All leading department and drug stores are featuring them now.

vening-in Paris-FACE POWDER - PERFUME - LIPSTICK \$110

THE PRICE OF THE POWDER ALONE



Mrs. Howard F. Whitney Ir., smart New York hostess, says

"I prefer it to mayonnaise"



MRS. HOWARD F. WHITNEY JR. noted as a smart hostess and a critical judge of food, Mrs. Whitney's photo graph and above statement regarding Kraft's Mirscle Whip Salad Dressing appeared in New York newspapers.



CYNTHIA: Beautiful party yesterday, Frant What's your new trick with salad? Or is it FRAN: No secret! I'm just a copy-car



what's this perfectly divine stuff on the CYNTHIA: Miracle Whip!-recommended by Hope Whitney and Fran.





FRAN: Marvelous flavor!-a kind of com bination of mayonnaise and old-fashioned coiled dressing CYNTHIA: Most people like it better than

PREFERRED BY THOUSANDS TO MAYONNAISE! The flavor of Kraft's Miracle Whip Salad Dressing is differenttantalizing-a combination of true mayonnaise and true old-fashioned salad dressing. The same choice ingredients are used as in these popular dressings. But they are combined in a new, wonderful way and whipped to amazing, new creaminess in the Kraft Miracle Whip. Try this unique dressing on any kind of salad-fruit or vegetable. You'll agree with millions that it tastes better than mayonnaise. And it actually costs less!



connaise, they say, And it costs less!

Cepr. 1934 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corps

the Ivanoffs between them earn 375 nubles a month. Their rent is nominal sixteen rubles a month, plus about five rubles more, computed after a complicated process of multiplication and division for their share of the light and gas consumed in the apartment. Rents are supposed to be based on earnings and on the space occupied, yet they vary little whether you urban flat or half a room in a slummy ten ment down town. And what's a ruble worth? There is no way of evaluating the earnings of the Soviet citizen in any currency. And if we talk in terms of real wages, what he gets for what he earns. here again we are speaking in different here again we are speaking in different languages, comparing values that have a different weight in his system and ou It is quite correct to state that the Pos

worker cares little about the amount of his money wage, for the reason that the purchasing power of his rubles depends on where he has to spend it, the category to which he belongs, and especially on the which he is attached. It is also true that money ware, and not alone in the matter

All the Ivanoffs, for instance, eat their get a free dinner at school, and the lather and mother pay from fifty kopecks to a ruble and a half for a meal in the factory restaurant. They spend practically noth-ing for amusements or education. When ing for amusements or education, when Ilva is eighteen, if he goes to a university or technical school he will be paid while he

THE factory club offers a variety of di-THE factory club offers a variety of di-versions: free movies, concerts, games, a library, sport field and scating rink, classes, darkrooms to develop photo-graphs, theatricals, amateur and profes-sional. In a railway workers' club I have seen old women painfully learning geom-stry, a choral club practicing, a dozen boys with an interpreter reading an Amer ican railway trade magazine, a group of 'locomotive squads" of three members. each squad pledged to keep an engine clean and in good repair in a drive to improve the transport service

Once a week or so the Ivanoffs out from tickets to the theater. If they are lucky, they may obtain a free trip in the summer. They receive free medical and dental service, and after fifty-five they are en-titled to some sort of pension. With these supplements to their earnings, they live a peculiarly irresponsible life, indifferent to the future. Their desire is not to accumulate or even to earn more money; their

This brings us to the complex questic
"onen shops" and "closed shops of "open shops" and "closed shops." Every worker has a card entitling him to of bread a day, four pounds of sugar, a und of butter, ten pounds of meat a month. The cord is most only in the store operated by the factory or industry in which he works, what is known as a closed is really a wage supplement. It sells meat for example, for 3.86 rubles a kilo when i is 14 rubles a kilo in the open shop and 8 robles in the central market

CLOSED snops are or uncertainty of In some you are sure to get your ra MOSED shops are of different grades tion, and other goods besides, like cloth, are chronic shortages, little variety and poor quality. All depends on the efficiency and enterprise of the manager and on the power and pull of the institution in

ntroi. The Gay-Pay-Oo is reputed to have the best stocked shops in the country. You can see how deadly serious this is, because if no outsider can trade in your shop, neither can you trade anywhere else ex-cept at prohibitive prices in the open

market. You see that a job isn't only a job, Or a wage a wage

Sonia Ivanova has a higher salary than her husband, but his shop and supply to a good shop where we can get butter

nd shoes.

Beyond the open shops there is still anwhere prices are quoted in so-called gold rubles, whatever they are, but the only money accepted is "valuta," or foreign currency, and goods are of a kind and quality unobtainable elsewhere. These shops are supposed to be only for for-

What would you like to be when you grow up?" a Communist told me he asked is five-year-old daughter, "An engineer? ms nve-year-oot daugner. An engineer? A teacher? A doctor?"

"I want to be a foreigner," the little girl answered without hesitation. "They set everythins."

ASAMATTER of fact, though the Ivanoffs are never found there, the Torgsin stores are crowded with Russians spending certificates given in exchange for old gold and silver. Thus they are better than "ru-ble arrests" to enable the government to gather in foreign currency and precious

Also, since there is no relation between ne value of good and paper rubles, and egal way of changing one into the oth they illustrate the sheer fantasy of the money situation. A bottle of Russian eau de Cologne costs sixty kopecks in Torgsin and thirteen rubles in "Insugh " shop for foreign specialists—and the sixty kopecks represent more real value than the thirteen rubles! In an open shop, like Mostorg," the price is still higher, maybe

You can buy furniture on the install-ment plan. Mrs. Nikulin has made a down payment on two cupboards which she es to divide off as best she can her half of a room from that of the Alexandrovs, a oung couple with whom I supped one night at a table only a foot or so away from the Nikulins' table. A single light dividing line we exchanged remarks on

for forty-three years.

prices and prospects.

Mrs. Nikulin does not work: she says it two out of her husband's wages of 275 rubles a month, minus the 10 per cent he an apartment; for you can do that, too, with luck, a good connection and the right influence. It doesn't take much moneynoney counts least in getting anything! rent, and while you don't really own the place, theoretically you can't be put out

E EACH of the 3 700 000 registered in I habitants of the Soviet capital were asked what he desired most in the world, I am convinced that the answer would be nanimous. They all want a place to them The women want separate kitch built as a first ens; the "communes" built as a first experiment in housing did not prove pop-ular—they were too much like a perpetuain half a room and keeping a servant, a the Alexandrove do until I saw that it was worth almost anything to keep out of the bickering and steam of the common kitchen and to have somebody to do the daily chore of food foraging and standi

The happiest woman I met was the The happiest woman 1 met was the pretty wife of a specialist who had just moved into a three-room flat in a new building. Mrs. Ullev glowed as she showed me her small living room and the "real bedroom"; her tall daughter glowed as she burst in from school with her skates; the maid hummed in the little kitchenette; and Citizen Uliev, (Continued on Page 135)

THE LARGEST SELLING SALAD DRESSING IN AMERICA

Men rob pantries because of them and





women break the rules of etiquette





.. Hydrox does such delicious things to appetites!

People seem to like Sunshine Hydrox! Fact is, it's the most popular Englishstyle cookie-sandwich in America . . . Imitated? Of course! But no one has been able to match the creamy vanilla fondant that nestles temptingly between the two crisp, chocolaty cookies. C, Note the convenience of these packages! The new double-size thrift package on the left contains twenty Hydrox . . . enough for several generous servings. Just half that number makes the familiar one on the

right a handy table package. Both are ready in an instant to help glorify an intimate tea, a formal dinner, or to dress up a simple dessert. C. Sunshine Hydrox are surprisingly inexpensive. So, here is the opportunity to be economical ... graciously!

And that opportunity is just as convenient as your favorite grocery store!

Sunshine HYDROX Cookie-sandwiches

"Sonmy's irritation got worse and worse..





until I started using soft, absorbent SCOTTISSUE'





BE CAREFUL, MOTHER-when you select the toilet tissue for your home. Make sure it is soft, absorbent, safe to use. Harsh, impure toilet tissue-crinkly edged and "scratchy"-can cause painful irritation to delicate membranes, and even result in serious illness

Don't take needless risks. Equip your bathrooms with ScotTissue or Waldorf Toilet Tissue and protect every member of your family.

These two famous health tissues are as soft as a fine linen handkerchief. Gentle and comfortable on even a baby's tender skin.

And-they are extremely absorbent. They cleanse immaculately.

Almost unbelievable care is taken to safeguard every roll of Scott Tissues. They are clean and pure as absorbent cotton.

BE SAFE! Ask your dealer for ScotTissue or Waldorf-today. It really costs no more to buy these famous brands. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

Scott Tissues Soft as Old Linen

locked in his study and able to work undisturbed, was no doubt the happiest of all

Mrs. Uliev made out a list of her expen-ditures. She paid fifty rubles a month rent and forty-five more for heat, gas, telephone and electricity. The maid cost forty-six rubles, Practically all the rest of her husband's 600-ruble salary went for food. She cut I saw in Moscow, she had man aged out of an old suit of her husband's. But things are better," she insisted.

have found a pair of shoes at a reasonable price. Goods are more plentiful; costs are " Cheer and content exuded fr her like an aura. Give all the comrades rooms of their own, and the Dictators

rooms of their own, and the Decistorsing of the Proletariat would need no Red Corners or political police. One-family apartments are still a lux-ury, and even if Moscow provides new quarters for 150,000 a year, according to plan, she will have difficulty in keeping up with the increase of population, on one band, and with rapid deterioration of the new buildings on the other. Congested as it is, the capital is the best place in the Union to live; it is the center of movement, of power and of supplies. The constant expansion has caused new houses to be cupied before they were completed Many were so poorly and hurrielly built hat after two years they are displotted. Moreover, one thing a Communit government seem unable to do is to instill a sense of responsibility and regard for common property. In decess of aparticular the seem of the seem most invariably, however, entries, halls and stairways are battered and disrep-

OBVIOUSLY, as the housing situation O demonstrates, there are privileged classes in the New Russia. Nobody profits but within a narrower range here, too, are high and low, rich and poor, secure and insecure. More, everything is being done by those on too to stimulate the personal ambition and acquisitive instinct of those at the bottom of the pyramid. The strong tendency now is to differentiate, to reward bonuses, promotions, rolls of honor, spe cial privileges, their pictures in the paper and nasted on billboards.

I wish there were space to describe the only kolkkez I had the opportunity to visit. The collective farm, as the latest and costliest conquest of socialism, marks the end of the last private owner in Russia the independent farmer. The kolkkoz l saw was a reproduction in miniature of the new organization of agriculture. The 200 ants in this village had driven out the to preside over the tractor station serving

WE WERE the first foreigners this sur-W prised village had ever seen, and on a day of cruel cold, 30 degrees below zero, we were obliged to see it thoroughly—houses, livestock, club, school, store. "If this shop ing," said the woman head of the village soviet, "it would be bare by night." The fate of the kulaks did not worry the villagers. I don't know how deeply they were concerned in building socialism. Their reasoning was simple and illu-

"We work in brigades and our work is credited to us in labor days," they ex-plained, "When we exceed the normal allotment, we get a bonus of a day or half a day. After we have paid our quota to the government, in kind, and put into the collective what we need for seed, tractor hire, an animal fund and improvements, the rest is distributed to each according to his labor days. We can sell our share for we used to because we work harder. We produce more," they concluded, "because now we work for ourselves, to fill our own

Strange formula for a collectivecient and potent formula. Is this the yeast working in the new dough, subtly yeast working in the new dough, subtily changing not the shape, perhaps not the substance, but certainly the taste and feel? What one sees in Russia today is a mation growing up. The Commissar of Education does not exaggerate when be says that one out of every two inhabitants is studying. In Moscow alone 100,000 adults are full-time students, supported by stipends. It is foolish to predict where this passion to learn will lead; one may note that every day it discovers some comes more formidable as a nation, more tem as such grows less formidable. Other

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the last of a series of articles on European conditions by Mrs. Mc-Cornick.

A Glance at the Senate

and enjoy them. And when he had finished his most abusive speeches, he would im-mediately approach the colleagues he had been lambasting and almost affection-ately assure them that he had meant no evil by his excoriations, that they were not personal, that there was no intentiona malice; that it was merely a question of

Senator Key Pittman, of Nevada, chair Senator Key Pittman, of Nevada, chair-man of the Foreign Relations Committee, is one senator who has a real distinction of appearance, rather in the anti-oblum Southern-gentleman styll, slim, with a cer-tain febrile, irritable quality. He has the Wilson slant on international relations, but though undoubtedly sincer in the position he takes on those and other matters, I never feel that his learnt is deeply involved in anything but his ad vocacy of silver. And about that, I do not feel that he is purely political, that he is doing it for the reason that he represents a silver-producing state. The days of his

wouth in the silver country of the Far to belong to a younger, simpler, hardier time. One has the impression that the hardships and endurances of those seekers after precious metals are vivid in his

emory.

Another of the leading Administration nators is Robert F. Wagner, of New York. Clear, level-headed, his speeches and reports are always models of documentation and thoroughness. In spite of his Tammany origin and backing, he has an uplift strain and has for many years led in introducing unemployment measures. In fact, he is responsible for much of the

oundwork upon which NIRA is based. Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, chairprobably the most entirely sincere and hotly honest man among the ninety-six. Small, frail. second and Small, frail, seared and searing, he is a white flame of courage and truth. Expediency and party regularity have no

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

whose children are benefiting by her experience of years ago



she was a sick girl. "My mother," she me out of school and was desperately turning from one type of treatment another. Everything seemed to be wrong with meextreme nervousness, severe headaches, a terribly tired worn-out feeling, and frequent

MRS. WALTER RUEHL dizzy spells which would bring on prolonged attacks of

nausea. I know my family despaired of ever seeing me recover. Imagine our encouragement and joy, a short time after my doctor put me on the Nujol treatment, when my health began to improve. In a few short weeks I looked and felt like a

returned to school and when I graduated, had the honor of being ed, and so sel-the 'best all-round athlete' in my dom irritable class! This of course I could never have done without radiant health, and to Nujol I owe a never-to-be-forgotten debt for the happy, healthful days in

the springtime of my life. "Six years ago I was married, and in 1928 my first little girl came al-As soon as she began to eat solid food trouble began. I took her to a baby specialist who immediately diagnosed er trouble as improper elimination. He told me that more babies and little children suffer with this trouble than with any other. He warned me it was a very serious matter that might lead

to appendicitis.

"So I began giving Robin Nujel. afraid it may seem incredible, but I

WHEN Mrs. Wal- she was like a different child. Every W ter Ruehl was one of the slarming symptoms of fourteen years old, stomach trouble disappeared and she immediately began to gain weight— sleep soundly all night and develop a writes, "had taken splendid appetite. She never suffered from indigestion again! Now Robin is five years old, and is one of the huskiest, peppiest youngsters you could wish for.

"Little Donald, her three-year-old brother, has his regular spoonful of Nuiol without fail every evening. To see his red cheeks and sparkling eyes and observe the boundless energy he has all the time-no one would doubt his health program is good

"Robin and Donald both go to a little kindergarten where there are sixteen children, and the teacher said

they were the school. She asked me what did to make them always dom irritable or out of sorts.

"It seems so



obvious to me that children-or adults, either—can only act as well as they feel, and that the most precious thing in the world is real glad-to-be-alive, bubbling-over-with-the-joy-of-living health. I found the magic 'ses-

ame' to that door years ago in Nuiol. and now my children are reaping the benefit of my experience Most sincerely, Mrs. Walter Ruehl, Nov. 28, 1933. Glenbrook, Conn.

Nothing we could add to Mrs. Ruehl's letter would make it any more con "So I began giving Robin Nujol. vincing. Follow her example. See She was then just a year old. I'm what Nujol will do for you—for your children. Get it at any drug store, am sincerely glad to say that from now in two forms, plain Nujol and almost the day after we began the Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored treatment, my little girl has been in and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you cle—but apparently all her system have been using Nujol for ten years needed was a gentle lubricant. When or more, if you are bringing up your her little system became—as it did children on it, tell us. Address Stanco, very quickly—perfectly regulated, Inc., 2 Park Av., Dept. 6-A, New York.

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able "repeat" business of your own, by all means get in touch with me at once. I will send you an offer by return mail that will amaze you. All you invest is your time. Just mail a postcard, with your name and address on it, addressed to

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Address	

weight with him when his course is set for

the right as he sees it.

On the Republican side, the leader is
Senator Charles L. McNary, of Oregon.

Senator McNary is lean, saver and almost
Senator McNary is lean, saver and almost
server and the sees of th

Belly levely seasons who even have membraned desermentioned deservania, ranking minority member of the Planace Committee, is certainly one the most conspicuous of the Senate Republicans. Though he has an air of weary disdain as he isoches about the chamber or sist file as collapsed deletent, his head sunk between his shoulders, he is nevertheless a most skert and agin debater; thinks at most skert and agin debater; thinks as is not a file and laile delay in the sist of the season is senated as the same of the senate of the season is not seen as the senate of the

Another Republican senator who stands out is Arthur H. Vandemberg, of Michigan. Though he has not been in the Senate for a full term he has come to the fore as a forceful and fluent speaker and is among those who are spoken of as "Presidential timber."

Senator Frederic C. Walcott, of Connecticut, is another first-terms who has made a position for himself in the councils of the party. He is a lover of music, as well as a musician himself, and is interested in game preservation from the point of view of both sportsman and received in the point of view of both sportsman and age politicism—indeed, in anyone. Senator Frederick Hale, of Maine, the ranking Republican on the Naval Affairs

ranking Republican on the Naval Affairs. Committee, has back of him a long tradition of public service. His grandfather and father were both senators, and he, himself, has been one for going on twenty years, and is as typical a cautious New Englander as was Caivin Coolidge. Among the Progressive Republican sen-

Among the Progressive Republican senators are many who strike the eye and hold the attention. Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, who looks quite as disconsolately weary as Senator Reed, but with more excuse because of his age, is one of the real powers in the Senate. Muscle Shoals and the Lame Dock Amendment

are monuments to his persistence and conviction. He will fight to the last ditch, in season and out, for what he believes in. Since the arrival of the New Deal, he has to a large extent come into his own. Moreover, the New Deal has come to him, rather than he to the New Deal. Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, ranking minority member of the Foreign

Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, ramking minority member of the Foreign Relations Committee, is the last of the great crators of the William Jennings Bryan type left in the Senate. He has, I suppose, made more memorable speeches on a greater variety of subjects than as proposed to the proposed of the proposed of the proposed of the proposed of the place in the imagination and interest of place in the imagination and interest of the country, and is not only a rational but an international figure. The report that he is going to speak still fills the Senate gal-

Senator Bronson Cutting, of New Mexico, is an Esstemer who went west for his health and captured the state he now comes of ultraconservative, comes of ultraconservative, and the state he now control of the state he now control of the state he now control of the state he now control of the state he now control of the state he now control of the state he not not control of the state has a rather paternalistic sense of civic responsibility, and of the obligation of the possessors of great wealth toward the less fortunate; traits which in him have, not filogically, turned into a property of the state

the soil, or inheritor of these poucies, such as Bob La Follette.

"Young Bob" is a true son of his disinguished father. The sincerity of his views is beyond doubt, and he has a secure position as one of the able and resourceful leaders in his group in the Senate—and out off it to

Classed among the Progressives is Senator James Couzens, of Michigan. He is probably the most pugnacious as well as the wealthiest among the Senators. In aptie of his wealth he assails the rich, and his feud with Secretary of the Treasury Mellon is historic.

Senator Hiram W. Johnson, of California, one of the best bateers and hardest histers in public life, is another prominent figure among those individualists who make up the so-called Progressive bloc. I wish that I had space to deal with other senators equally interesting and conspicuous. There are plenty more.

Little Liars

Continued from Page 9

seem more desirable to him to be honorable, we have a good start. Does it seem that the reverse of this should also be true, and that the unhappier we make him about telling a lie, the sare he will be not to repeat the performance? The trouble with such a procedure lies in our inability to know just which part of the affair the

such a procedure less in our ambitity to know just which part of the affair the child will regret. Johnny breaks a pane of glass in a neighbor's garage. He, being old enough to know that it will be expensive to retain the such as the such as the such as the to know that it will be expensive to reneighbor comes over to mention it to father, the latter, erranged, spanis, Johnny, besides making him pay for the breakage out of his allowance.

out of this allowance.

Now Johnsy mobile and mobile of feels unNow Johnsy mobile and that it is the
lenowiedge that he kept something from
his father that gives rise to his sorrow?
Inn't he very much more likely to regret
what he considers the injustice of the
punishment, when the breaking, he tell
minself, was entirely accedent? He may
rather than his deceit, feeting that paying
for the glass was sample punishment in

And may he not be inclined, instead of being honorable about the next occurrence of a somewhat similar nature, to be a little more clever, and play innocest? He may stoutly claim to have had nothing to do with the trouble, and stick to it

through thick and thin. His learning, in such cases, will hardly turn out as we would have liked.

Parents anxious to inculcate truth into their erring offspring have actually been known to keep at them find days, in the attempt to drug out the facts of a matter in which the child declares himself innocent. If he is guilty, the child is likely to become more and more stubborn. And sometimes he is, or believes he is, telling

One little boy, for days on end, insisted to his overconscientious mother that he had not broken a vase, though his mother had not broken a vase, though his mother knew no one else had been in the room. When later on he inadvertently referred to the affair it was to mention the stick with which he had been playing, which, as he said, had hit the vase and knocked.

it over. when we know that a child bear working who can be more than the serverse, why go at him in watch a way as to make it as hard as possible for him to admit his fault? Of what earthly use is it to force an admission of something eve know he has done? Possioning on a child with "Did you take those cookies" to the less we want to avoid. Deen't it will be to be well as the lies we want to avoid. Deen't it serve the same purpose to remark that we are sorry he couldn't wait to ask? Over and over, children are made to lie by our instence on the importance of their telling.



T TP-AND-COMING housewives give such a kitchen the twice-over. It's worth one look for sheer attractiveness. Worth another for convenience and efficiency.

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"Come on ... just try to stain me!"

awkwardly. House furnishing and department stores and plumbing establishments everywhere display equipment of Monel Metal. Plan to have some of it yourself. Let the coupon that follows be the key

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reason. All the working surfaces are

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LEFT: If you can't have a whole new Monel Metal kitchen, what about a Monel sink? This Streamline" model has lovely curses and many a good point, too.

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(Continued from Page 136) Children will not naturally learn to be sincere and truth-ful. Too many situations arise when it is easy and pleasant to save themselves to have such an attitude come about of itself. But there are conditions that will prove centive to the same conduct.

The habits of parents, then, are of first portance. The older children grow, the children believe what we say because we are in a position of authority. Older chil-dren increasingly have the acumen to check up on our practice as it corresponds

to or differs from what we have told them Direct the child's thinking into channels of accuracy by teaching him to observe carefully and report accurately. The threeyear-old who enlarges upon the "hun-derds" of dragons he has slain has little conception either of dragons or of numbers But as he develops we can make sure that

what he sees, he sees as it is When we go walking we can make a game of counting the petals of the flowers we see, and aside from the fascination of finding how many different arrangements of petals and leaves there are, the child is learning the beauty of accurate observa-tion. We can let him measure and weigh and list and count, all of which are already passionately loved occupations with many children, and which may have a value be and that originally found by the child sement as looking briefly at a number of objects displayed on a tray and later trying to remember as many as possible is good training

Careless work of any kind is, in a man-Careless work of any kind is, in a man-ner, deception, and no child should be allowed to form such habits. We must keep in mind, however, that what we are after is to get the child to want to do neat, careful work. If he only does it be-cause his taskmaster is standing over him ready to mete out punishment, no habit o carefulness will be learned, only a habit o

caretuiness will be learned, only a habst of watchfulness as to how far the checking up of authority can safely be evaded. The father of the English schoolboy used to find in his bill an item for the birches used in caning his son. Such punishburches used in caning his son. Such punish-ment was as much a matter of course as eating and sleeping. Indeed, one old head master of Eton used to say he did not mind a few lies. It was a "sign of respect!" It is a far cry from such old-fashioned discipline to the friendly comradeship that exists in more and more families today

Between parents and children who are con fident each in the others' respect, there is little need for lying becoming a bugbear TRAINING CHILDREN IN TRUTHFULNESS, éo. 1153, our new leaflet, gives more detailed suggestions about this problem Write to Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila., Pa. Price, three cents.

The Crooked Lane

voice called out so sharply and clearly that he could not mistake its bidding, he would stay.

"You are wrong twice," he said. "There are still, I think, many things that you could tell me, and of all the companions that I have ever known, you are the best. I have no doubt that the party at the Stirlings' will be amusing and enlivening in the extreme, but it is not to be amused

that I am going."

"It's going to be a very mixed-up party. says—all that special news; crowd, and a lot of people coming in after the embassy reception for that French aviator, and some of the Baltimore crowd—almost anyone might be there." "Terry Hardy, for instance?

SHE glanced up switty mon.

Shatishe was pleating mechanically into a neat little fan. "Jerry? Oh, not possibly—didn't Dion tell you he was desperately made on earth made you think of HE glanged up swiftly from the paper I was just realizing that though I have

heard Hardy's name half a dozen times. do not know one solitary, single thing about him, except that once he loved Fayand that once Mallory loved him—and that in all probability I shall be occupying his room sometime before dawn. No, Mailory did not tell me he was ill."

She looked at him steadily for a moment,

her lip caught between her teeth. Like a her in p caught between her teen. Like a very good, attentive child—perplexed but resigned. "You believe that Jerry had something to do with this? I don't see how it's humanly possible—but anything that's human is possible, I suppose! Jerry's the most charming and tragic per-Jerry's the most charming and tragic per-son that I've ever known, I think: there's something swfully appealing and touch-ing about him, like a little boy who's been pumished, and doesn't quite understand why. He's not a little boy at all, of course; to ensure the well lies to thisrite. he must be well into the thirties. that he was only seventeen when he joined the Royal Flying Corps during the war, because Dion told me that he lied

about his age."
"Hardy, too, is English?"
"No, no; he's from New England. He
joined up in Canada, I think, but for a
while he was with Dion's outfit, and they
never really got out of touch with each other after that. And when Dion was sent

about his age.

over here from England, Jerry promptly threw up the job that he had, doing[art work with some big advertising firm in New York, and came down here to take a house with Dion."

"And what does he do now? Art work

"Not except as a side issue; he was with the Bureau of Printing and Engraving until very recently, doing some kind of technical work there-laboratory work, I think. But on the outside, he's done a think. But on the outside, he's come a good many really lovely etchings and lithographs. Dion and I—and a lot of other people, if it comes to that—think that he really has enormous talent. Lately he's been especially interested in experimenting with some effects that make photographs look exactly like tinted dry-point etchings. He did an exquisite one of Fay."

He was, you say, very much in love

Desperately, desperately in love with her." The low voice was a shade lower "I don't know. She may have been. gave up some time ago trying to find out who Fav was in love with. I'm quite sure that she never dreamed of marry

"And why are you so sure of that? "I DON'T think that he ever asked her to marry him. He loved her far too dearly for that. He hadn't any money, of course-and even if he'd had any, his

salth would have put it absolutely out of "He has a loval champion in you, at all vents," commented Karl Sheridan dryly.

What is the matter with his health?"

Did he only imagine again that swift flicker of the shadowy eyelashes?

Jerry's never been even moderately well since the war. He crashed badly in 1918, and broke half the bones in his body; and after that ne was an and potal for a year and a half, and it left him spine trouble that still gives him actual torture. It all got so hideous lately that Dion literally forced him to turn in his resignation, so that he could try out what a complete rest would do for him

And what has it done for him?"

Nothing." She spread out the little paper fan with a (Continued on Page 140)



Following an illness or operation

ALT mixed with milk is so delicious C that it tempes the appetite even of the sick. But still more important, Cocoma helps the convalescent regain strength quickly. For, prepared as directed, it has almost twice the food energy of plain milk. It provides extra proteins, carbohydrates, food-calcium and food-phosphorus. Rich Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation. Sold at grocery and good drug stores, in ½-lb., 1-lb., and 5-lb. cans. Or send name and address (and 10c to cover ost of packing and mailing) for trial-size ca R.B. Davis Co., Dept. 3-D, Hoboken, N.I.





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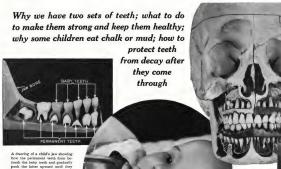
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FREEZONE



How Teeth begin to Form 6 months Before Birth



THE celebrated first tooth that causes mother such excitement and gives father such pride is really months old when it breaks through the gums. For science now finds that teeth begin to form months before birth and continue to form long afterwards. In fact the whole tooth, except possibly the outside covering of enamel, is a living, growing part, whereas most people think the nerve is the only portion of the tooth which continues to live after teeth have reached their full size.

osen and come out easily.

These facts were unknown a hundred years ago. Now they spur modern science to seek the means of "building" stronger, harder teeth in the child and in protecting more effectively the teeth of the adult.

The purpose of "building" teeth with hard and thick enamel is that they may resist decay. Dental science explains that decay is caused by particles of food that lodge on teeth and under the edges of the gums. This food is spoiled or putrefied by certain bacteria. As it decays, scids are formed which dissolve tooth surfaces. After eating through the tooth's hard enamel covering, these acids proceed to decay the inner part of the tooth until finally the nerve is reached and the entire tooth affected. The harder and thicker the enamel of

the teeth, the more resistant they are to the acids of decay. Therefore nutritionists tell expectant mothers to eat plentifully of foods containing lime and phosphorus and certain vitamins so that the baby will have good teeth. They advise mothers to feed children tooth-building foods in large quantities. Milk, oranges, cod-liver oil, are some of these tooth-building foods.

But even with the best of diets most teeth are not immune to decay. Therefore dental science has worked out a way to protect teeth by fighting the acids and serms that cause decay.

One of the scientific methods of preventing decay is designed solely to remove from teeth the coating of film, or bacterial plaque. Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. Film is a friend of the germs that

known for build-ing hard teeth ba-

shelter, and even supplies their food Thus removing film from teeth means removing the cause of decay. Important progress in removing film was made recently in the laboratories of the Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed.

The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Most cleansing materials are so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth best tooth paste and inferior brands.

cause decay-producing acids. It glues germs to the teeth, provides them with a warm

The new Pepsodent cleans ing material is twice as soft as the material commonly used in tooth pastes. It comprises almost 60 per cent of Pepsodent tooth paste as you

ne children e

use it. Pepsodent Tooth Paste is unsurpassed in cleansing power and safety.

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cation lasts all day long.

These Pictures Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-Up

THERE IS NOW a new and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A totally NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first makeup-rouge or lipstick-yet discovered than actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look This new creation forever banishes the "chesp", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen makeup-gives, instead, an absolutely natural

and unartificial color. As a result, while there may be some

question as to what constitutes Good Porm



Ungelus Kouge Incarnat BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS









"It's like 'finding' the money!" HUNDREDS of girls and women tell us Miss Christianson took a delightful trip with money earned our way. Others are buying new frocks, enjoying rest and

Let us tell you about it. Only spare Let us tell you about it. Only spare time needed and it coats nothing but a stamp to get full information and supplies. Write now to: Linda Patton (Personal) Lautes' Hone Journat, 362 Independ-ence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. (Continued from Page 138) gesture at once controlled and violent. "Worse than noth-ing. He's been in a private hospital near Baltimore for some time now you say? Is it con-

nected with Johns Hopkins?"
"No; it's a little west of Baltimore It's more of a sanitarium than a hospital, I sumnose. Doctor Byrd is in charge of it. "Doctor Byrd? Our too-blue-eved and curly-headed dinner companion of last

night?" That one; yes." This sanitarium—is it especially for

the treatment of spinal disorders?" "I understand that it's especially for the treatment of nervous cases. "Do you happen to know its address?"
"Yes. It's called Stillhaven, Torvtown,

Maryland. And its telephone number?

"It's a private number, but I know it. Have you a pencil?" Karl handed her a fountain pen, frown-

ing. "A pen, but no paper, it seems. Will you tell me where I can find a piece?"
"This will do." She smoothed out the "Inis will do." She smoothed out the creased fan, wrote Torytown 7362 across its face, swiftly and strongly. "They won't let you talk to Jerry, though, I'm afraid. Was that what you wanted it for

NOT necessarily. But what makes you so sure that I would not be able to?"
"Because I was talking to Byrd's assistant just a little while ago. I wants make sure that Jerry didn't see about Fav in the papers tomorrow. But the assistant told me that he hasn't been seeing any papers for some time. He hasn't been seeing anything."

"His illness is actually very grave

"I've told you already that it's desperately grave. They say that he's in a temporary state of collapse. Well, that emigrans's state of compre. Well, that may be what they call it. He's dying, K." "Poor devil!" He sat staring down somberly at the paper in his fingers. "But this, Tess, is a telegram. Do you not wish to keep it?"

No—I remember perfectly what's in It's just from Dion, telling me that he'd arrived safely and delivered the papers. He made splendid time, didn't he

They're on daylight saving, of course."
You wish me to read it?" course you can read it! Did you think that he telegraphed me sonnets,

darling?"
"No," he said. "That was not what I thought." The telegram was a day letter, sent from New York at six-twenty-five that

morning. It said: PRETTY GOOD TIME FOR A HOMEBODY LIKE DION SHOULDN'T YOU SAY AND YOU'RE THE GIRL WHO KNOWS WHY I MADE IT THE PAPERS ARE IN THE HANDS MADE IT THE PAPERS ARE IN THE HANDS
OF THE DISTINGUISHED DLD PORPOSES
WHO STARTED ALL THE RUMPUS AND
ATTER BREAKPRST A NAP AND A SHAVE
I KNOW ONE FELLOW WHO WILL BE
HEADING SOUTH AGAIN I SHOULD ARRIVE AROUND FOUR DO I BY ANY
CHANCE KNOW ONE LADY WHO WILL
BE WAITING DION

Karl Sheridan read it through stirring, but the second time, if Tess had been looking, she would have seen the little muscle twitch in his cheek. But as it happened she was not looking. Her eves on the cream-and-golden freesias, and her lips were curved in something so small, sedate and secret that it hardly

TT IS not a sonnet, certainly," com-mented Mr. Sheridan urbanely, "But the amateur critic might discern in it a certain lyric note that is usually lacking in day letters! You still expect me to enterday letters: 100 sun expect in a bound in the possibility that Mallory might have been engaged to Fay, Tess? You expect me to believe that this telegram

was sent to his future sister-in-law?"
Tess murmured, her eyes luminous with that strange serenity, half tolerant amusenent, half careless compassion, that was her inheritance from some ancestress ball

a thousand years older in days and nights

of hard-won wisdom. 'K, you're unbelievable! What in heaven's name is the matter? If anything in the world comes up that suggests that Dion Mallory takes an interest in me that isn't entirely brotherly. I watch you turn into an alien enemy before my eyes. Don't you like Dion?

I have rarely seen anyone that I liked

Well, then, don't you like me? Tess, as I suspect that you kn very well indeed, are that one that I like

Well, but then, darling? What earthly difference can it make to you whether Dion agreeable enough to find me agreeable? trying to tactfully convey to me that your intentions are honorable, or are you just being a good, upstanding dog in the

CHERIDAN, folding the paper along its original creases with scrupulous care, placed it and the fountain pen in the pocket contained Mallory's note to Fay. Like you," he said, the young smile

"Like you," he said, the young smile flushing briefly across the dark, tired face, ushing briefly across the darn, the and I am somewhat in doubt. Not as to hether they are honorable, but as to hether they are honorable. Tess, whether they are intentions. whether they are intentions. . . Tess, tell me—this party tonight is largely for the Press, you say?"
"Largely, yes—though that needn't dis-courage you. You'll be infatuated with

courage you. You'll be infatuated with the lot of them, and Freddy and Noll will be there, and the Lindsays, and the Chev-aliers, and Dion, and dozens of others. Why? What is it? Is there something special that you want to find out about

Yes. Tess, do you not think that it is possible that among all those people whose business it is to buy news—and to sell it might stumble across that one you

think that anything is possible She lifted her hands to the honey-colored coils that framed the clear undaunted face, as though suddenly she found that shin ng burden more than she could bear. 'Are you going to use a divining rod "As a matter of fact, I doubt whether I shall need one: Tess, had it never occurred to you that Fay herself might be

OH, NEVER, never; that's absolutely impossible. The column started over four years ago, when Fav was a fourteenar-old baby in a convent near Florence."
"And she could not have taken it over m someone later? After all, X is at

It's fairly distinctive as far as half of the population of these United States is concerned. I think that you'd agree that X had a peculiarly distinctive style if you 'The style has never varied?

"Oh, the columns weren't always as bad as they are now, of course They had as they are now, or course. They started out by being fairly mild, fairly amusing gossip, and then they got to be a little less mild, and a little more amusing, and then frankly scandalous, and now oh, now-so damnable, so revolting, that I can't even read them. And more and more about the people we know." She wrung her hands together once, hard, and said in a low, bitter voice behind which something young and distraught fought with tears, "People that seemed charming, and decent, and amusing. People that I

"I see. You do not think that Fay was elever enough to imitate the very individual style of this X?"

"Oh, K, you don't see anything! Fay sn't clever at all. She's simply ravishingly pretty, and she has a rather flippant reckless way of saying things that lots of people find amusing—the same sort of idiots who think a spoiled child defying its parents is just too cunning for wor don't like spoiled children. And Fay really is (Continued on Page 142)



TO WOMEN . . . IT'S IMPORTANT

Here's a problem so intimately feminine that it's natural for a man to be completely unaware of it . . .

Women must be careful about toilet tissues. Any woman knows why at once. She realizes that the extra use she has for toilet tissue requires, for com-

fort and safety-a super-soft paper. Northern Tissue has been designed with women's specialized needs in mind. It is made by a special process that results in suprems softwass-a process that produces a paper that is 100% pure cellulose Naturally, Northern Tissue is guaranteed free from any trace of splintery groundwood. It is highly absorbent-for gentle, efficient cleansing. And every sheet is sterilized the hospital way, by live steam.

Thi: toilet tissue that is soft enough for women's use is safest for everybody—especially the children. Protect your family by ordering three-rolls of Northern Tissue-or Gauze (a companion product) -this very day. Let their softness convince you! Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wisconsin,



Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Waccomin.

NORTHERN TISSUE and GAUZE
Green Bay. The control of Gauth Days from page 14 plant pa



Why don't you ask the man at the store?

Your druggist will tell you that all the old ideas about mothworms and moth damage have been completely overturned by a new scientific discovery which makes it impossible for mothworms to eat wool!

Just imagine that! Your grandmother tried to hide her woolens away from the mothworm—in boxes away from the mothworm—in boxes or bags. Also, she thought it would help matters a little to put a bad smell in with them—black pepper or cedar shavings, moth balls or or cedar shavings, moth balls or because Science knows the mothworm cannot smell any smell, good or bad!

But now we have got to the bottom of this mothworm business. The big textile concerns were the first to use this idea of treating the wool itself. They call it "mothproofing," and that word explains just the difference between Lerrex and all the older methods of moth-fighting. This Larvex penetrates the very fibres of the wool and it is a wonderful product for the woman who is proud of her woolen belongings, whether women's clothes, men's clothes, furniture or rugs. It will save her hundreds of dollars in moth damage, besides in some cases saving some irreplaceable treasure that is beyond money value.

Larves is non-injurious and adortest. Keep pour clothes hanging, reductive wear anywhere, any time. No folding, wrinking, stowing sway, And Larvex is economical. One application of it will mostporo for a no more for a suit of clothes than a single pressing of that same suit Sold everywhere by drug and department stores. The Larvex Corporation, Chrysler Building, New Corporation, Chrysler Building, New Corporation, Little, See Theress, P.O.)

LARVEX Prevents
MOTH DAMAGE

One application mothproofs for a whole year!

(Continued from Page 1407) disgustingly spoiled." She haited abruptly, raising one hand to whitening lips, and said in a small, empty voice, "I'd forgotten. Was—was, I mean, of course. It sounds worse when you say it that way. She was horribly spoiled. Like a little, hard green fruit; so badly bruised when it was small that before it had a chance to ripen, it was rotten.

down to its core."
"I see. And you said also that you did not like spoiled children. . . Did you like Fay, Tess?"

She stared at him for a moment, voiceless, incredulous, and then dropped her face in her hands as though the long, slim fingers were hars that could close him out, that could close her in.

than Could then her below the har took him. "No, I duft't like her. I don't believe that sayone in the world liked her. I don't believe that sayone in the world liked her. I be a like I being the sayone in the world liked her
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THE twee voice broke suddenly and photosuly on the patients, when the quite still, waiting plants and the protosuly, and the suddenly stope closed fingers. Because of the patients of many that the patients of many that the patients of the

then, forgive me? It was myself that I was angry with, not you. I think that I must have lost my mind."

She took ber hands from her face, slowly, and placed them lightly in his. "No, no—you mustn't do that. Such a nice mind, K: It's I who should ask you shouldn't ever, ever have involved you in all this darkness and horror and wretched herse; if I haddn't felt the world rocking seems; if I haddn't felt the world rocking

straight toot from under my feet hat hight;
which is well as the second of the second

Not now. Not yet. Not until he had made one more turn down the crooked lane—one turn that would tell him whether ahead of him lay darkness, or

HE BENT his head, touched the hands in his very lightly with his lins, released them, and straightened up.
"Let us then forget all this floodist halk of forgiveness, shall we? It is an empty little word: I think that we two have something better to give each other. As for your world, whatever it may hold, I may hold, I may be the straight of the proper world, whatever it may hold, in permit me to share it. See, I have been the property of the straight of t

you say to me, Tess?"
"I should thank you." do thank you."
She was on her feet beside him. "I like to have you soold me; no one ever does it any more, and I need it badly. I'm spoiled.

too, you know. I'll see you again tomor-

"Very surely you shall see me again tomorrors. Shall I come at this time, or would carlier in to me at the time, or would carlier in the property later. "This time. I think, or see the property later. You're going to the Lindsays," aren't you? It will probably be an awfully late party, they don't dine before nine. But I've explained to Dion that you are helping me, so he'll understand, and drop you on his way home."

"Mallory knows, then, that you believe it to be murder? Was that really necessary?"

"ACTUALLY, I don't think that it was.
I believe that he was as sure as I was from the first that it was murder. You see, he knew Fay too."

"You do not think that he might feel it is his duty to attempt to shield someone?" "You mean Jerry, don't you? No. I don't think that he feels that it will be necessary. I'm quite, quite sure that you

"Have I said, Tess, that I thought it was Jerry? Till tomorrow night, then, it is good-by, is it not?"
"I wish that it didn't have to be." She

laid her hand on his sleeve, and for a moment be felt her fingers tighten convulsively, like a panic-stricken child, "If only I could make the servents believe that you were an old friend, then you could come in the daytime easily, couldn't you? But this way —""
He could feel the muscle in his cheek

The count ros to the contract, but he only said very gently, "This way you can have the real old friends, can you not? And if I actually need you during the day, I can call you?" "Oh, surely, surely, any time—always. Good night, darling."

"Sleep sweet, my Tess, and have all good, kind little dreams. You must have them, because most surely they are your heritage."

Afterward, be tried to remember without the drive in the task to the Strings was long or short, and to save his life he could not. — He could remember that there were stars in the sky, and that the member touching the pocket that beld the little case of backgammon markers and mallory's letter, and Fay's note, and Taylor of the little case of backgammon markers and the tolegons with the telephone number written that the letter of the letter of the smooth iron railing that led up the steps to the Striffing houses.

IT WAS small, brick house painted the exact color of Dewenshire cream; the door was a deep blue with a ship Ceopgian handle and innocker, and there were deep blue witned with the principal was a small property of Deglith admission that and white goper's of Englith admission of Curron Street as they had stood, innocently applicationed, in the pale London sanlight, years and years ago, when he used to go visiting his English costins for the Enarter buildays. He lifted his hand to The windows in the front room were

wide open, and obviously the piane was quite close to them; a group of people were singing something from Gilbert and Sullivan, as badly as amateurs usually sing it—though there was one contrails over that want to be despised, by any voter that want to be despised, by any soared high above the rest with misleading soared high above the rest with misleading sease. The singing trailed off into a slightly confused but reluctant silence, and the marmer of voices behind the singers swelled to an agreeable root, with one violently above the tunnel.

"Hey, aren't you opera singers ever going to die and give the hoi polloi a chance? Forty or fifty of us think that Casey Jones is a good tune, too, and at least we know the words and the music. Pipe down, for the love of Pete. All right, fellers: Casey Jones—and snap into it, before they (Continued on Pass 146).

"NEW DODGE HAS CUSTOM-TYPE' LUXURY"DECLARE NOTED STYLISTS

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HYDRAULIC BRAKES - Safet because always equalized. Stop in-

current bit. "The Lake", who pulse from press and publicassessions are Dodge particuls "Dodge to grieved "Dodge to grieved "Dodge to grieved "Dodge to grieved "Dodge to grieved "Dodge to grieved "Dodge to grieved "Dodge to grieved "Dodge to grieved "Dodge to grieved to grieved to grieve "Dodge to grieve" "Dodge to grieve "Dodge

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YES, sand me FREE and postpaid, your new

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LE ROY, N. Y. ----CUT ME OUT----make \$5 to \$10 s day extra to your spare time

(Continued from Page 142) something twelve verses long out of Rud-

gore!"
A cheerful bellow that might well have waked Casev himself proved that the fellows so feelingly appealed to were only too eager to respond, and Sheridan smiled the young, friendly smile that he had come close to losing forever in the last twenty-four hours. . . . A good party, obviously. Too good for the purpose for which it must serve. . . The smile faded; he shrugged his shoulders, lifted his hand once more to the bell, this time a little impatiently—and the door before him opened with such vehemence that he came close to being precipitated headlang

A very small colored maid with very large nearl earrings stood framed in the doorway. She wore a cap that looked as though it had been wedged onto her head She wore a can that looked a hy main force, a frivolous aprop not much larger than a postage stamp somewhat en-livened her severely sable costume, and the expression on her countenance was one of such profound consternation and despair that he promptly dismissed all preconceived notions of Southern hospitality and the carefree nature of the dark skinned children of Ham and the African

STILL, there was something to be said for her ill-concealed dismay. The narrow hallway before him was congested to the point of explosion with what were probably hairs and benches, but that at looked more like a series of landslides of coats, cloaks, hats and scarfs. The young person in the doorway obviously felt that the situation required a bouncer rather

than a butler.
"Ah declare to the Lawd, Ah doan wheah you goin' to put them she remarked with passionate know wheah you goin things," she remarked 'em in that li'l' bit of n place over on the stairs an' doan min' gettin' 'em tromp' on. Mebbe if you try an' stan' that hat in side-

A voice from the far end of the hall in-A voice from the far end of the hall in-quired with mild interest, "Hello there! Are you a comer or a goer? Three to one you're a comer—I'll swear I never laid eyes on you before. Dump your thiags right down on that nice shiny high hat." Bill Stirling, a sandy-haired, lanky gentleman in disreputable tweeds, bestowed a grin on his guest and his maid so entirely engaging that Dodie promptly grinned back companionably, and Sheridan has-tened to divest himself of his outer garments, casting them recklessly on the

Mu name is Sheeidan ... Kurl Sheridan I was to have come with Mallory, but unfortunately I was delayed by some rather important business, and he seemed sublimely certain that it would be quite all right if I turned up any time before seven in the morning. He was wrong perhaps?"

No. no-right as rain! Delighted to have you with us, my dear fellow. Mal-lory's in there; he's the one doing the tenor coloratura effects to She Was Poor But She Was Honest. -Let's find a shoe horn and a crowbar and join them, shan't we?"

THE room into which Bill Stirling pro-ceeded to insert the two of them, by means of the alternate use of persuasion and brute force, was small, shabby and pleasant, lined from floor to ceiling on all our walls with books that look though they might have started life in a secondhand store, and further equipped with a dozen sofa cushions, strategically strewn about the floor, two enormous chairs of scuffed brown leather, and a hard day bed masquerading as a divan in a slip cover of noncommittal colored corduroy. Occupying the wall opposite the door stood a flat-topped office desk, adorned by a typewriter with its leather cover at a pleasingly cockeyed angle two entirely empty whisky bottles laid significantly flat on their backs with a

dead gardenia decorating each label, and a large bowl half filled with a pinkish fluid in which a ladle reclined with languid abandon. Every other inch of room was occupied by thirty or forty earnest maniacs of them, alone and unsupported. could make more noise than anyone else in the world. Sheridan, controlling an almost irresistible impulse to stuff his fingers in his ears, decided that they were well on their way to their goal

FOR a brief and paralyzed moment he If thought that it was a fancy-dress party; but a more critical glance persuaded him was nothing more than animal spirits swept into the realms of fashion, where the ladies who wanted to broad-minded too. Some of them were white ties to match the white carnations on their lapels, and some of them were tennis flannels, and two of them were really dazzling mess jackets, and on one side of him stood a un ribbons on it than a Maypole, and on the other side a pair of riding boots as deeply ng as horse chestnuts

to the fancy-dress theory, before he realized that actually the majority were clad in nothing more revolutionary than the uniforms of the tired business man neat blue serge and brown wool. He found some pathos in their attempts to enliven their relentless sobriety with ties timorously adorned with small bright leaves and dots and stripes. They looked tired enough, in all conscience, but not businesslike. Something in their rumnled hair and the bright, friendly malice of their eyes—something in the as curiously engaging, and he found him-self smiling back at these strangers. self smiling back at these strangers.

So these then were the gentlemen of the press? Well, it began to look as though the young man from Vienna was going to

THERE was a room beyond this, obvi-ously; faint sounds came from it, in which Sweet Adeline and The Moon and I seemed to be engaged in a protracted death struggle, but three flushed and pugnacious-looking gentlemen scated uarely on their haunches and leaning heavily back against the great folding doors seemed passionately determined that they should penetrate no farther. Bill Stirling, bestowing on them the appreciative grin of a whole-souled accom-plice, lifted a commanding hand,

"Hey!" he shouted in a voice that sused his startled guest to leap in his sots, "Where's Abby? Where's Malory? Freddy, look what I found on the doormat. Now do you believe in Santa

The slim creature in dull gold brocade th green-enameled laurel leaves bound close about her sleeked red hair dropped the dice to which she had been chanting amorously, pivoted on her knees and vely belied the well-calculated Botticelli

The policeman! Angel darlingtreasure; no, I forgot, you're a cad and a bounder, aren't you? You stood me up cold—me, that kings and cardinals and transatiantic filers have worshiped—didn't you? Who do you think you are, anyway? Well, never mind that, you're beautiful, and you're completely devastated me! I've been talking about you until I've got a cross between croup and whooping cough—I'm the laughingstock of Washington. What in the name of heaven happened to you last night any way? I sat there waiting for you until I could actually feel my finger nails growing. Here, sit down on this cushion, and tell Freddy all about it.



it, spoolessly clean—untouched.
BELTX is even rown differently—supported on hips in a
manner which busishes all fear
of revealing outlines. It can be
quickly adjusted and hat—instead of safety pins—two thine,
flat grips which are invision
under the sleekest gown.



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The very blond and blue-eyed voung The very blond and blue-eyed young man crouched opposite her on the sofa cushion that she so generously offered to

cusion that she is generously offered to the involuntary littuder tose apprehen-sively to his feet, remarking mildly, "I think Abby went below to look into the food attaution, old boy, and Malbry's in their sanger. Sall age than the con-cept of the control of the con-trol of the control of the con-trol of the con-trol of the control of the con-trol of the

'I think she's trying to tell us that the

"I think she's trying to tell us that the stranger in our midst has finally found a guardian," suggested Bill gravely. "And it sounds to me as though the rest of us had better let it go at that, if we know what's good for us! Sheridan, whatever," happens, don't say that I didn't tell you!

"NEVER fear. Twice warned, thrice a fool." Karl Sheridan, smiling gayly over his shoulder at the back of his crstwhile protector, appropriated the recently vacated maroon cushion. "This is now mine? Freddy, I had forgotten how greatly

I have missed you."
"If there's one thing I love more than
another, it's a good liar," said Freddy
Parrish. "Turn your head that way,
toward the backgammon table. . . Yes,
it's as good as I thought it was. It's
better." better."
"The backgammon table?"

"No—your profile."

"I, too, like liars," said Karl Sheridan, flashing back at her the young smile that had made older and wiser ladies forget that they were old and wise. "Especially when they wear vine leaves in their copper hair Who is the small person at the table with hair that is curled like a good

table Will Ban banks and b

night?"
"I did indeed, and found her entirely enchanting. Now before we settle down to what I trust will be hours and hours of diversion, is there not something that I can get for you? Plates and glasses seem to be in evidence. Something to eat, perhaps? Something to drink?"

"You're asking me?" inquired Lady Preddy with considerable bitterness. "Hi. Freeday with considerable bitterness. "Hi, Stirling—suppose you tip us off before you do another of your famous vanishing acts. Are you actually under the impression that you're being the perfect boot when you take away a tray of empty disuses and bring. When the complex algority barrassed, replaced the loaded tray cautiously on the table with the punch bowl, and turned on his somewhat captious guest with a zrin his somewhat captious guest with a zrin.

his somewhat captious guest with a grin that was not entirely concilistory.

"Where's that hussy Abigail? She's
buried the other bottle of whisky somewhere, and I can't put my hands on her."

"GHE'S probably taken it and some un-suspecting child into the back yard to hopy the nine Dewin tulps and the like tree." suggested Lady Parishi sgreesby, Peter What are you trying to do, drown ut?"
"If you want to mingle with the idle poor, you should tote your own Verwe Caignot." commented Bill Striling even

more agreeably.

Sheridan interposed with more baste than discretion. "Why not some of that highly intraging fleud in the capacious bowl of what does it on the capacious bowl of what does it on the capacious bowl of what does it on the capacious of the capaciou more agreeably.

Karl Sheridan, rising so precipitately that he almost overturned his now far from genial host, ladled out the pink



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liquid into the tall glasses with a lavish "Perfect. It sounds a little more than

sistible! You will join us, Stirling?"
Thanks, no. One of my duties as a host seems to be to collect the hostess.... See you later, Sheridan."

Sheridan thought, automatically, that

Sheridan thought, automatically, that there was no mention of seeing Lady Parrish later, but he extended the glass to her vailantly, his eyes as diverted as they were vigilant as he watched Stirling's lanky figure depart around the corner. "Freddy, you will permit me to com-ment on the fact that you do not err on the side of mercy! Is this-liquid-actu-

ally as appalling as you imply?".
"It's sulphur in rose water," Lady
Freddy assured him with conviction. "I've been an old softie about the whole blasted

"And about your hostess, as well?"
"Oh, Abby!" The small, ugiy, piquant countenance contorted into a grimace of such profound repugnance that Sheridan yielded to a reluctant smile. "She's a no, you're too young to hear what she is!

Turn your face away while I drink this witch's potion. "But you have not explained you vations, shall we say?-toward your

WHY spoil a good party?" inquired Lady Parrish. "Give me a little more of that filthy extract of roses, and I'll tell you everything. . . . Oh, well, I'll tell you now, while I'm plumb in the middle of t: Abby Stirling's been going in for everything short of mayhem to wreck one of my dearly beloveds

Tess Stuart?" inquired Sheridan casu-"Tess Stuart?" inquired Sheridan casu-ally over the rosy glass.

"Tess? Lord, no! Abby'd have to be a good deal brighter than she is—and Jehovah knows she's bright enough!—to get anything on Tess. No, it's Joan— Love Listeber."

Joan Lindsay? But what -He checked abruptly, his eyes on the figure in the doorway, absurdly straight and slight in the lacquer-red pajamas that

and sight in the lacquer-red pajamas that looked like a masquerade costume in spite of—or was it because of?—the relentless severity of their cut. "Speaking of she devils," remarked Lady Parrish in a voice that she took no

ains whatever to subdue. Abby Stirling threaded her way le through the clamorous horde of guests.
"Hello, mob!" she saluted the assembled
company with a small, crooked smile that revealed a glimpse of minute teeth, even and perfect as grains of rice. As easily as rough she were strolling down a country lane, she slipped through the stampede and perched lightly on the end of the sofa where Allan Lindsay sat, deep in con-versation with a begoggied gentleman whose suit needed pressing badly. Lind-say glanced up quickly with a warm, friendly smile, and as though in answer to some unspoken invitation, she slipped compactly into the few remaining inches between him and the goggles.

BLANKETY blank little blank!" remarked Lady Parrich with a calm venom that made it totally unnecessar be more explicit. "Look at Allan grins at her like a blooming Cheshire cat! The poor lunatic actually looked me straight in the eve the other night and told me that he thought she had character as well as charm. Character! I'll say she has char-acter! Do you remember Hamilton's crack at his beloved Emma? 'Poor dear Emma! She has so much taste—and all of it bad."

Sheridan vielded to delighted mirth "How enchantingly articulate your sex is when it goes in for dislike-while all that we luckless men can do is to look gloomy and sinister, and mutter in our throats! . . . You have not yet told me, Freddy, what our hostess has done to the exquisite Mrs. Lindsay to incur your doubtless righteous indignation."
"She's got something on her," said Freddy Parrish somberly. "She's had

something on her for months. I caught her hounding the life out of the poor kid at the Chevaliers' the other night—and it asn't the first time either.

"You mean that it has gone so far that she makes scenes in public?" "Oh, this wasn't public, though the Lord knows that she wouldn't stop at making one in the Union Station! But this particular rumpus was in the dressing room upstairs. We were the last ones, and I left Abby and Joan putting on their coats and started down when I remem-bered that I'd left my bag on the dressing

table. I was almost back at the door when Heard her? Was she crying?

"NO, SHE wasn't crying. She was say-ing, 'Oh, Abby, don't, don't! It would kill him if he knew, and I love him so dreadfully." And Abby said in that nasty little soft voice of hers, like icicles dipped in sugar, 'You should have thought of that before, darling! If there isn't a announcement by Monday mornng, I'll see that there's a private one Monday night,' It didn't sound to me as though it were any of my business, and I was afraid that I'd strangle Abby with my bare hands if I caught her then, simply folded up like an Arab and silently away

"Monday? But all this-when did it happen, Freddy Tuesday - no, Wednesday.

"And tonight is Sunday. Does it not then strike you as a matter of great in-terest to hear just what public announce-ments are made on Monday? It is difficult to imagine just what such an an-nouncement could be. Has the lovely Mrs. Lindsay been—shall we say—in-

"I believe I've been misled about you," said Lady Parrish gloomily. "Probably you aren't bright at all. If you hadn't a good streak of the loon in you somewhere ou wouldn't ask a fool question like that. Joan worships the ground that Allan walks on, and he thinks that the sun rises when she opens her eyes, and sets when she closes them. I suppose you mean the

she closes them. I suppose you mean the usual rotten nonsense when you talk about being 'indiscreet?'"
"Alas, Freddy," said the young man from Vienna humbly, his eyes fixed re-spectfully on Lady Parrish's ember-red locks, "I fear that I did!"

WELL, you don't know either of W them," conceded the lady grudg-ingly, but the gleam in her eye remained unsubdued. "Though how anyone who got as much as one good look at Joan got as mach as one good look at Joan

Ah, well, maybe you're right, at that.
'Indiscreet' is a miserable namby-pamby
word for what that poor child's been!"

"You reassure me." Karl Sheridan's voice was still humble, but it was only by a distinct effort that his countenance retained its usual courteous imperturb-

"You needn't look smug about it," she informed him severely. "If there's one thing that I loathe more than another, it's smugness-and Lord knows I loathe plenty of things. . . . Joan Lindsay was

"Money?" Karl Sheridan did not like sound as surprised as he occasion felt, but this time he was taken off guard. "But surely I gathered-no, I did guard. "But surery a guinered—io, a one more than gather—surely I was practi-cally told that the Lindsays had every-thing that the world could give them. Pearls, and pedigreed puppies, and acres

ot roses — "Had" is right," remarked Freddy saccinctly, "Pearls, buh? Now I wonder who told you about them?" "Tess Stuart," isald Sheridan with dangerous promptness. "Fair play now, Freddy! A question for a question. Who told you that her possessions were to be counted in the past rather than the "She told the pearls for the pearls for the "She told the pearls".

She told me herself. She came to a whether I (Continued on Page 148)



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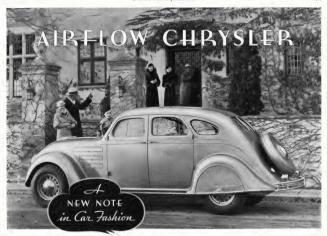
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FLOATING RIDE BOOKLET FREE — Write for the interesting booklet which describes the romantic development of Floating Ride. Address the Chrysler Siles Corporation, 12188 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. (Costinued from Page 146) could— Hey, what is this anyway?" She straight-ened abruptly, scowling at him over the rim of the half-empty glass. "Will you kindly tell me what I'm doing sitting here gabbing my head off to you about Joan Lindsay and half the rest of the world?" She scowled even more fiercely at the halflarge swallows, her animated count expressing an almost convulsive repug-

nance on each occasion. "Just forget anything I've said about Joan, will you? She has troubles enough

without getting anyone else mixed up in her affairs, Lord knows!"
"I will make it my most ardent en-deavor to do so," Sheridan informed her with regrettably prompt mendacity. even you will forgive me if I look twice in the paners tomorrow for that public an-I suppose that it is surely in the papers that we will find it—or does
Washington still cling to the custom of the
town crier and his bell?"
"You'd think so," said Freddy Parrish

'You'd think so," said Freddy Parrish mly, "if you'd heard the news of Fay Stuart's death spread from one end of the city to the other without benefit of a sin-

gle line of newsprint."

"I can indeed imagine it," he said gravely. "You knew Faith Stuart well?"

"TOO well, thanks. Anyone who knew Ther at all knew her too well, in my far-from-humble opinion. But to think of that ravishing little demon getting so balled up in her ugly games that this was the only way out

You are quite right; that is not good 'You never saw her, did you? You

missed something! There was never any-thing like her outside a fairy tale."
"Oh, but I did see her—and more than once. She must have been all of three once. She must have been an of three years old then—a little golden dream with eyes like blue flowers. When I learned of her death I too thought how terrible it was that she could not always remain in her fairy book, where the small princesses were as good as they were beautiful, and lived happy ever after."

'I keep forgetting that you were in Washington before. . . Oh, great suffer-ing saints, that woman's heard us! I'll bet she could hear a fly slip on a window pane. She called every last one of us up day, and said she'd call off the party un less we swore that we wouldn't even men tion Fay's --- Hello, Abby! What have

tion Fay's — Hello, Abby! Wissanave you been doing at this shindig?"
"Enjoying myself," replied the lady in the lacquer-red pajamas equably. "How about you, darling? Not quite up to your mark, I'm afraid! Cheer up though; I'm afraid! Cheer up though; I'm afraid! Cheer up though; I'm a fraid of the diffuse. It's stuffy in the bearer of glad tidings. It's stuffy in here, shouldn't you say? Mind if I open these doors?"

It was obviously a matter of suprem indifference to her whether her titled guest minded or not. She stepped calmly over Lady Freddy's semiprostrate form gave the folding doors a vigorous and in the direction of the burst of music that came through them and sank neatly to rest on the floor beside the two cul-He had been right last night, prits. . . . He had been right last night, thought Sheridan—that small, colorless face, bland and inscrutable, with its dis-concerting eyes and sleekly brushed hair: Alice in Wonderland to the life.

COOD evening," she said politely, and "GODD evening, sine said pointer, and Sheridan realized with a slight start that he had not yet met her. "You're the nice person that Dion Mallory was telling me about, aren't you? Mr. Sheridan, me about, aren't you? Mr. Sheridan, didn't he say? Oh, good Godfrey, there they go again!" The voices from the group rose in mournful frenzy:

"When the coster's not a-jumping on his mother

"On his mother!"

echoed the long-suffering chorus plain-

"He loses to lie a-banking in the sun." "Did someone start a rumor that Gil-

bert and Sullivan were dead? berf and Sullivan were dead?" inquired Abby Stirling dispassionately. "Well, I'll bet you ten cents to a chinchilla coat that they're both there at the piano this 'Is that your idea of glad tidings?"

remarked Lady Parrish acidly.

"No, Your Ladyship. This is the real thing. Jack Byrd's going to be here any minute."

The singers chanted fervently:

Oh, taking one consideration with anot A policeman's lot is not a happy one!

WELL, that ties it!" said Freddy Par-rish, uncoiling leisurely from her cushion and rising to her feet with an energy surprising in one so long and languid In a lengthy and varied career I've across a good many last straws, but Jack Byrd's my idea of the ultimate one. raised her voice in imperious summons.
"Noll Parrish, are you in that gang of
choir boys? 'Come out, come out, wherever you are!'"

The choir boys, completely undaunted by this onslaught, drowned her outraged clamor by the simple process of lifting eir voices both in pitch and in volume

When constabulary duty's to be done, to be done, A policeman's lot-is-not-a-kappyone!

"It's not Jack's arrival that struck me as being particularly heaven-sent," re-marked Abby Stirling mildly. "It was the marked Abby Stirting miloty. "It was the fact that he was arriving accompanied by about eighteen bottles of choice and as-sorted vintages. . He telephoned a few minutes ago saying that he was in from Baltimore, and asking if it was too

late to bring them over. . . You aren't leaving us, are you, Freddy?" Freddy, who up to that moment had been obviously wavering, came to an abrupt decision. "Thanks, yes. If Jack Byrd's bringing it, it's probably needled or doped! Noil Parrish! I want to go

"Oh, Freddy, you awful liar!" cried a woman's gay voice from the next room, and a man's deep one boomed incredu-

"Woman, do my ears deceive me? Has it, or has it not, been forty years since you

anybow? Explain, explain FREDDY, clutched at by several pairs of anonymous hands, disappeared into the adjacent maelstrom with a final shriel

of protest, and Mrs. Stirling indulged in a cryptic smile puse smale. She would!" she murmured serenely What'll you bet that she isn't here when the milk bottles arrive? . . . I don't think that the room's stuffy, after all.

Close the doors again, will you? . . . Dion Mallory and Tess Stuart said some extremely nice things about you last night. I'm glad that you were able to "I, too, am glad," he assured her, seat-ing himself again. "You were more than kind to have me, and it strikes me as being

a most excellent party. My only regret is that so far I have met none of the members of the fourth estate. From all that I gather I have missed a great deal! I had

gather I have missed a great deal! I had no idea that they were so operatic."
"You'd be surprised," murmured Mrs. Stirling. "Don't worry, not being as ab-sorbent as the Parrish woman. I'll see that you'll meet plenty of them before the night's over. . . . Have you any idea how Tess is today? Someone said that you took her home last night."

"Then someone was quite right. We left the Temples' fairly early—she was a

Abby, sitting back as comfortably on Addy, sixting back as comortably on her heels as the most accomplished geisha, murmured reflectively, "Extraor-dinary, isn't it? Tragedy right there a few yards from your elbow, and it might

have been a thousand miles away! If you'd gone up to the sitting room, as Tess

"You will be relieved to hear that we rted in the hall. Tess was a little tired. as I told you." He met her eyes with an expression even more blandly inscrutable than her own, and then suddenly yielded to a broadly diverted smile. "I may not have had the privilege of meeting any of the gentlemen of the press this evening, but at least I have had the pleasure of but at least I have had the pleasure of meeting one of the ladies. Am I being in-terviewed, Mrs. Stirling?"

cerviewed, Mrs. String?"
"Oh, in a manner of speaking! My interest in Tess Stuart isn't entirely professional, however. Nor in Fay, if it comes to that."
"I'm cuite." I'm quite sure it isn't," the young

on from Vienna assured her pleasantly "I have quite obviously been misinformed, however! Lady Parrish was just telling me that you had ruled that no mention was to be made of the Stuart affair this evening. Yes-I heard her telling you." Abby

Stirling also included in the relaxation of a smile. "Oh, well, rules are made for slaves—and guests." She rose lightly, still Speaking of guests, how about meeting some of them before Byrd gets here and pandemonium starts in? There's an awfully good guy from the Boston Planet, and I think that you'll find the two Baltimore correspondents right up your You are very kind." Sheridan was on

his feet too. "And it will broaden my journalistic associations considerably. To date, I have only one feather in my cap, as far as the press is concerned."
"Me, you mean? But I'm not really a ssional newspaper woman, after all;

YOU," said the young man from Vienna, with that slight, courteous sture that came so close to being a boy that Abby Stirling, too, heard the invisible clicking of heels, "are undoubtedly ca-pable of being precisely what you please to be, including the most charming of ostesses. But it was X that I was speaking of having met."

X?" The small, tranquil face did not change by a flicker of an eyelash; only the eyes, deep set in its clear pallor, seemed a trifle rounder. "You say that you've met X here tonight?"

"I am undoubtedly heading straight into senility," lamented Sheridan, "What has happened to my poor memory? I have not the faintest, not the vaguest recollec-tion, of saying that it was either here, or

tonight."
I shouldn't worry about senility, if I "I shouldn't worry about senility, if I were you," Abby Stirling reassured him. "You strike me as being quite a bright, promising young man with a real career ahead of you. You're a detective or a policeman of some kind, aren't you? I'd

almost forgotten."
"Of some kind, as you say. I had almost forgotten it myself. . . This Jack Byrd of whom you spoke—he is the one that I met last night? The one with the sanitarium near Baltimore?

santarum sear isatumore:

"The very one. 'Sanitarium' is one
way of putting it, I suppose."

"One way?" He glanced up at her
swiftly. "I understood that it was a tarium for nervous cases." Yes? Well, that's one way of putting

that too. I also understood that Jerry Hardy was there for that specific reason

"YOU understand practically every-thing, don't you?" said Abby Str-ling sunnily, "You're undoubtedly going to go a long, long way before you're through! . . . Come here, Goggles, darling—I've got someone that I want you to know. Mr. Malione, meet Mr. Sheridan—the gentleman who is going to make Sherick Holmes look like Doctor

Watson. Oh, Jerusalem, here's Byrd There, undeniably, he was—still too blue-eyed, still too glossily curly-headed, still too brazenly and blatantly handsome

for his own or any other person's good. He carried a large brown suitcase in hand, and obviously radiated good

will to all mankind.
"As nice a full-length portrait of a fullgrown bounder as you'll lay eyes on be-tween here and Cambodia!" commented the gentleman known as Goggles genially Not a particular friend of yours,

"No," replied Karl Sheridan mechani-cally. "Not a particular friend of mine, as you are good enough to suggest."

HIS thoughts raced on ahead of his words, so swift, so reckless, so head-long, that suddenly he pulled them in sharply, the lines between his eyes fur-rowed deep. That way they might be headed straight over the line that led to victory; that way, too, led over a precipice to destruction.

ce to destruction.

"Do you, by any chance, know hy ——" He paused, watchful and siling, his shoulders lifted in a shrug of legant amusement. "Too late for retolerant amusement. "Too late for re-search work, I fear! The gentleman who is not our particular friend obviously has the center of the stage." surprise! Surprise!" shouted Doctor

Byrd, the pleased center of an enchanted "Stand back, stand back, boys nd girls, and take a long, piercing look at Santa Claus and Bacchus rolled into one. Abby, where's the best place to put this stuff so that it won't get smashed in the

"The mantel's as good as any," said Abby Stirling, moving leisurely forward, her small, clear voice carrying easily over the howls of surprised delight. "Here, I'll help-Raoul, you and Kippy stand guard at the ends until we get them lined up. Let's go!"
"Sheridan, is this luck or good manage-

ment?" K turned quickly at the warm, gay voice, the friendly hand on his shoulder. "My dear fellow, I'm worn and weary trying to track you down! What do ou say to celebrating our reunion with something out of this magnificent array A magnificent array indeed! Sher at the forefront of the van under Mal at the forefront of the van under Mai-lory's skillful guidance, mechanically checked the impressive ranks, diverted in spite of himself: Old Verity Scotch, bonded rye, Bacardi, House of Lords

gin "What's yours, then? Shall we start with the rye and work straight down the line? After all, the night's still young ""

CHERIDAN smiled at the persuasive gayety of the voice, his eyes still on the mantel: Bourbon, white mint, ver-muth, half a bottle of curação He stood staring, transfixed. Half a bottle of curação - The room wheeled

and receded before his blank, incredulous eyes. It was another room that he saw a room where flowers bloomed in litt estal pots, and a tall girl leaned, white jeweled blue and green, looking at another shelf with its rows of bottles: White mint onded rve, bourbon, Bacardi . . . half a

had come from. That's where the jovial doctor from Baltimore had come from . He thrust away the glass that Mallory was holding out to him with so violent a gesture that Mallory caught at

"Nothing, thanks—nothing -"Here, I say, old man—wi what's up? Carrie Nation's dead and buried, if you hadn't heard the news

Dead and buried; yes. rend and nursed; yes.
Ten thousand pardons, Mallory; I'd
t remembered something, and it knocked everything else clean out of my mind. This is mine? It looks a mo dmirable starter-and, as you say, the

But the night was old, and tired, and empty. It had lasted too long, he thought, even before it had begun.

(To be Continued)



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T'S time you knew the truth about that old vacuum It's time you knew the truth about that old vaccanal Cleaner of yours! Don't be fooled because it makes as much noise as ever. Don't be fooled because it takes off the surface dirt. Its highest value is its liberal trade-in value on a new Premier!

Eight out of 10 Premiers-the cleaner that's sweeping the country-have been sold to women who though their old vacuum cleaners were still doing a thoroughly satisfactory job.

A Premier demonstration will quickly reveal the startling facts. That your old cleaner has long ago ceased even to touch the worst, most dangerous dirt. That it leaves the heavy grit buried deep in the nap. Harsh, sharp grit that is daily grinding the life out of your most valuable floor coverings.

Why put up with it? Why go on sacrificing true cleanliness and the very life of your rugs, when it's so easy to have truly up-to-date vacuum cleaner efficiency? Premier's motor-driven brush that reaches deep down to loosen dirt-that combs out the nap to restore fluffiness and lustre-that opens the thickest, closest pile to draw out the dirt from the bottom of every single fibre

Liberal trade-in-easy terms

Women everywhere have found Premier's lower prices, the easy Premier payment plan, and liberal trade-in allowance, wonderful inducements to turn in their old back numbers and join the nationwide swing to Premier. Why not look into them yourself?

A Premier Bonded Representative who will call at your home will be glad to give you full details. Or get in touch today with your nearest Premier headquarters -listed in your Classified Telephone Directory under Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company. Go to see the four different styles, for different needs, at different prices. If you prefer, you can arrange by phone to have them brought to your home for examination.

FOR DETAILS OF DEALER FRANCHISE WRITE The Premier Vacuum Cle

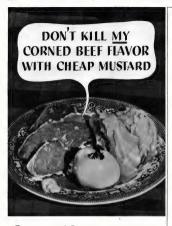
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Premier Sweeps the Country

The NEW Premier Vaccount CLEANERS



8 out of 10 Leading Packers of fine meats say ...

"The fine ingredients in this Mustard bring out the full flavor of Fine Meats"

IT'S PACKERS of fine meats who know better than anyone else just which condiments go best with each particular meat.

Eight out of ten important meat packers approve French's Mustard . . . the very thing to bring out the strong juics succulence of fine meats. And what meat dish is a greater favorite with mustard than a plate of real corned beef and cabbage?

To begin with, French's uses only the finest grade of distilled vinegar. Mustard seeds of the same fine quality. Choice spices.

Cheap mustards contain artificial flavorings and fake preservatives. They are either "red-hot" or insipid and tasteless.

There isn't a speck of preservative or adulterant in French's. Only the purest

ingredients go into this perfect condiment. It has just the right degree of full flavor to give you the delectable savoriness of meats, sandwiches, salads.

Millions of housewives have learned personal experience not to meddle with questionable mustards. Try French's you'll never use any other mustard!



French's Mustard

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This is the time for a little easy-chair gardening! Read the news about beautiful annuals for your flower garden, exotic bulbs for your rock garden. Read all about how to make a lify pool, how to cultivate and care for window boxes, how to have a lawn of smooth, green velvet. Here's a complete library for you gardeners-it will solve your every problem, answer your every question. These Journal garden booklets have been prepared by experts, especially for you-so plan your garden before you plant it.



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There is one time when 1/100,000 part of a dew drop is a veritable flood! That's when that much moisture is present in the incandescent lamp you buy.

Costly water vapor is painstakingly eliminated from every General Electric MAZDA lamp because it hastens deterioration of the lamp filament; speeds blackening of the bulb; and brings a corresponding loss of light and lamp life.

As a matter of fact the gas in General Electric MAZDA lamps is 100 times drier than the air in the very dryest part of the Sahara Desert. That's one reason why lamps bearing the famous monogram are sure to give you all the light you pay for-why they are used by steamship lines, railroads, leading industrial and commercial concerns everywhere.

To look for this symbol of quality is an easy and sure way to avoid inferior lamps that may waste electricity like a leaky faucet wastes water-that may contain that tiny particle of water vapor that spells lighting waste and trouble. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS



Intimate things you'll love ... yet they cost so little

Everywhere in America, vomen are turning to the lovely underthings of Munisipace af rother spring and summer wardrobes. For they vant undergarments that are new chie . . . dainty and sutheratic in spir. They want undergarments that are made with exceptional carefulness that will wear exceptionally well . exceptional carefulness that will wear exceptionally well . wear. Women of discrimination know Munisipwere quality . . . demand it. You'll find Munisipwer underthings popularly priced at a quality store near you. Munisipwers, Municapolio.

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h lines you desire.

F—Band bottom style, these levely
Munsisgwear bloomers are desired by all
women . . . made to keep their shape . . .
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by BEVERLY PHILBLAD

10 YEARS OLD New York



SCRUB HARD TO GET INEVER DIRT OUT, HOW CAN I SCRUB. SCRUB EASY 2 SOAK CLOTHES CLEAN AS DRIVEN SHOW

THEN JOAN TELLS HELEN TO USE RINSO NEXT WEEK WHICH SHE DOES







how fine Rinso is for dishes and house cleaning.

MRS. EDITH PHILBLAD, (Ozone Park), New York Clothes washed the "no-scrub" Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. Many

women save \$100 or more on clothes washed this safe, gentle way, Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Ringo. It has been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Great for dishes! Easy on hands. So economical, too gives rich, lasting suchs, even in hundest water.

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WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS















What an all-round, 100 per cent satisfactory soap Lifebuoy is! Kind to tender baby skin—to a wo-man's delicate complexion—yet how thoroughly it cleanses! Its creamy lather does more than just remove surface dirt. It goes down into the pores; deep-cleanses when windows are closed, rooms hot and stuffy. Its fresh clean, quickly-vanishing scent

tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Play safe-bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap, Use it for your face, tookeep skin radiant.





ALL WOOL MERCHANDISE SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH FROM JAMES MCCREERY & CO., PIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Salespeople in fine stores try to save wools from wrong washing They say, "Use IVORY FLAKES," curls of Ivory Soap, 99 4/100 % pure

